

A Hymnal
for
Joyous Youth

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H35H7

GTU Storage



A Hymnal for Joyous Youth

**An All-Purpose Hymnal For Church, Young
Peoples' Services and Sunday Schools**



Edited by Rev. Palmer Hartsough, Rev. George O. Webster,
Eleanor Allen Schroll and J. H. Fillmore.

Scripture Readings by Rev. Craig W. Schwartz.

PRICES

Cloth, \$4.80 per dozen; \$40.00 per 100, not prepaid.

Single Copies 50 cents, postpaid.

High Grade Manilla, \$3.00 per dozen; \$25.00 per 100, not prepaid.

Single Copies 30 cents, postpaid.

FILLMORE MUSIC HOUSE

528 Elm St.

Cincinnati, O.

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Printed in the United States of America.

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Index of Hymn Subjects

	No.		No.
Morning Worship.....	1-14	The Call and Accep-	
Evening Worship.....	15-21	tance	109-122
Closing Hymns.....	22-24	Salvation	123-129
Praise and Worship.....	25-37	Joy	130-138
The Love of God.....	38-44	The Good Shepherd..	139-142
God in Nature.....	45-49	Faith	143-154
The Advent of Jesus....	50-60	Prayer and Consecra-	
His Life and Ministry..	61-67	tion	155-170
Jesus and Nature.....	68-70	Christian Activities..	171-181
His Entry into Jerusa-		Love and Loyalty....	182-195
lem	71-73	Conflict and Hero-	
The Cross of Jesus.....	74-78	ism	196-218
His Resurrection and		Missions	219-231
Coronation	79-94	Giving	232-235
The Holy Spirit.....	95-97	Brotherhood	236-235
The Word of God.....	98-103	Peace	252-257
Telling the Gospel		Unity	258-265
Story	104-108	National'	266-278
		Heaven	279-294

Scripture Readings Pages 267-284

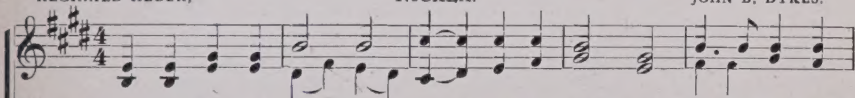
A Hymnal for Joyous Youth

1 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.

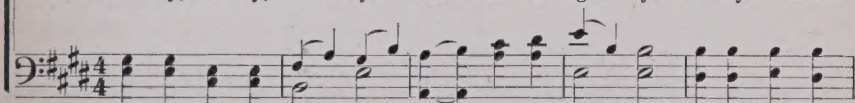
REGINALD HEBER,

NICAËA.

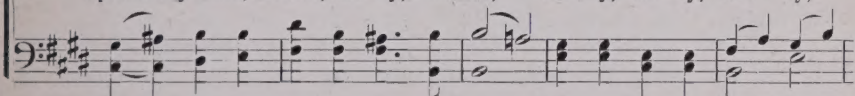
JOHN B. DYKES.



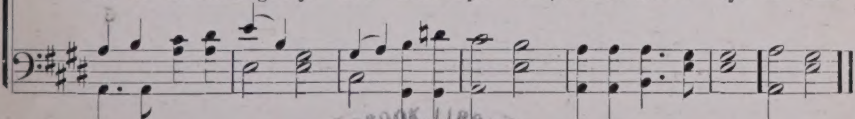
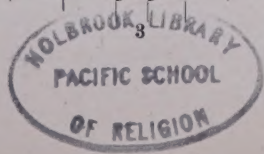
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho the darkness hide Thee, Tho the eye of
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! All Thy works shall



morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 gold - en crowns a-round the glass - y sea; Cher-u - bim and sera - phim
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art ho - ly,
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,



mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down be fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in power, in love, and pu - ri - ty!
 mer ci - ful and might - y! God in three per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

2 Sweet is the work my God my King!

ISAAC WATTS.

CANONBURY.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King! To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing;
 2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest; No mor - tal cares shall seize my breast;
 3. My heart shall tri - umph in my Lord, And bless His works, and bless His word;

To show Thy love by morn - ing light, And talk of all Thy truth at night.
 O may my heart in tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound.
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep Thy coun - sels! how di - vine!

3 When morning gilds the skies.

Tr. EDWARD CASWALL.

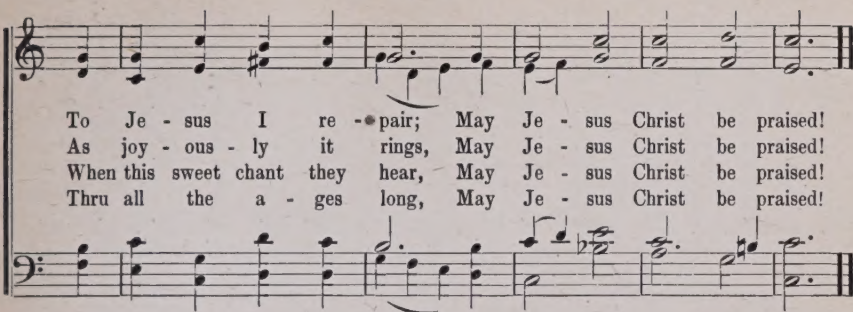
LAUDES DOMINI.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries,
 2. When-e'er the sweet church bell Peals o - ver hill and dell
 3. The night be - comes as day, When from the heart we say,
 4. Be this while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine,

May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and prayer,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! O hark to what it sings,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! The powers of dark - ness fear,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! Be this th'e - ter - nal song

When morning gilds the skies.



To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 As joy - ous - ly it rings, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 When this sweet chant they hear, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 Thru all the a - ges long, May Je - sus Christ be praised!

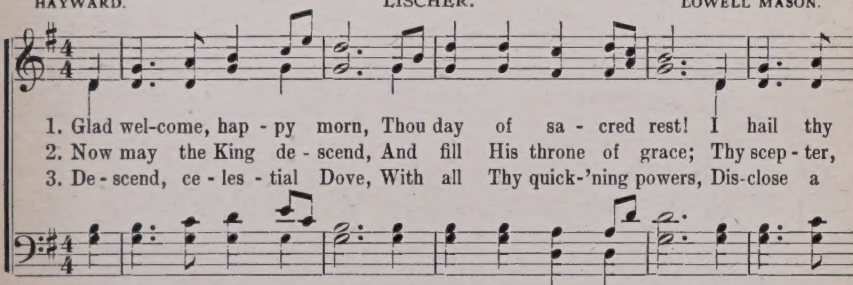
4

Glad welcome happy morn.

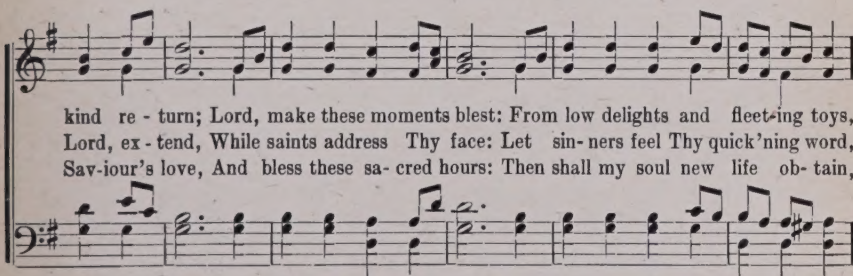
HAYWARD.

LISCHER.

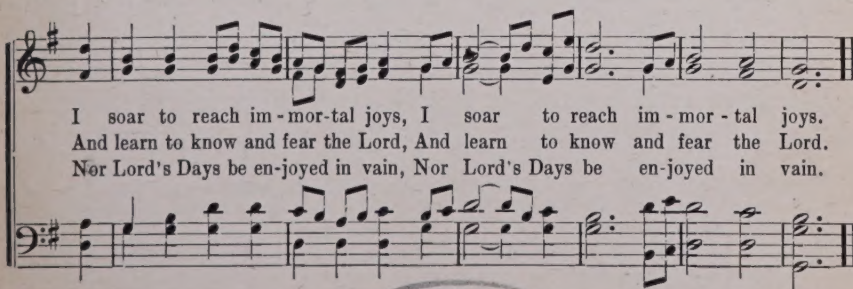
LOWELL MASON.



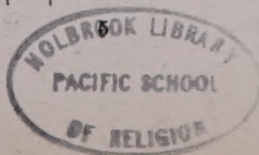
1. Glad wel-come, hap - py morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest! I hail thy
 2. Now may the King de - scend, And fill His throne of grace; Thy scepter,
 3. De - scend, ce - les - tial Dove, With all Thy quick'ning powers, Dis - close a



kind re - turn; Lord, make these moments blest: From low delights and fleeting toys,
 Lord, ex - tend, While saints address Thy face: Let sin - ners feel Thy quick'ning word,
 Sav - iour's love, And bless these sa - cred hours: Then shall my soul new life ob - tain,

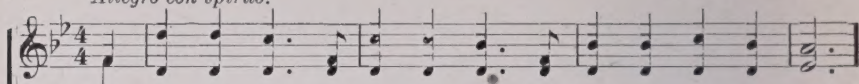


I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.
 And learn to know and fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord.
 Nor Lord's Days be en - joyed in vain, Nor Lord's Days be en - joyed in vain.

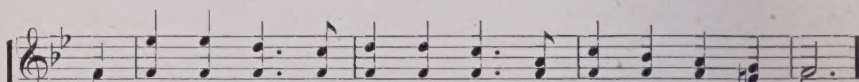


PALMER HARTSOUGH,
Allegro con spirito.

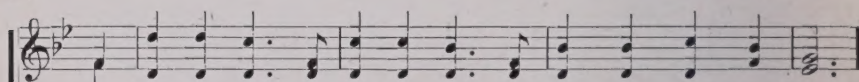
J. H. FILLMORE.



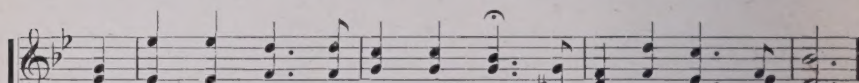
1. O ho - ly day, O hap - py day, The best of all the week,
2. How small the worth Of things of earth, To what we here be - hold,
3. To search for truth, In days of youth, Be this our best em - ploy;



When glad we come, To Zi - on come, The ways of God to seek;
Be - yond com - pare, His pre - cepts are, Sur - pass - ing gems and gold;
To seek the light, To do the right, Be this our high - est joy;

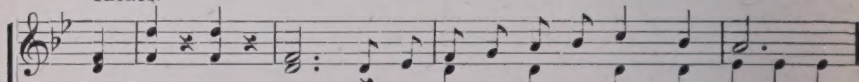


While here we meet In un - ion sweet, And hymn His praise di - vine,
And here a - part The low - ly heart Its high - est rap - ture feels,
And so shall peace Her bounds in - crease As hap - py years roll on,



The King of love Looks from a - bove, And makes His glo - ries shine.
As in the Word Cre - a - tion's Lord His won - drous love re - veals.
And joy shall be So full and free, As God's good will is done.

CHORUS.



O joy, joy, joy, 'Tis the mur-mur of the brook - let free,
mur - mur of the brook - let free,

O holy day.

O joy, joy, joy, 'Tis the car - ol of the birds in glee;
car - ol of the birds in glee;

O joy, joy, joy, It is beam - ing in the glow - ing skies,
beam - ing in the glow - ing skies,

O joy and love are ev - ery - where, Let praise un - to God a - rise.

6

This is the day.

ISAAC WATTS,

DOWNES.

LOWELL MASON.

1. This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours His own;
2. To - day He rose and left the dead, And Sa - tan's em - pire fell;
3. Ho - san - na to th'a - noint - ed King, To Da - vid's ho - ly Son!
4. Ho - san - na, in the high - est strains The Church on earth can raise;

Let heaven re - joice, let earth be glad, And praise sur - round the throne.
To - day the saints His triumphs spread, And all His won - ders tell.
Help us, O Lord; de - scend and bring Sal - va - tion from the throne.
The high - est heavens, in which He reigns, Shall give Him no - bler praise.

O Father hear my morning prayer.

F. A. PERCY,

EVERSLEY.

ARTHUR COTTMAN.

1. O Fa - ther, hear my morn - ing prayer, Thine aid im - part to me,
 2. May this de - sire my spir - it rule, And, as the mo - ments fly,
 3. Some grace that seeks my heart to win, With shin - ing vic - tory meet;
 4. That so thru - out the com - ing day The hours shall car - ry me

That I may make my life to - day Ac - cept - a - ble to Thee.
 Something of good be born in me, Something of e - vil die.
 Some sin that strives for mas - ter - y Find o - ver - throw com - plete;
 A lit - tle far - ther from the world, A lit - tle near - er Thee. A - men.

Welcome Sunday morning.

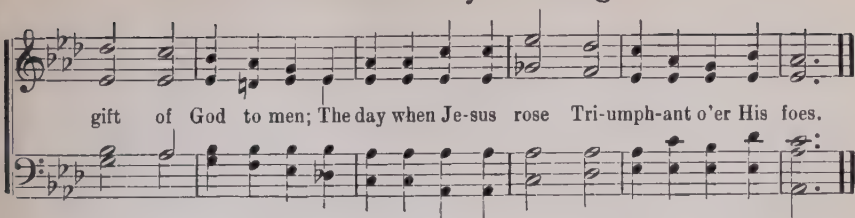
JESSIE BROWN POUNDS

VICTOR HERMAN.

1. O wel - come Sun - day morn - ing, A gift from God a - bove; It comes with
 2. A touch of ho - ly beau - ty It lays up - on the earth; Sweet thots of
 2. From earthly toil and pleas - ure We glad - ly turn a - way, To take from

REFRAIN.
 heav - en's warn - ing, It comes with heaven's love.
 love and du - ty In hu - man hearts have birth. The day comes back a - gain, The
 God this treas - ure, This ho - ly, hap - py day.

Welcome Sunday morning.



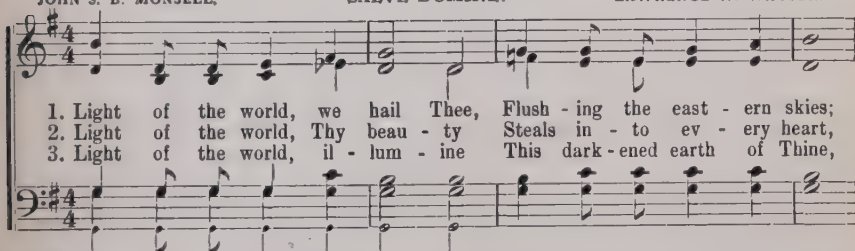
gift of God to men; The day when Je-sus rose Tri-umph-ant o'er His foes.

9 Light of the world we hail Thee.

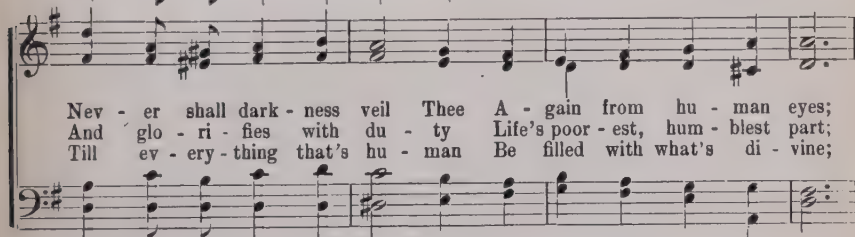
JOHN S. B. MONSELL,

SALVE DOMINE.

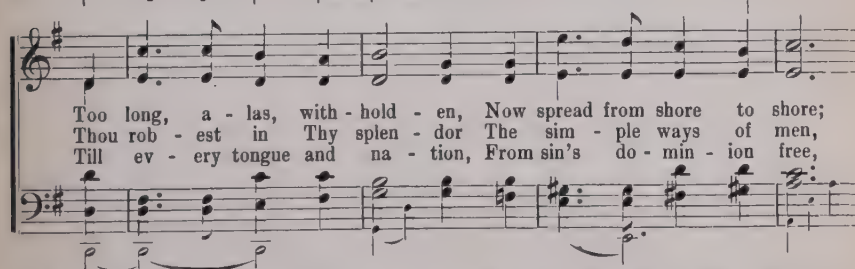
LAWRENCE W. WATSON.



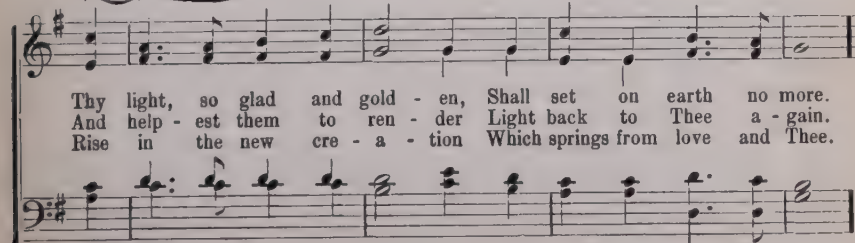
1. Light of the world, we hail Thee, Flush - ing the east - ern skies;
 2. Light of the world, Thy beau - ty Steals in - to ev - ery heart,
 3. Light of the world, il - lum - ine This dark - ened earth of Thine,



Nev - er shall dark - ness veil Thee A - gain from hu - man eyes;
 And glo - ri - fies with du - ty Life's poor - est, hum - blest part;
 Till ev - ery - thing that's hu - man Be filled with what's di - vine;



Too long, a - las, with - hold - en, Now spread from shore to shore;
 Thou rob - est in Thy splen - dor The sim - ple ways of men,
 Till ev - ery tongue and na - tion, From sin's do - min - ion free,



Thy light, so glad and gold - en, Shall set on earth no more.
 And help - est them to ren - der Light back to Thee a - gain.
 Rise in the new cre - a - tion Which springs from love and Thee.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. This day of days, Your an - thems raise, And grate - ful hom - age ren - der;
 2. This day of days, Your an - thems raise, Come to His courts with sing - ing,

The night is gone, Be - hold the dawn A - wakes with joy and splen - dor.
 For all the air Is sweet with prayer And hal - le - lu - jahs ring - ing.

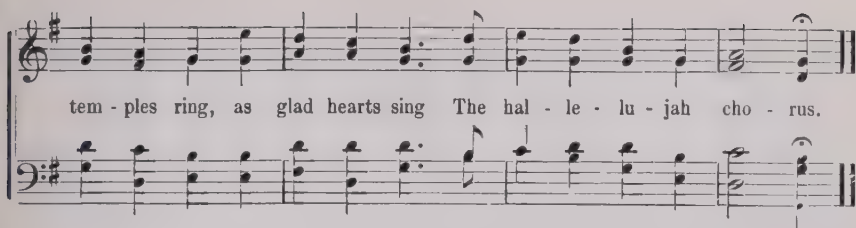
CHORUS.

This day of days, Your an - thems raise, A -
 This day of days, this day of days, Your high - est an - thems raise, A -

way with tears and doubts and fears, His love is shin - ing o'er us; A
 way - with fears,

fade - less beam, a ten - der gleam, To light the way be - fore us. Let

This day of days.



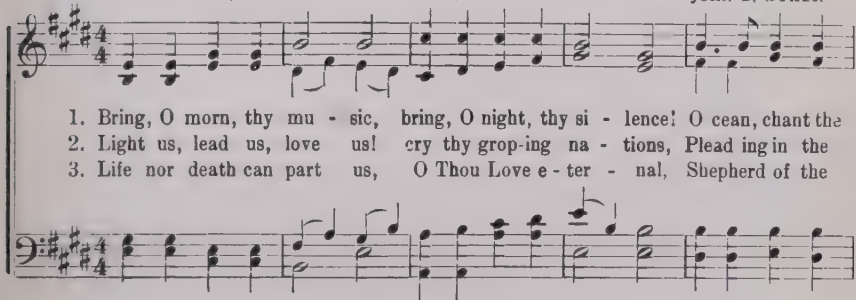
tem - ples ring, as glad hearts sing The hal - le - lu - jah cho - rus.

11 Bring O morn thy music

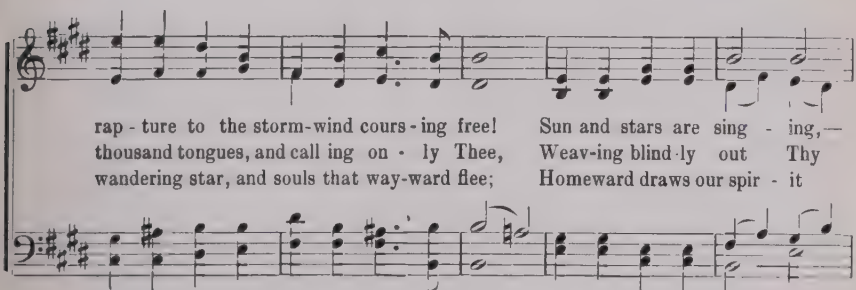
WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

NICAEA.

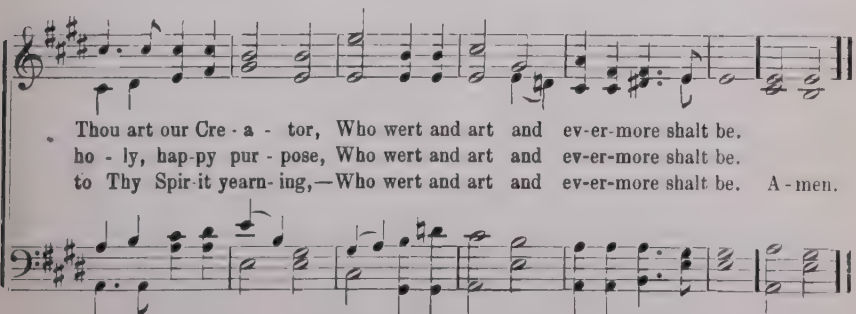
JOHN B. DYKES.



1. Bring, O morn, thy mu - sic, bring, O night, thy si - lence! O cean, chant the
2. Light us, lead us, love us! cry thy grop-ing na - tions, Plead ing in the
3. Life nor death can part us, O Thou Love e - ter - nal, Shepherd of the



rap - ture to the storm-wind cours-ing free! Sun and stars are sing - ing, —
thousand tongues, and call ing on - ly Thee, Weav-ing blind-ly out Thy
wandering star, and souls that way-ward flee; Homeward draws our spir - it



Thou art our Cre - a - tor, Who wert and art and ev-er-more shalt be.
ho - ly, hap-py pur - pose, Who wert and art and ev-er-more shalt be.
to Thy Spir-it yearn-ing, — Who wert and art and ev-er-more shalt be. A - men.

O God I thank Thee.

CAROLINE ATHERTON MASON,

SAXBY.

TIMOTHY R. MATTHEWS.

1. O God, I thank Thee for each sight Of beau-ty that Thy hand doth give;
 2. That life I con - se - crate to Thee, And ev - er, as the day is born,
 3. An-oth - er day in which to cast Some si - lent deed of love a - broad,
 4. An-oth - er day to do, to dare, To use a - new my grow - ing strength,

For sun-ny skies and air and light; O God, I thank Thee that I live.
 On wings of joy my soul would flee, And thank Thee for an - oth - er morn;
 That, greating as it jour - neys past, May do some earn - est work for God.
 To arm my soul with faith and prayer, And so reach heaven and Thee at length.

Come ye to His temple.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

J. H. FILLMORE.

O come ye to His tem - ple, Your loft - y an - thems raise;

Till earth and sky re - ech - o With might - y songs of praise.

Come wor - ship and a - dore Him, And join in sweet ac - cord;

Come ye to His temple.

With heart and voice, this day re-joice, And praise the liv-ing Lord.

Adeste Fideles.

O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-umph-ant, O come ye,

O come ye, His prais-es to sing, Come ye to-day, with

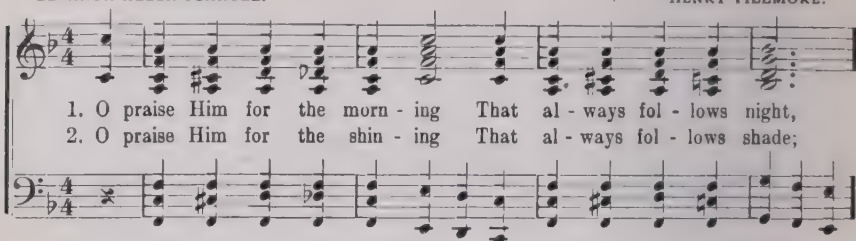
glad-ness and thanks-giv-ing, O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-

Slower.

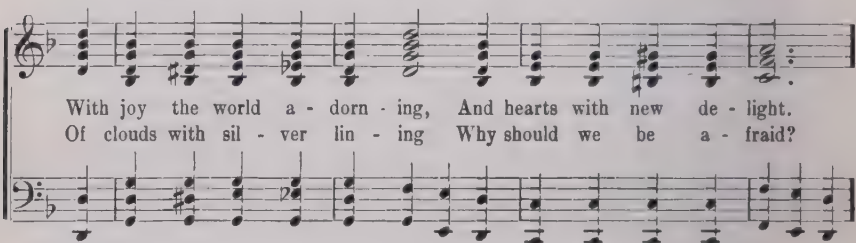
dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, Christ the Lord.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

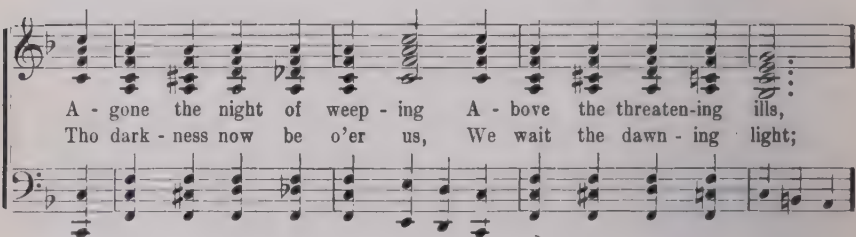
HENRY FILLMORE.



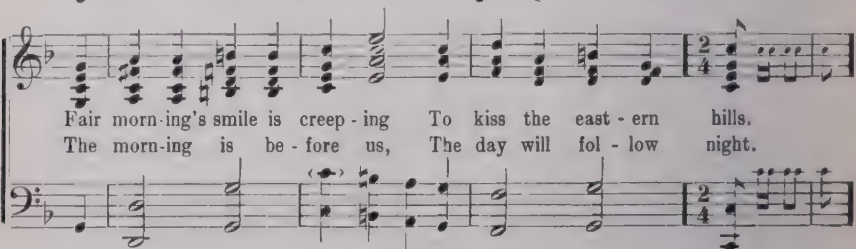
1. O praise Him for the morn - ing That al - ways fol - lows night,
2. O praise Him for the shin - ing That al - ways fol - lows shade;



With joy the world a - dorn - ing, And hearts with new de - light.
Of clouds with sil - ver lin - ing Why should we be a - fraid?

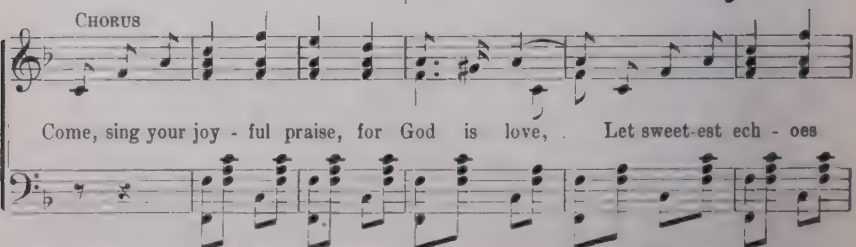


A - gone the night of weep - ing A - bove the threaten - ing ills,
Tho dark - ness now be o'er us, We wait the dawn - ing light;



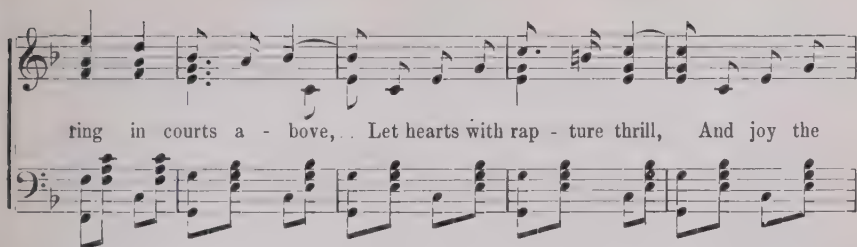
Fair morn - ing's smile is creep - ing To kiss the east - ern hills.
The morn - ing is be - fore us, The day will fol - low night.

CHORUS

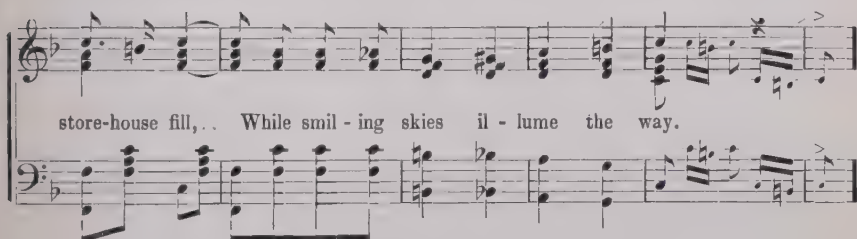


Come, sing your joy - ful praise, for God is love, . Let sweet - est ech - oes

O praise Him for the morning.



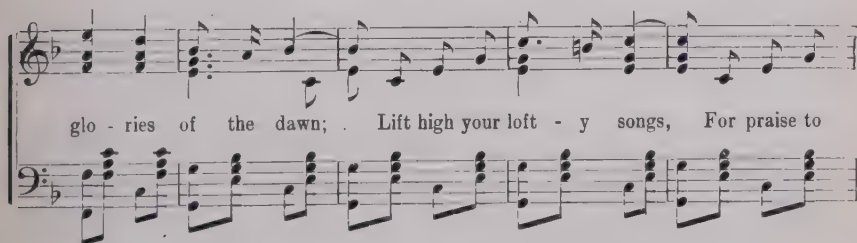
ring in courts a - bove, . . . Let hearts with rap - ture thrill, And joy the



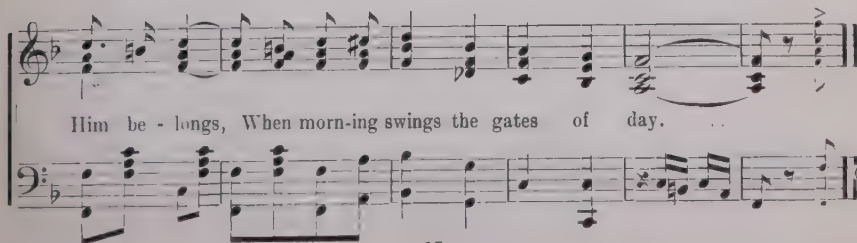
store-house fill, . . . While smil - ing skies il - lume the way.



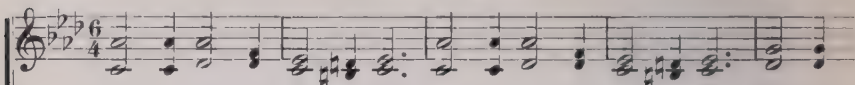
Come, sing that God is love, for night is gone, . . . Come now, and greet the



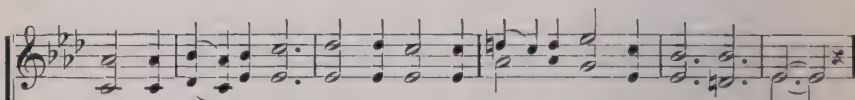
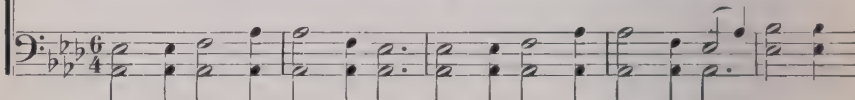
glo - ries of the dawn; . . . Lift high your loft - y songs, For praise to



Him be - longs, When morn - ing swings the gates of day.



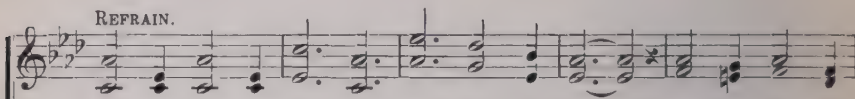
1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Heaven is touch-ing earth with rest; Wait and
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath- er
3. While the deepening shad-ows fall, Heart of Love en - fold - ing all, Thru the
4. When for-ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of



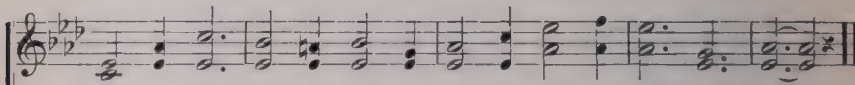
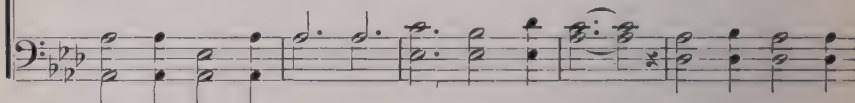
wor-ship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a-light Thru all the sky.
us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace; For Thou art nigh.
glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn-ing rise, And shad-ows end.



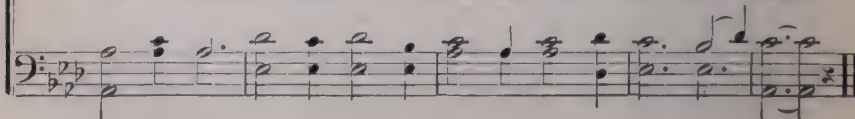
REFRAIN.



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! Heaven and earth are



full of Thee! Heaven and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord most high!



Hark the nightly church-bell.

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH.

EVENING HYMN.

MABEL E. NORTH.

Moderato.

mf

Solo or Unison for Women and Children.

1. Hark, the night-ly church-bell num - bers One day more with by - gone things;
 2. One day less of toil and la - bor, One day near - er rest and Thee,

An - gels, o'er our peace - ful slum - bers, Spread ye now pro - tect - ing wings.
 Child and par - ent, friend and neigh - bor, Lift your voice and bend your knee.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed Spir - it, hov - er o'er us, Sleep - ing, wak - ing, be Thou near;

*Duet.**All Voices.*

Com - rades, there is joy be - fore us - Rest in peace, and rise in prayer.

17 Sun of my soul Thou Saviour dear.

J. KEBLE.

HURSLEY.

Arr by W. H. MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When soft the dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ried eye-lids gent-ly steep,
 3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can not live,
 4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thru the world my way I take;

O may no earth born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy serv-ant's eyes.
 Be my last thot-how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-iour's breast!
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
 A-bide with me till, in Thy love, I lose my-self in heaven a-bove.

18 Saviour again to Thy dear name we raise.

JOHN ELLERTON.

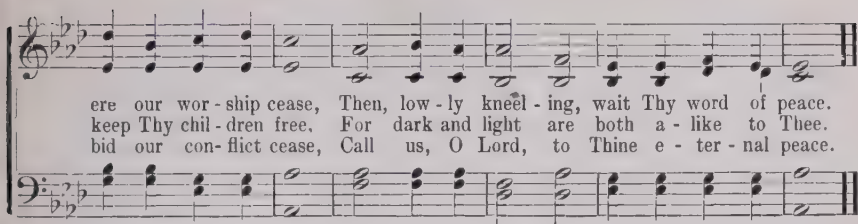
ELLERS.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Sav-iour, a-gain to Thy dear Name we raise, With one ac-
 2. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thru the com-ing night, Turn Thou for
 3. Grant us Thy peace thru-out our earth-ly life, Our balm in

cord our part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee
 us its dark-ness in-to light; From harm and dan-ger
 sor-row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall

Saviour again to Thy dear name we raise.



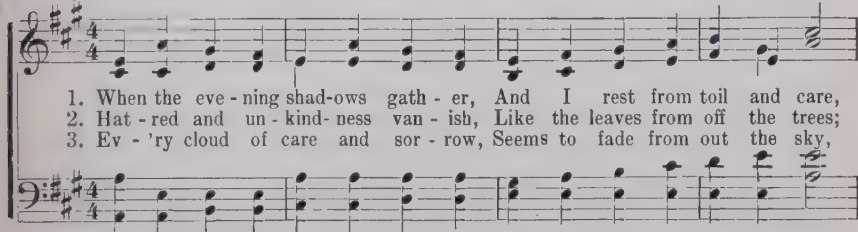
ere our wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
keep Thy chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
bid our con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

19 When the evening shadows gather.

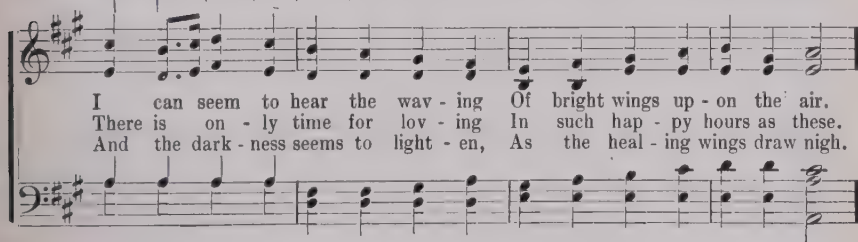
L. M. B. BATEMAN.

ANGELS' WINGS.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

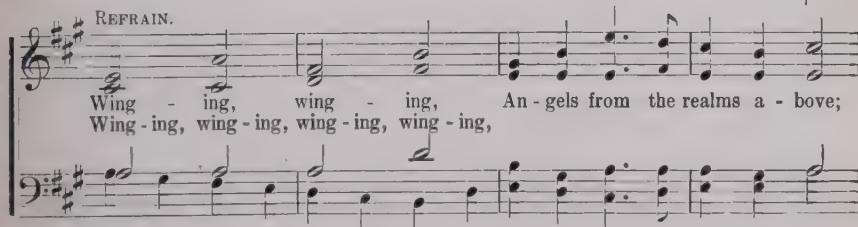


1. When the eve - ning shad - ows gath - er, And I rest from toil and care,
2. Hat - red and un - kind - ness van - ish, Like the leaves from off the trees;
3. Ev - 'ry cloud of care and sor - row, Seems to fade from out the sky,

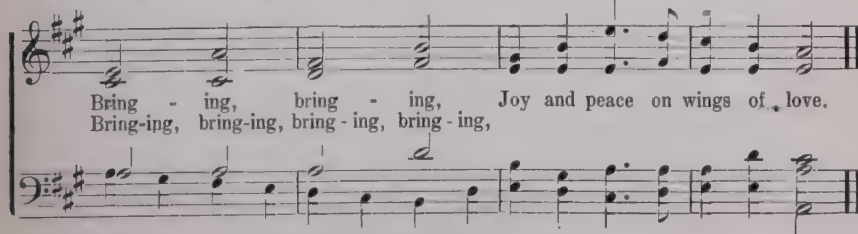


I can seem to hear the wav - ing Of bright wings up - on the air.
There is on - ly time for lov - ing In such hap - py hours as these.
And the dark - ness seems to light - en, As the heal - ing wings draw nigh.

REFRAIN.



Wing - ing, wing - ing, An - gels from the realms a - bove;
Wing - ing, wing - ing, wing - ing, wing - ing,



Bring - ing, bring - ing, Joy and peace on wings of love.
Bring - ing, bring - ing, bring - ing, bring - ing,

Stealing from the world away.

RAY PALMER.

FLOWER.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Steal - ing from the world a - way, We are come to seek Thy face;
 2. Yon - der stars that gild the sky Shine but with a bor-rowed light;
 3. Sun of right - eous-ness, dis - pel All our dark-ness, doubts and fears;

Kind - ly meet us, Lord, we pray; Grant us Thy re - viv - ing grace.
 We, un - less Thy light be nigh, Wan - der, wrapt in gloom - y night.
 May Thy light with - in us dwell, Till e - ter - nal day ap - pears.

Now the day is over.

S. BARING GOULD.

EMMELAR.

J. BARNBY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
 2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
 3. Thru the long night-watch - es, May Thine an - gels spread
 4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 With Thy ten - derest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
 Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

Steal a - cross the sky.

22 May the grace of Christ our Saviour.

JOHN NEWTON,

STOCKWELL,

D. E. JONES.

1. May the grace of Christ our Sav - iour, And the Fa - ther's bound - less love,
 2. Thus may we a - bide in un - ion With each oth - er and the Lord,

With the Ho - ly Spir - it's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove.
 And pos - sess, in sweet com - mun - ion, Joys which earth can not af - ford.

23 The Lord bless Thee and keep Thee.

J. B. HERBERT. By per,

The Lord bless thee and keep thee; The Lord make His face to shine up -
 on thee, And be gra - cious un - to thee; The Lord lift up His

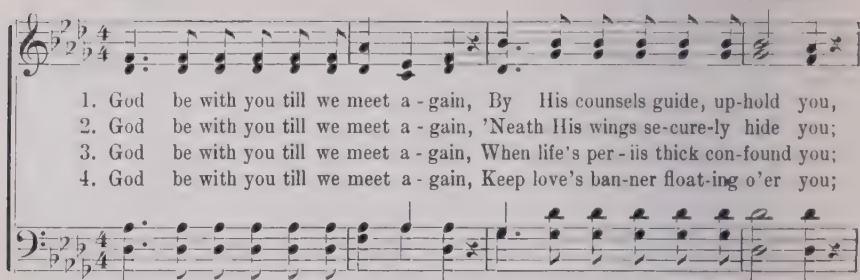
coun - te - nance up - on thee, And give thee peace. A - men.

*Instead of the "Amen" the long meter Doxology may be sung.

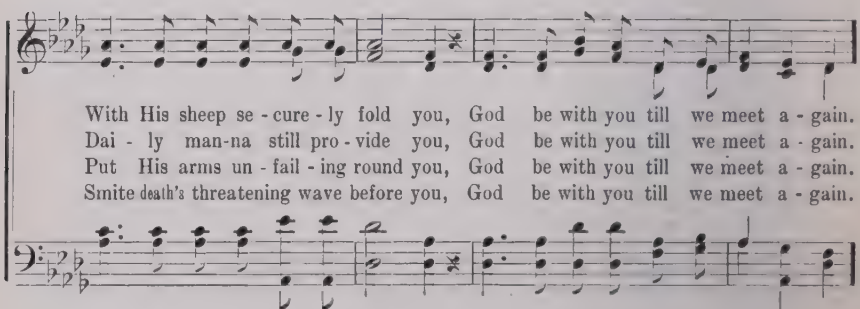
24 God be with you till we meet again.

J. E. RANKIN.

W. G. TOMER

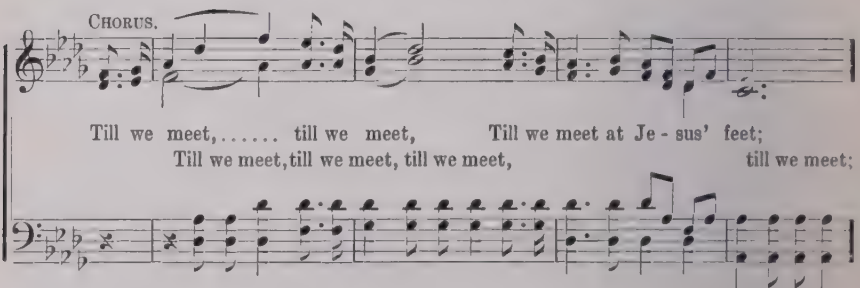


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se-cure-ly hide you;
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - is thick con-found you;
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban-ner float-ing o'er you;




With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Dai - ly man-na still pro - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Put His arms un - fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Smite death's threatening wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

CHORUS.



Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, till we meet;



Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

W. H. BAGBY, Alt.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple; Let earth be - fore Him
2. The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple De - clare the Truth in

sil - ence keep. In rev - 'rence bow, ye loft - y moun - tains, And
un - i - ty; Be si - lent in His joy - ful pres - ence, Whose

REFRAIN.

be Thou still, O won-drous deep! The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple;
glo - ry fills e - ter - ni - ty.

The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple. Keep si - lence, Keep si - lence,

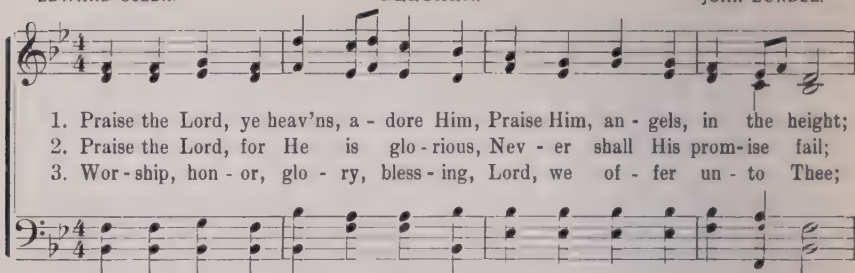
Keep si - lence be - fore Him. A - - - men.
The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple.

26 Praise the Lord, ye heavens, adore Him.

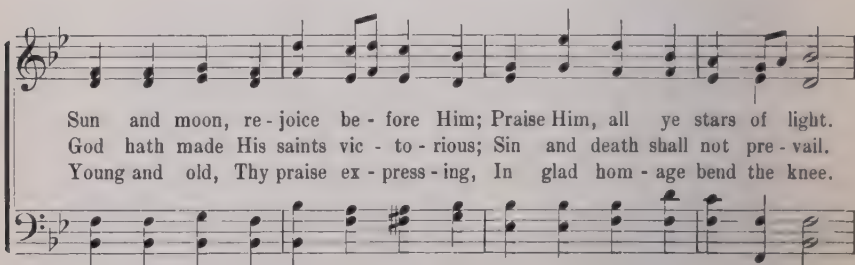
EDWARD OSLER.

BEECHER.

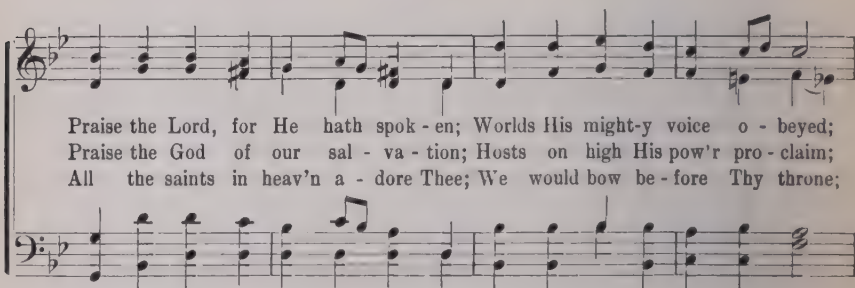
JOHN ZUNDEL.



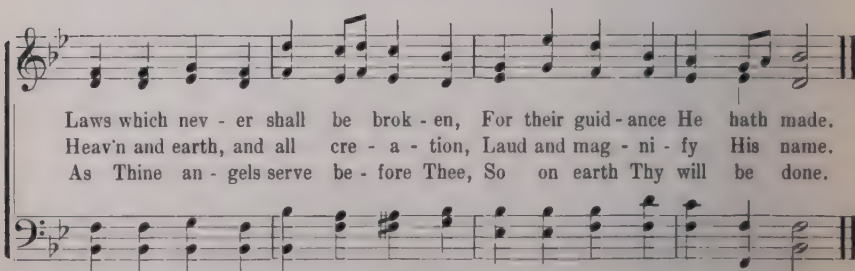
1. Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns, a - dore Him, Praise Him, an - gels, in the height;
 2. Praise the Lord, for He is glo - rious, Nev - er shall His prom - ise fail;
 3. Wor - ship, hon - or, glo - ry, bless - ing, Lord, we of - fer un - to Thee;



Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
 God hath made His saints vic - to - rious; Sin and death shall not pre - vail.
 Young and old, Thy praise ex - press - ing, In glad hom - age bend the knee.



Praise the Lord, for He hath spok - en; Worlds His might - y voice o - beyed;
 Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high His pow'r pro - claim;
 All the saints in heav'n a - dore Thee; We would bow be - fore Thy throne;



Laws which nev - er shall be brok - en, For their guid - ance He hath made.
 Heav'n and earth, and all cre - a - tion, Laud and mag - ni - fy His name.
 As Thine an - gels serve be - fore Thee, So on earth Thy will be done.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O, ye peo - ple,
 2. Praise Him, praise Him! shout a - loud for joy, Watchman of Zi - on,
 3. King e - ter - nal, bless - ed be His name! So may His chil - dren

glad - ly a - dore Him: Let the moun - tains trem - ble at His word;
 her - ald the sto - ry; Sin and death His king - dom shall de - stroy;
 glad - ly a - dore Him, When in heaven we join the hap - py strain,

Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him; Might - y in wis - dom,
 All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry; Praise Him, ye an - gels,
 When we cast our bright crowns be - fore Him; There in His like - ness

bound - less in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho - vah, King o - ver all.
 ye who be - hold Him Robed in His splen - dor, match - less, di - vine.
 joy - ful a - wak - ing, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing:

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord, Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him.

None is like God.

JOHN BURTON.

ST. AGNES.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. None is like God, who reigns a - bove, So great, so pure, so high;
 2. In all the earth there is no spot Ex - clud - ed from His care;
 3. He is our best and kind - est Friend, And guards us night and day;
 4. O if we love Him as we ought, And on His grace re - ly,

None is like God, whose Name is Love, And who is al - ways nigh.
 We can - not go where God is not, For He is ev - ery - where.
 To all our wants He will at - tend, And an - swer when we pray.
 We shall be joy - ful at the thought That God is al - ways nigh.

O worship the King.

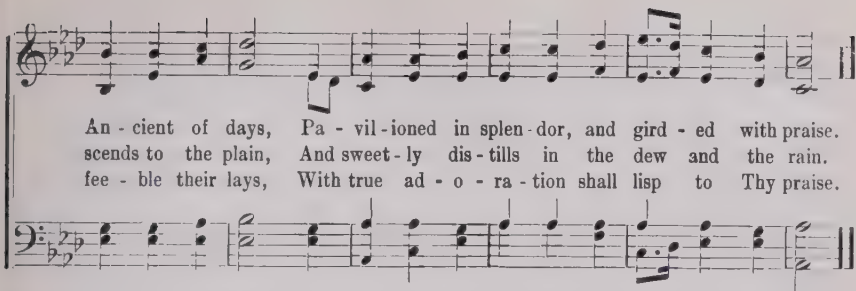
ROBERT GRANT.

HAYDN.

1. O wor - ship the King, all glo - rious a - bove, And grate - ful - ly
 2. Thy boun - ti - ful care, what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
 3. Our Fa - ther and God, how faith - ful Thy love! While an - gels de-

sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
 air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de -
 light to hymn Thee a - bove, The hum - bler cre - a - tion, tho

O worship the King.



An - cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
 scends to the plain, And sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
 fee - ble their lays, With true ad - o - ra - tion shall lip to Thy praise.

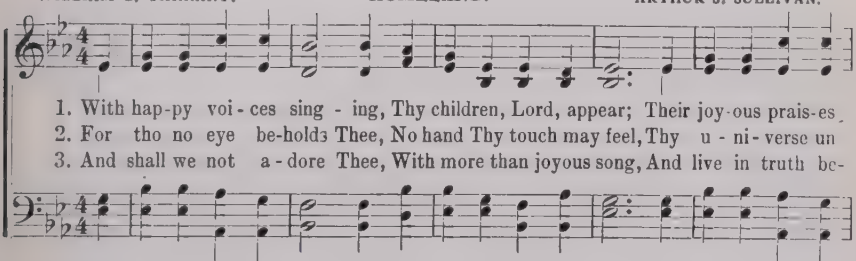
30

With happy voices singing.

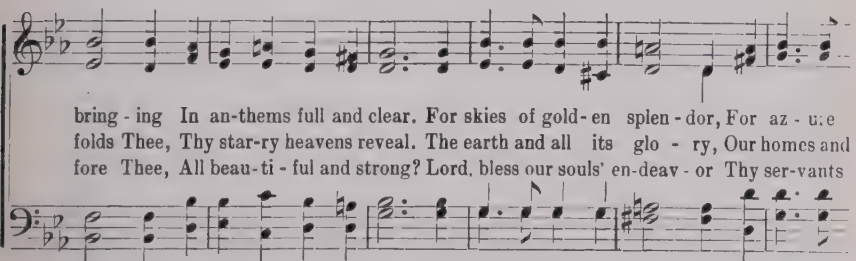
WILLIAM G. TARRANT.

HOMELAND.

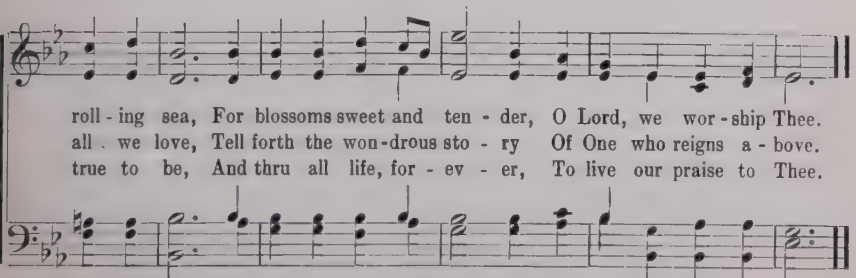
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



1. With hap - py voi - ces sing - ing, Thy children, Lord, appear; Their joy - ous prais - es.
 2. For tho no eye be - hold; Thee, No hand Thy touch may feel, Thy u - ni - verse un
 3. And shall we not a - dore Thee, With more than joyous song, And live in truth be -



bring - ing In an - thems full and clear. For skies of gold - en splen - dor, For az - ure
 folds Thee, Thy star - ry heavens reveal. The earth and all its glo - ry, Our homes and
 fore Thee, All beau - ti - ful and strong? Lord, bless our souls' en - deav - or Thy ser - vants



roll - ing sea, For blossoms sweet and ten - der, O Lord, we wor - ship Thee.
 all we love, Tell forth the won - drous sto - ry Of One who reigns a - bove.
 true to be, And thru all life, for - ev - er, To live our praise to Thee.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

HENRY FILLMORE.

UNISON SONG.

1. O Lord of hosts, to Thee our hearts we raise, Source of ev - ery joy,
 2. To Thee, O Lord, our praise and thanks belong, Thou hast tru - ly blest,
 3. O Lord, our God, Thy Love is ev - ery-where, Love that will en - dure,

Songs our tongues employ; In - to Thy courts we come with prayer and praise,
 Giv - en what is best, With heart and voice we lift a joy - ful song,
 Love that makes us sure Thru sea - sons dark, thru seasons bright and fair,

Loft-y songs our tongues employ, All praise to Thee, The source of ev - ery joy.
 Thou hast giv - en what is best; All praise to Thee! For Thou hast tru - ly blest.
 In Thy name we will en - dure, All praise, all praise! Thy prom - is - es are sure.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Earth and sky the

prais - es swell, Hap - py hearts His good - ness tell, Hal - le - lu - jah!

O Lord of hosts.



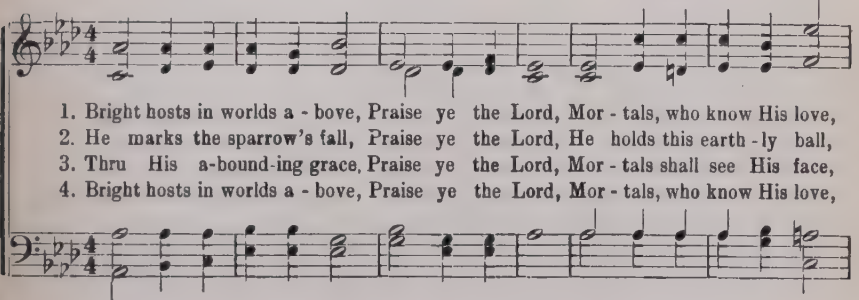
Hal - le - lu - jah! God is Love and reigns a - bove, And all is well.

32 Bright hosts in worlds above.

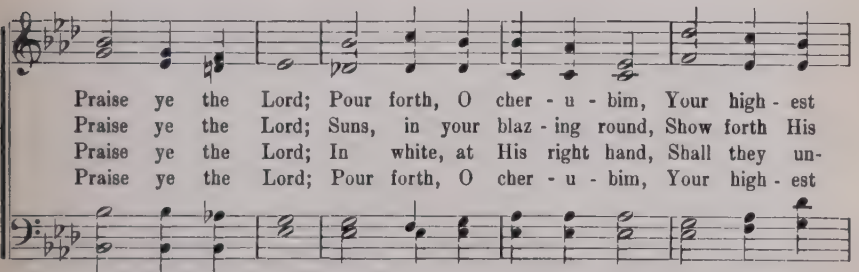
PALMER HARTSOUGH.

ST. EDMUND.

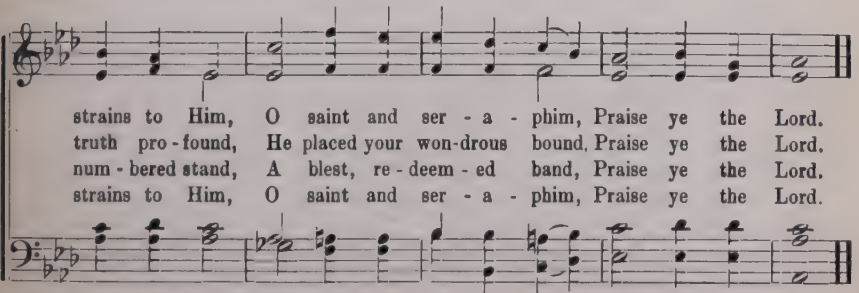
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



1. Bright hosts in worlds a - bove, Praise ye the Lord, Mor - tals, who know His love,
2. He marks the sparrow's fall, Praise ye the Lord, He holds this earth - ly ball,
3. Thru His a - bound - ing grace, Praise ye the Lord, Mor - tals shall see His face,
4. Bright hosts in worlds a - bove, Praise ye the Lord, Mor - tals, who know His love,



Praise ye the Lord; Pour forth, O cher - u - bim, Your high - est
 Praise ye the Lord; Suns, in your blaz - ing round, Show forth His
 Praise ye the Lord; In white, at His right hand, Shall they un -
 Praise ye the Lord; Pour forth, O cher - u - bim, Your high - est



strains to Him, O saint and ser - a - phim, Praise ye the Lord.
 truth pro - found, He placed your won - drous bound, Praise ye the Lord.
 num - bered stand, A blest, re - deem - ed band, Praise ye the Lord.
 strains to Him, O saint and ser - a - phim, Praise ye the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord.

PALMER HARTSOUGH

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Praise ye the Lord, your grate-ful trib-ute bring-ing, Here in His courts lift
 2. Praise ye the Lord, whose watchful care is o'er us, High tower is He and

up the tune-ful voice; Praise ye the Lord, His tem-ples fill with sing-ing,
 help when danger's nigh; Praise ye the Lord, the way He leads be-fore us,

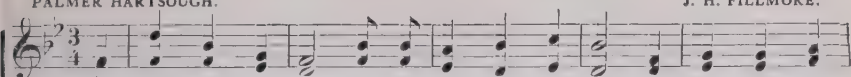
CHORUS.
 Ex-alt His name and in His Word re-joice. Great is the Lord, all
 Till saved and blest He brings us home on high.

power and grace pos-sess-ing, Great is the Lord, and full His hand with bless-ing;

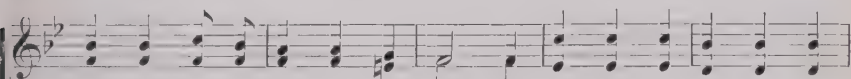
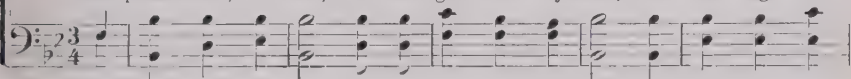
Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord, Join hosts in heaven and earth to praise the Lord

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

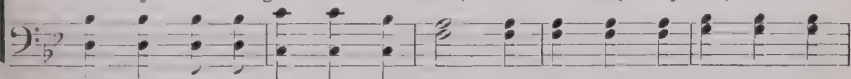
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. We praise Thee, O God; in Thy name we re-joice, We wor-ship be-
 2. We praise Thee, O God, for the gifts of Thy hand, So free and so
 3. We praise Thee, O God, for the light of Thy word, The mes-sage of



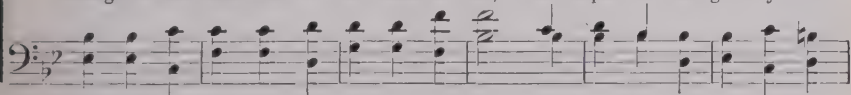
fore Thee with the harp and the voice; For fa-vors un-num-bered sweet
 pre-cious o-ver all this fair land; Thou giv-est the sun-shine. Thou
 mer-cy we in glad-ness have heard; For Je-sus, Thy Son, who for



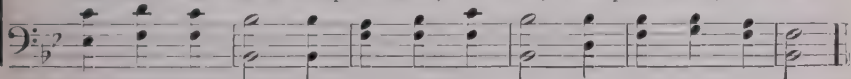
an-thems we sing, For boun-ties un-meas-ured glad offerings we bring; Thou
 send-est the rain, Thou gladdenest the pas-ture, Thou ripenest the grain; The
 sin-ful man came, For joys of sal-va-tion, thru faith in His name; For



Fa-ther, all gra-cious, who heed-est our call, Thou King of all kind-ness, Thou
 har-vest Thou bring-est in bil-lows of gold, The glad year Thou crownest with
 strength in the con-flict vic-to-rious to be, For hope of the glo-ry of



Ru-ler of all. We praise Thee, O God, we praise Thee, O God.
 good-ness un-told. We praise Thee, O God, we praise Thee, O God.
 heav-en with Thee. We praise Thee, O God, we praise Thee, O God.



Anon.

GERMANY.

BEETHOVEN.

1. To Thee, my heart, e - ter - nal King, Would now its thankful trib - ute bring;
 2. All na - ture shows Thy bound - less love, In worlds be - low, and worlds a - bove;
 3. Here what de - light - ful truths are given, Here Je - sus shows the way to heav'n;
 4. For love like this, O, may our song Thro' end - less years Thy praise pro - long;

To Thee its hum - ble hom - age raise In songs of ar - dent, grate - ful praise.
 But in Thy bless - ed word I trace The rich - er glo - ries of Thy grace.
 His name sa - lutes my lis - tening ear, Re - vives my heart and checks my fear.
 And dis - tant climes Thy name a - dore, Till time and na - ture are no more.

CHARLES WESLEY.

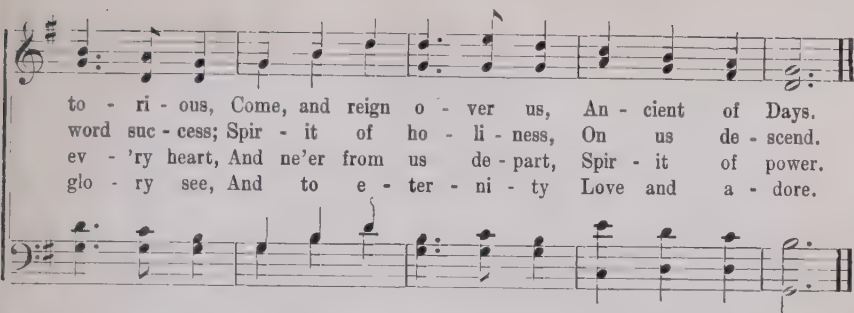
ITALIAN HYMN.

FELICE DE GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
 3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
 4. To the great One in Three, E - ter - nal prais - es be

Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our pray'r at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour: Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in
 Hence ev - er - more. His sov - 'reign maj - es - ty May we in

Come Thou almighty King.



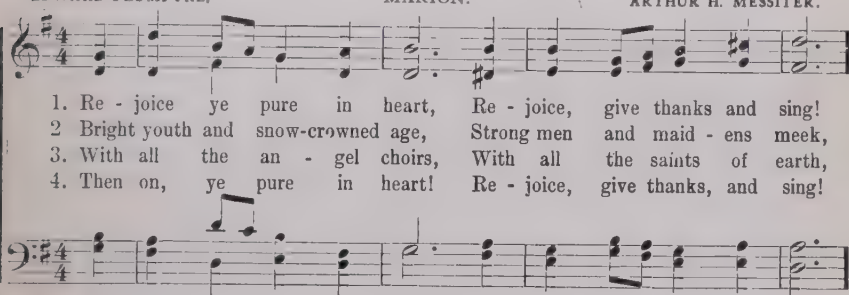
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
 word suc - cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power.
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

37 Rejoice ye pure in heart.

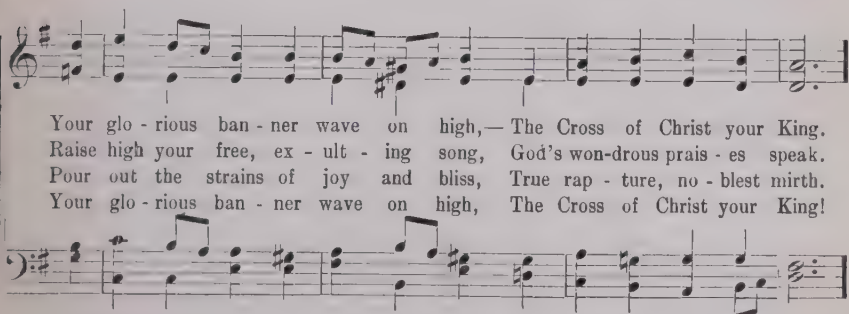
EDWARD PLUMPTRE,

MARION.

ARTHUR H. MESSITER.

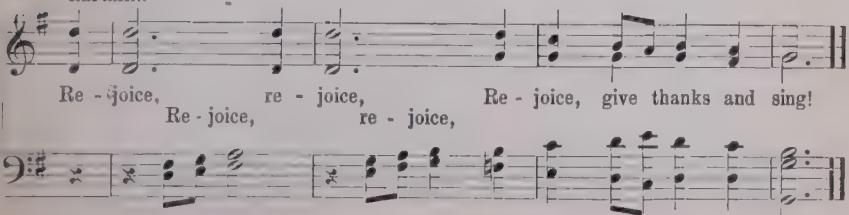


1. Re - joice ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks and sing!
 2. Bright youth and snow-crowned age, Strong men and maid - ens meek,
 3. With all the an - gel choirs, With all the saints of earth,
 4. Then on, ye pure in heart! Re - joice, give thanks, and sing!



Your glo - rious ban - ner wave on high, — The Cross of Christ your King.
 Raise high your free, ex - ult - ing song, God's won-drous prais - es speak.
 Pour out the strains of joy and bliss, True rap - ture, no - blest mirth.
 Your glo - rious ban - ner wave on high, The Cross of Christ your King!

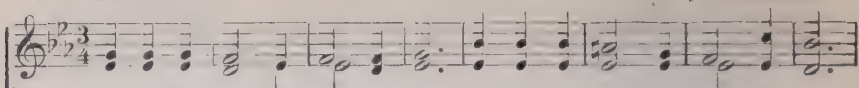
REFRAIN.



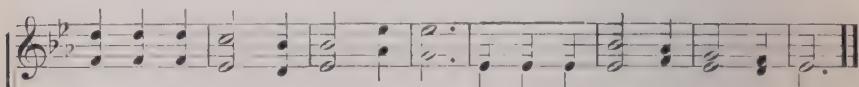
Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing!
 Re - joice, re - joice,

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

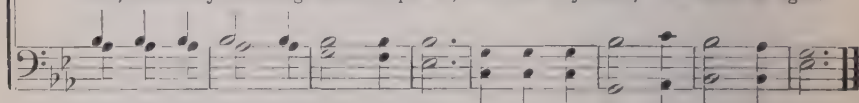
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. God of the earth, the sky, the sea, Mak - er of all, a - bove, be - low,
2. Thy love is in the sun-shine's glow, Thy life is in the quick-en-ing air;
3. We feel Thy calm at even-ing's hour, Thy gran-deur in the march of night;



Cre - a - tion lives and moves in Thee, Thy pres-ent life thru all doth flow.
 When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow, There is Thy power; Thy law is there.
 And, when Thy morn-ing breaks in power, We hear Thy word, "Let there be light."



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SARAH DOUDNEY.

HOMELAND.

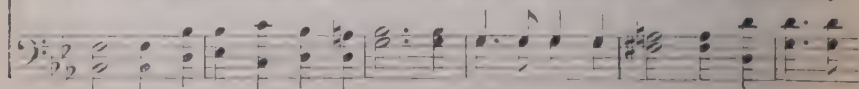
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



1. For all Thy care we bless Thee, O Fa-ther, God of might! For gold-en hours of
2. For all Thy love we bless Thee, No mor-tal lips can speak Thy com-fort to the
3. For all Thy truth we bless Thee; Our hu-man vows are frail, But thru the strife of



morn-ing, And qui - et hours of night; Thine is the arm that shields us When dan-ger
 wea - ry, Thy pit - y for the weak: By Thee life's path is bright-ened With sunshine
 a - ges Thy word can nev-er fail; The king doms shall be bro - ken, The might-y



For all Thy care we bless Thee.

threatens nigh, And Thine the hand that yields us Rich gifts of earth and sky.
and with song, The heav - y loads are light - ened, The fee - ble hearts made strong,
ones will fall, The prom - ise Thou hast spo - ken Shall tri - umph o - ver all.

40

O Love that wilt not let me go.

GEORGE MATHESON.

ST. MARGARET.

ALBERT PEACE.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea - ry
2. O Light that fol - lowest all my way, I yield my flick - 'ring
3. O Joy that seek - est me thru pain, I can not cloze my
4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to

soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe,
torch to Thee; My heart re - stores its bor - rowed ray,
heart to Thee; I trace the rain - bow thru the rain,
fly from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead,

That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
That in Thy sun - shine's blaze its day May bright - er, fair - er be.
And feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.
And from the ground there blos - soms red Life that shall end - less be.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

J. H. FILLMORE.

mf cres. *mf cres.*

1. When on qui - et seas I sail, Or when blows the storm - y gale,
 2. Come my share ` of weal or woe, Strong-er, brav - er will I grow,
 3. So shall gain or bit - ter loss Draw me near - er to the cross;

f dim. *rit.*

This I pray, come a - ny test, Strength to say, God know - eth best.
 Pray, and leave to Him the rest, Time will prove God know - eth best.
 E'en by tri - als sore op-pressed, I will sing, God know - eth best.

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ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

J. H. FILLMORE.

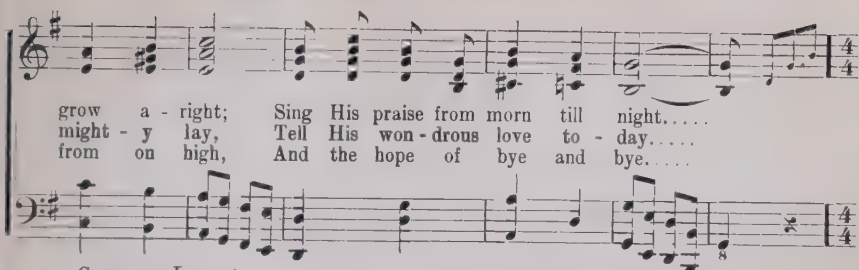
Unison.

1. Tell a-broad the love of God, His power and might; Praise Him for the
 2. Lo! the gifts of na - ture in her best ar - ray, Sent by One a -
 2. Come, O come, ye peo - ple, then let you and I Keep the cho - rus

gifts that make our path-way bright; Praise Him for a love that helps to
 bove to bright-en all life's way; You who know His good - ness swell the
 ring - ing till it reach the sky, Tell of dai - ly bless - ings sent us

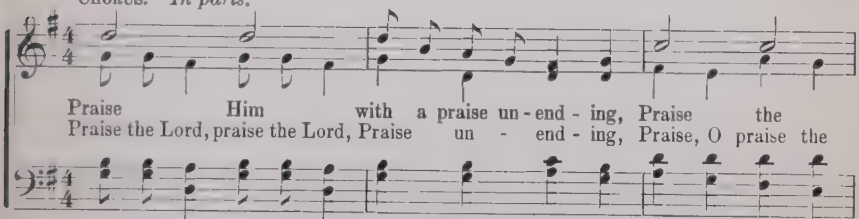
Copyright, 1927, by The Fillmore Bros. Co., in "A Hymnal for Joyous Youth."

Tell abroad the love of God.

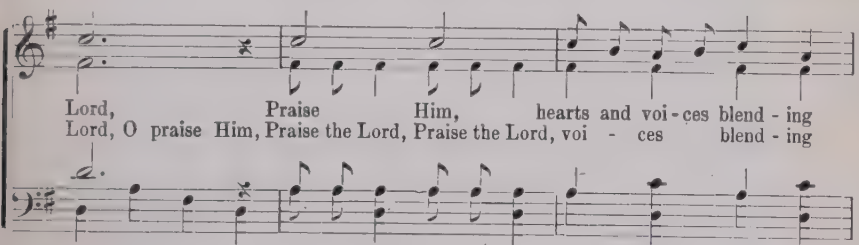


grow a - right; Sing His praise from morn till night.....
 might - y lay, Tell His won - drous love to - day.....
 from on high, And the hope of bye and bye.....

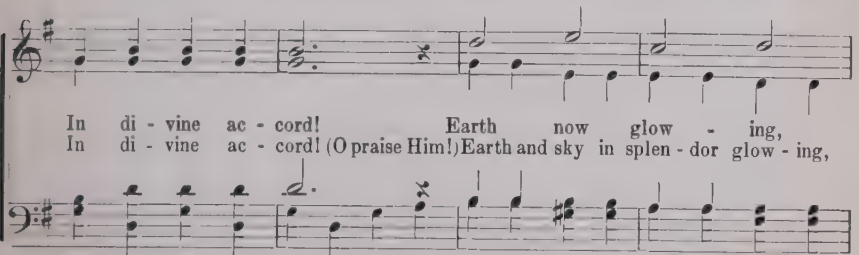
CHORUS. *In parts.*



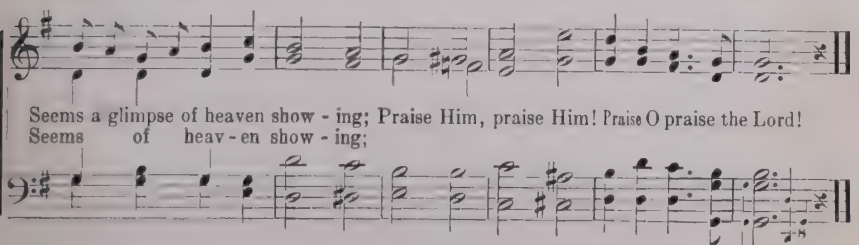
Praise Him with a praise un - end - ing, Praise the
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Praise un - end - ing, Praise, O praise the



Lord, Praise Him, hearts and voi - ces blend - ing
 Lord, O praise Him, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, voi - ces blend - ing



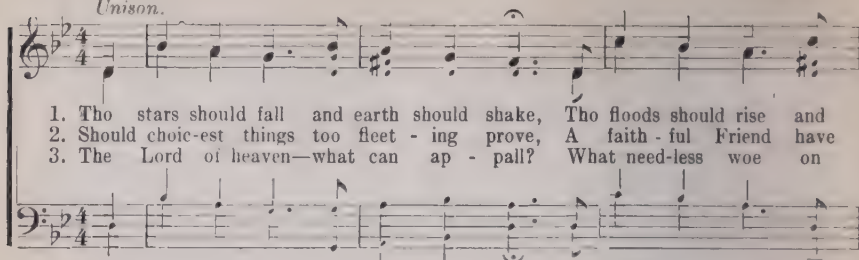
In di - vine ac - cord! Earth now glow - ing,
 In di - vine ac - cord! (O praise Him!) Earth and sky in splen - dor glow - ing,



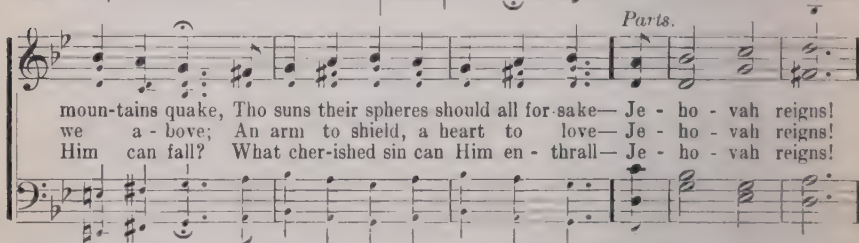
Seems a glimpse of heaven show - ing; Praise Him, praise Him! Praise O praise the Lord!
 Seems of heav - en show - ing;

MRS. OHMAN.
Unison.

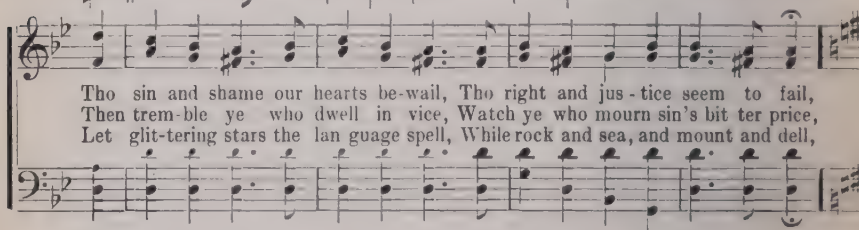
SAM MASON.



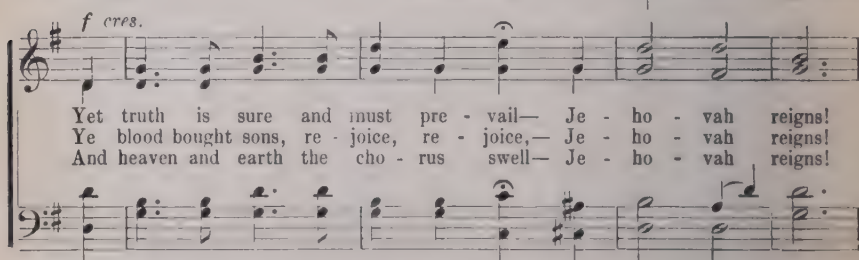
1. Tho stars should fall and earth should shake, Tho floods should rise and
2. Should choic-est things too fleet - ing prove, A faith - ful Friend have on
3. The Lord of heaven—what can ap - pall? What need-less woe on



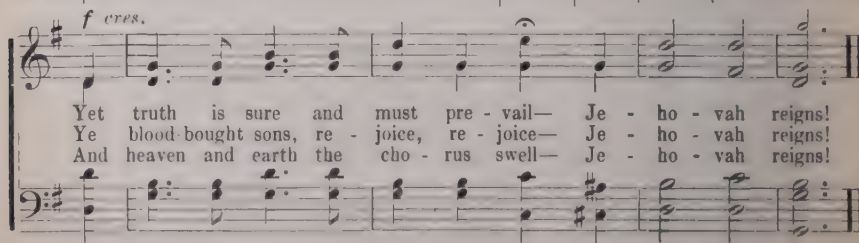
Parts.
moun-tains quake, Tho suns their spheres should all for-sake— Je - ho - vah reigns!
we a - bove; An arm to shield, a heart to love— Je - ho - vah reigns!
Him can fall? What cher-ished sin can Him en - thrall— Je - ho - vah reigns!



Tho sin and shame our hearts be-wail, Tho right and jus - tice seem to fail,
Then trem-ble ye who dwell in vice, Watch ye who mourn sin's bit ter price,
Let glit-tering stars the lan guage spell, While rock and sea, and mount and dell,



f cres.
Yet truth is sure and must pre - vail— Je - ho - vah reigns!
Ye blood bought sons, re - joice, re - joice— Je - ho - vah reigns!
And heaven and earth the cho - rus swell— Je - ho - vah reigns!



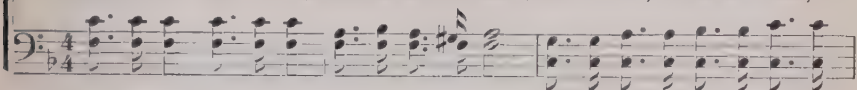
f cres.
Yet truth is sure and must pre - vail— Je - ho - vah reigns!
Ye blood-bought sons, re - joice, re - joice— Je - ho - vah reigns!
And heaven and earth the cho - rus swell— Je - ho - vah reigns!

PALMER HARTSOUGH,

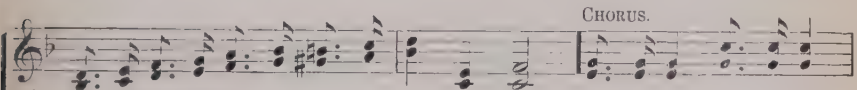
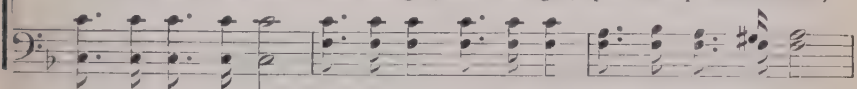
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Tell it out, tell it out, Send the word a-broad, All ye hap - py ones of earth His
 2. Tell it out, tell it out, Mil lions have not heard, God is love, He waits to bless, let

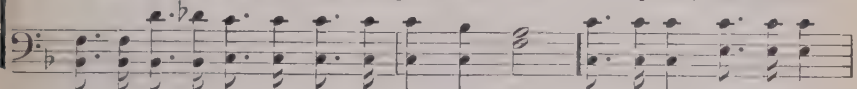


wond'rous love proclaim. Ev-ery-where, ev-ery-where Sound the praise of God,
 ev - ery heart re-joice. Send the light, send the light, Speak the pre - cious word,



CHORUS.

Tell of mer - cies giv - en in the Sav - iour's name.
 Un - till ev - ery tribe and tongue His prais - es voice. Ho - ly One, bless - ed One



Un - to Him we sing; Ho - ly One, might y One, Praise to Him we bring. Tell it out,



tell it out, Earth and sky a bove, Ech - o with the song of God's e - ter - nal love.



MALTBIE D BABCOCK.

J. H. FILLMORE.

Deliberately.

1. This is my Fa - ther's World, And to my list - t'ning ears,
 2. This is my Fa - ther's World, The birds their car - ols raise:
 3. This is my Fa - ther's World, O let me ne'er for - get

All na - ture sings, and round me rings The mu - sic of the spheres.
 The morn - ing light, the lil - y white, De - clare their Mak - er's praise.
 That tho the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Rul - er yet.

This is my Fa - ther's World, I rest me in the thot
 This is my Fa - ther's World, He shines in all that's fair;
 This is my Fa - ther's World, The bat - tle is not done,

Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas, His hand the wonders wrought.
 In the rus - tling grass I hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev - 'ry-where.
 For Je - sus who died shall be sat - is - fied, And earth and heav'n be one.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

SOLO OR UNISON.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. O ros - es sweet, O ros - es fair, In all your beau - ty bright,...

2. O ros - es sweet, to us He gives His word of prom - ise sure,...

3. O ros - es sweet, our song is done, And ye shall fade a - way,...

Your Mak-er's prais - es ye de - clare, And fill us with de - light...

To us the faith that ev - er lives, The joys that e'er en - dure...

But we shall sing a - bove the sun In one un - end - ing day...

CHORUS.

Bloom ye then, ye love - ly ros - es, Make the joy com-plet - est When we sing Je -

Bloom then, ye ros - es, Make joy com-plet - est, Sing we

ho vah's prais-es, Make the song the sweet - est; He the One of all so love - ly,

His prais-es, Make song the sweet - est; He One so love - ly,

He of all ex - cell - ing, Ros-es, in your match-less beau-ty, Of His love be tell - ing.

He all ex - cell - ing, Ros - es in beau - ty, Of love be tell - ing.

Nature's praise of God.

GEO. O. WEBSTER.

SOLO, UNISON, OR TWO-PART.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. A - way in yon - der for - est, Where God a - lone can see, Are
2. If, hid - den in the wood - land, The birds and flow - ers raise, To

ti - ny blos - soms grow - ing, As fair as fair can be; And
wor - ship the Cre - a - tor, A hymn of grate - ful praise, Then

there the birds are prais - ing, With on - ly God to hear, 'Tis well that we are
we, who are His chil - dren, Should bow our heads in shame, Did we not tune our

rais - ing The notes of glad - ness here. The praise of God is
voi - ces, And sing to praise His name.

swell - ing, From field and for - est well - ing, And we in song are tell - ing Our

Nature's praise of God.

glad - ness ev - ery - where; With bird - notes sweet - ly ring - ing, And hap - py voi - ces

sing - ing, The world is trib - ute bring - ing, And all God's love de - clare, God's love de - clare.

rit.

48 All nature's works His praise declare.

HENRY WARE, JR.

ELLACOMBE.

HARTIG'S Vellständige Sammlung, MAINZ, c.

1. All na - ture's works His praise declare, To whom they all be - long; There is a voice in
2. To God the tribes of o - cean cry, And birds up on the wing; To God the powers that
3. Great God, to Thee we con - se - crate Our voi - ces and our skill; We bid the peal - ing

ev - ery star, In ev - ery breeze a song. Sweet mu - sic fills the world a - broad With
dwell on high Their tune - ful trib - ute bring. Like them, let man the throne sur - round, With
or - gan wait To speak a - lone Thy will. O teach its rich and swell - ing notes To

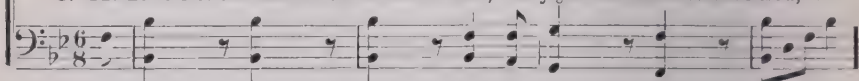
strains of love and power; The stormy sea sings praise to God, The thun - der and the shower.
them loud chorus raise, While instruments of loft ier sound, As - sist his fee - ble praise.
lift our souls on high, And while the music round us floats, Let earth - born pas - sion die.

PALMER HARTSOUGH,

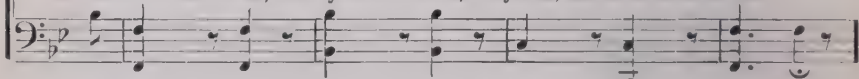
J. H. FILLMORE



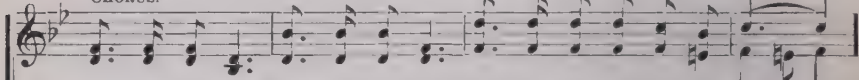
1. The flowers of the field have a les-son for me In all of the glad-ness they give;
 2. The flowers of the field have a les-son for me, They bide in the sun and the rain;
 3. The flowers of the field have a les-son for me, They grow where no mortal has trod;



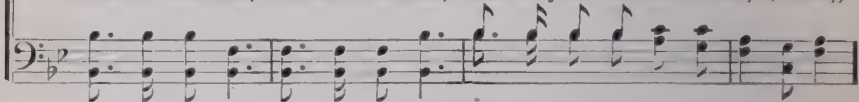
Do good while you may To oth-ers, they say, For short is the life that you live...
 The skies may be warm, Or cold be the storm, They smile, and they never complain...
 In lone-li-est nooks, Where eye nev-er looks, They bloom, these fair children of God...



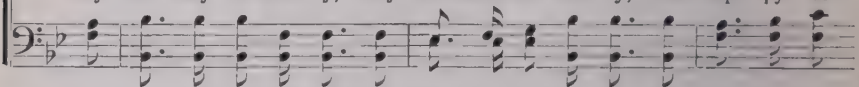
CHORUS.



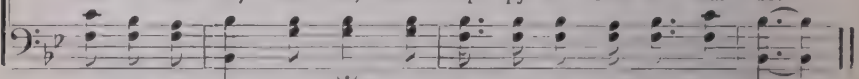
Flowers of the field, Flowers of the field, This is your les-son to me, (to me,)
 Flowers of the field, Flowers of the field, This is your les-son to me, (to me,)
 Flowers of the field, Flowers of the field, This is your les-son to me, (to me,)



I'll do the deed kind-ly, I'll speak the word gen-tly, That oth-ers more
 The joys I'll take sweet-ly, The ills I'll take light-ly, And al-ways con-
 My lot may be low-ly, My life shall be ho-ly, And hap-py in



hap-py may be, may be, That oth-ers more hap-py may be.
 tent-ed will be, will be, And al-ways con-tent-ed will be.
 God I will be, will be, And hap-py in God I will be.



Hark the herald angels sing.

CHARLES WESLEY.

HERALD ANGELS

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King,
 2. See, He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die;
 3. Hail the heaven born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Right - eous - ness!

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!"
 Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec - ond birth.
 Light and life to all He brings, Risen with heal - ing in His wings.

Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise; Join the tri - umph of the skies;
 Vailed in flesh the God - head see; Hail th' in - car - nate De - i - ty;
 Let us, then, with an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King!

With th' an - gel - ic host pro - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!
 Pleased as man with men to dwell, Je - sus our Im - man - u - el!
 Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!

With th' an - gel - ic host pro - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.
 Pleased as man with men to dwell, Je - sus our Im - man - u - el.
 Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!"

51. I heard the bells on Christmas Day.

HENRY W LONGFELLOW.

WALTHAM.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

1. I heard the bells on Christmas Day Their old fa - mil - iar car - ols play,
 2. I thot how, as the day had come, The bel - fries of all Chris - ten - dom
 3. And in de - spair I bowed my head: "There is no peace on earth," I said,
 4. Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
 5. Till, ring - ing, sing - ing on its way, The world re - volved from night to day,

And wild and sweet the words re - peat Of peace on earth, good-will to men.
 Had rolled a - long th' un - bro - ken song Of peace on earth, good-will to men.
 "For bate is strong, and mocks the song Of peace on earth, good-will to men."
 The wrong shall fail, the right pre - vail, With peace on earth, good-will to men;"
 A voice, a chime, a chant sub lime, Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

52 In the lonely midnight.

THEODORE C. WILLIAMS.
Unison.

LONELY MIDNIGHT.

ALONZO P. HOWARD.

1. In the lone - ly mid - night, On the win - try hill, Shepherds heard the
 2. Tho in Da - vid's cit - y An - gels sing no more, Love makes an - gel
 3. Tho the Child of Ma - ry, Sent from heav'n on high, In His man - ger

an - gels Sing - ing, 'Peace, good-will."
 mu - sic On earth's dark - est shore;
 cra - dle May no lon - ger lie,
 Lis - ten, O ye wea - ry,
 Tho no heav'n - ly glo - ry
 Love is King for - ev - er,

In the lonely midnight.

Musical score for 'In the lonely midnight'. The score is written for a piano accompaniment, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 2/2. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

To the an-gels' song, Un - to you the ti - dings Of great joy be - long.
Meet your wond'ring eyes, Love can make your dwell-ing Bright as par - a - dise.
Tho the proud world scorn, If ye tru - ly seek Him, Christ your King is born.

53

O come all ye faithful.

Tr. F. OAKELEY.

ADESTE FIDELES.

Anonymous.

Musical score for 'O come all ye faithful'. The score is written for a piano accompaniment, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri-umph - ant, O come ye, O
2. O sing, choirs of an - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, O sing, all ye
3. All hail! Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing, O Je - sus, to

Musical score for 'O come all ye faithful'. The score is written for a piano accompaniment, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him Born the King of
cit - i - zens of heav'n a - bove; Glo - ry to God In the high - est
Thee be glo - ry giv'n; Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap -

Musical score for 'O come all ye faithful'. The score is written for a piano accompaniment, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

an - gels; O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a -
glo - ry, O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a -
pear - ing; O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a -

Musical score for 'O come all ye faithful'. The score is written for a piano accompaniment, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

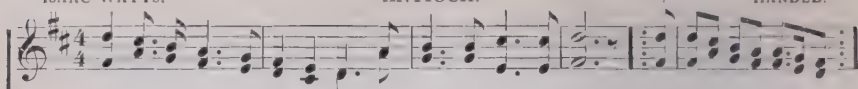
dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.

54 Joy to the world the Lord is come.

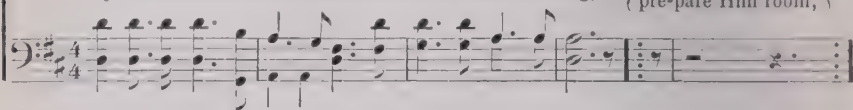
ISAAC WATTS.

ANTIOCH.

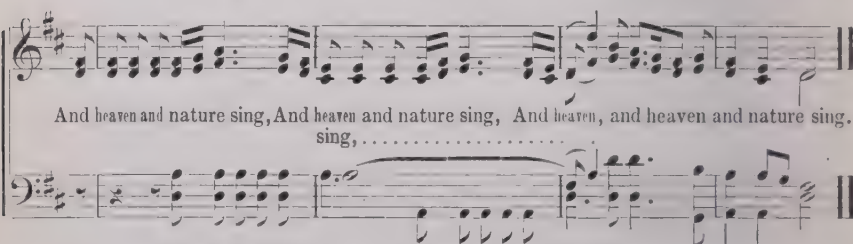
HANDEL.



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth receive her King; { Let ev - 'ry heart
pre-pare Him room, }



And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven, and heaven and nature sing.
sing,



And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing,

- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:

He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

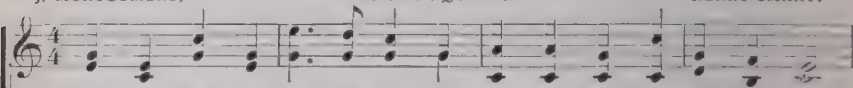
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

55 Angels from the realms of glory.

J. MONTGOMERY.

REGENT SQUARE.

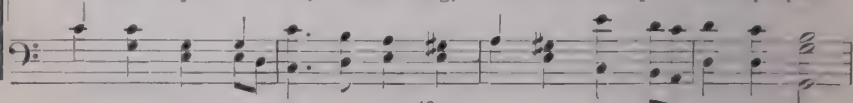
HENRY SMART.



1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
2. Shep - herds in the field a - bid - ing, Watch - ing o'er your flocks by night,
3. Saints, be - fore the al - tar bend - ing, Watch - ing long in hope and fear,



Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry. Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth.
God with man is now re - sid - ing, Yon - der shines the heav - en - ly light.
Sud - den - ly the Lord, de - scend - ing, In His tem - ple shall ap - pear.



Angels from the realms of glory.

Come and wor - ship, Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new born King!

56

Silent night holy night.

JOSEPH MOHR,

FRANZ GRUBER.

1. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, All is calm, all is bright
 2. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Dark - ness flies, and all is light;
 3. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Guid - ing Star, O lend thy light;
 4. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Won - drous Star, O lend thy light;

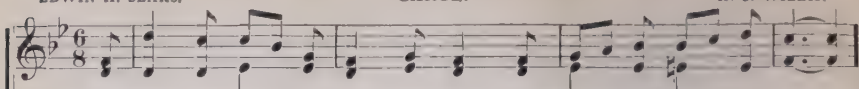
Round you Vir - gin Mother and Child, Ho - ly In - fant so ten - der and mild,
 Shep - herds hear the an - gels sing, "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!
 See the east - ern wise men bring Gifts and hom - age to our King;
 With the an - gels let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to our King!

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
 Je - sus the Sav - iour is here, Je - sus the Sav - iour is here."
 Je - sus the Sav - iour is here, Je - sus the Sav - iour is here.
 Je - sus our Sav - iour is here, Je - sus our Sav - iour is here.

EDWIN H. SEARS.

CAROL.

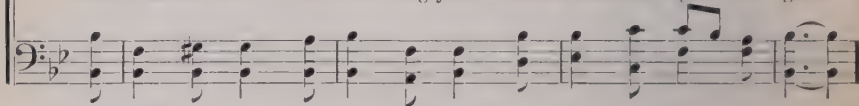
R. S. WILLIS.



1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still thru the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled;
3. O ye be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,
4. For lo! the days are hasten - ing on, By proph - et - bards fore - told,



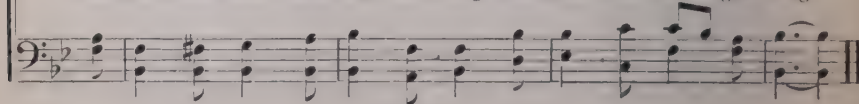
From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;
 And still ce - les - tial mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;
 Who toil a - long the wea - ry way, With pain - ful steps and slow;—
 When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold!



“Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From heaven’s all - gra - cious King;”
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on heaven - ly wing,
 Look up! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing;
 When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its fi - nal splen - dors fling,



The earth in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds, The bless - ed an - gels sing.
 O rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing.
 And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

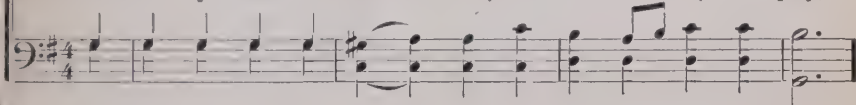


BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS.

LOUIS H. REDNER.



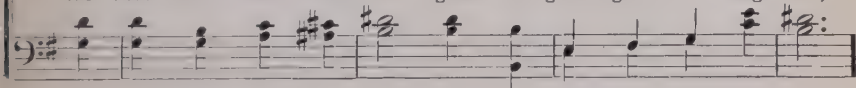
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gath - ered all a - bove,
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is given!
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, De - scend to us, we pray;



A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
 While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won - dering love.
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heaven.
 Cast out our sin, and en - ter in; Be born in us to - day.



Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth;
 No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin,
 We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell;



The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
 And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
 Where meek souls will re - ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.
 O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el!



GEORGE O. WEBSTER.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. King of the A - ges, tho low - ly His birth, Scorned and de - nied by the
 2. King of the A - ges, a ba - by so weak, Com - ing in meek - ness His
 3. King of the A - ges, in wor - thy ac - claim Sing we our an - thems of

great ones of earth, Child of a peas - ant in far Gal - i - lee, King of the
 king - dom to seek; Com - ing, from sin's bind - ing fet - ters to free, King of the
 praise to His name; Sin's night is bro - ken, earth's dark - ness shall flee; King of the

CHORUS.

A - ges is He. Je - sus, low - ly His shrine; Je - sus,

Mon - arch Di - vine; Hum ble His birth - place in Beth - le - hem's stall, Com - ing our

Sav - iour to be; Je - sus, low - ly His shrine; Je - sus, Mon - arch Di -

King of the Ages.

vine; Crowned in the glo-ry for-ev-er to be, The King of the A-ges is He.

60

Give we praise to God

PALMER HARTSOUGH.
Unison.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Give we praise to the God a - bove, For a Fath-er's bound-less love; We sing a -
2. Sound it forth, tell the ti - dings far, Of a Prince and Sav-iour born; The Son of

gain His name, And His grace pro-claim, For the gift of Christ, His Son.
God, He comes, With sal - va - tion comes, Our Re-deem - er and our King.

Duet

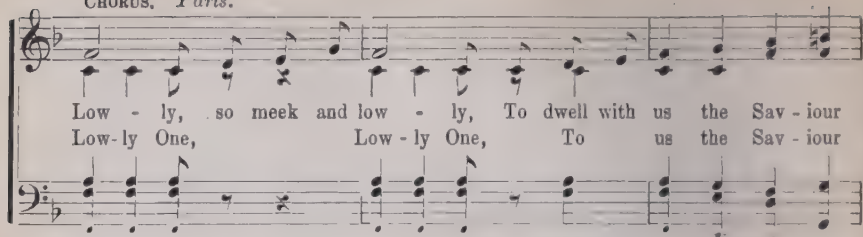
Praise Him, praise Him in the heavens above, And on the earth from shore to shore.

Unison.

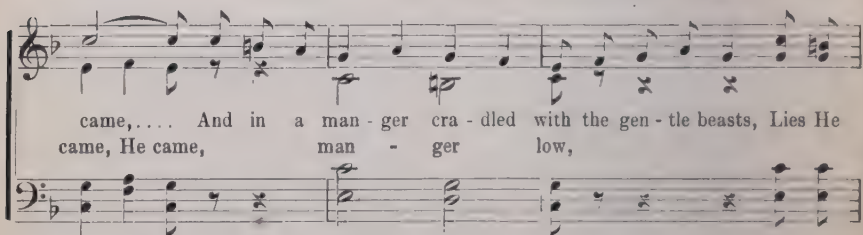
Glo - ry, hon - or, do - min - ion, power, Be to Him for ev - er - more.

Give we praise to God.

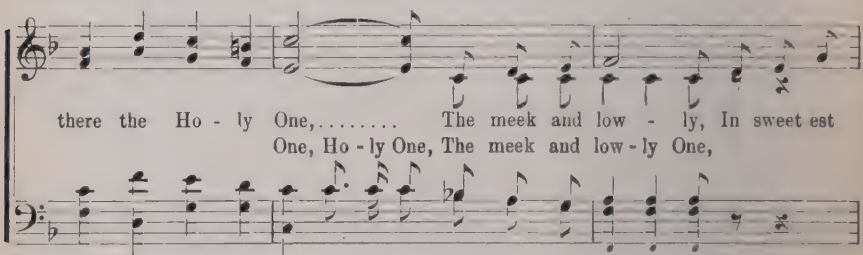
CHORUS. *Parts.*



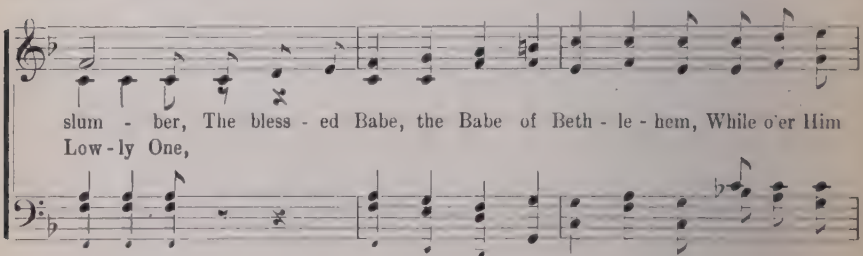
Low - ly, so meek and low - ly, To dwell with us the Sav - iour
Low-ly One, Low - ly One, To us the Sav - iour



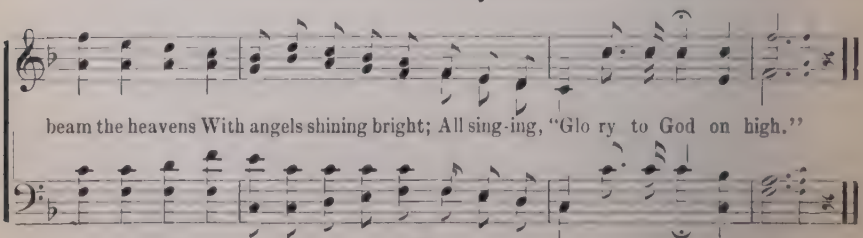
came,.... And in a man - ger cra - dled with the gen - tle beasts, Lies He
came, He came, man - ger low,



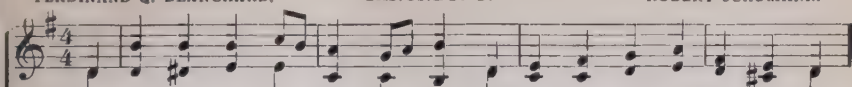
there the Ho - ly One,..... The meek and low - ly, In sweet est
One, Ho - ly One, The meek and low - ly One,



slum - ber, The bless - ed Babe, the Babe of Beth - le - hem, While o'er Him
Low - ly One,



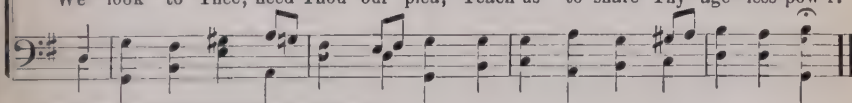
beam the heavens With angels shining bright; All sing - ing, "Glo ry to God on high."



1. O Child of low - ly man - ger birth On whose low cry the a - ges wait,
 2. O Je - sus, youth of Naz - a - reth, Pre - par - ing for the bit - ter strife,
 3. O Christ whose words make dear the fields And hill - sides green of Gal - i - lee,
 4. O Mas - ter of a - bun - dant life From na - tal morn to vic - t'ry's hour,



Lead us Thy way, and ev - 'ry day, Guide us to see what made Thee great.
 Wilt Thou im - part to ev - 'ry heart Thy per - fect pur - i - ty of life?
 Grant us to find, with rev - 'rent mind, The truth Thou saidst should make us free.
 We look to Thee, heed Thou our plea, Teach us to share Thy age - less pow'r.



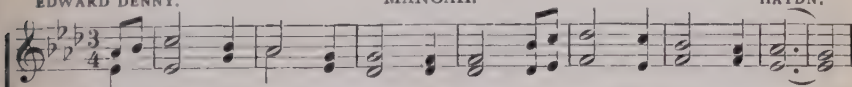
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62 What grace O Lord and beauty shone.

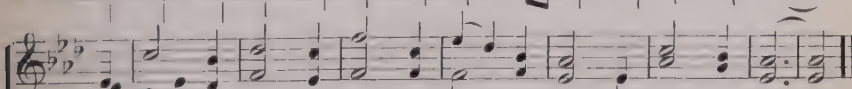
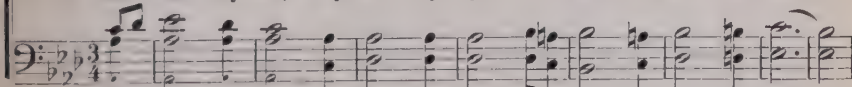
EDWARD DENNY.

MANOAH.

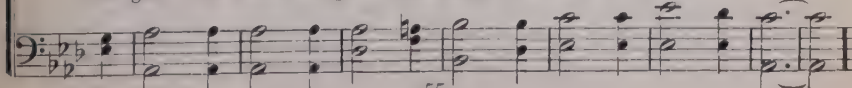
HAYDN.



1. What grace, O Lord, and beau - ty shone A - round Thy steps be - low;
 2. For, ev - er on Thy bur - dened heart A weight of sor - row hung;
 3. Thy foes might hate, de - spise, re - vile, Thy friends un - faith - ful prove;
 4. O give us hearts to love like Thee! Like Thee, O Lord to grieve
 5. One with Thy - self, may ev - 'ry eye, In us, Thy breth - ren, see,



What pa - tient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe.
 Yet no un - gen - tle, mur - mur - ing word Es - caped Thy si - lent tongue.
 Un - wea - ried in for - give - ness still, Thy heart could on - ly love.
 Far more for oth - ers' sins, than all The wrongs that we re - ceive.
 The gen - tle - ness and grace that spring From un - ion, Lord! with Thee.



63 Thou didst teach the thronging people.

HENRY S. NINDE.

F. K. MARCH.

1. Thou didst teach the throng-ing peo - ple By blue Gal - i - lee;
 2. Thou whose touch could heal the lep - er, Make the blind to see;
 3. Thou whose word could still the tem - pest, Calm the rag - ing sea;
 4. Thou didst sin - less meet the tempt - er; Grant, O Christ, that we

Speak to us, Thy err - ing chil - dren, Teach us pur - i - ty.
 Touch our hearts and turn the sin - ning In - to pur - i - ty.
 Hush the storm of hu - man pas - sion, Give us pur - i - ty.
 May o'er - come the bent to e - vil By Thy pur - i - ty.

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64 When the Lord of love was here.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

VICTOR HERMAN.

1. When the Lord of love was here, Hap - py hearts to Him were dear, Tho His
 2. Meek and low - ly were His ways, From His lov - ing grew His praise, From His
 3. When He walked the fields, He drew From the flow'rs and birds and dew, Par - a
 4. Fill us with Thy deep de - sire All the sin - ful to in - spire With the

heart was sad, Tho His heart was sad; Worn and lone - ly for our sake,
 giv - ing pray'r, From His giv - ing pray'r; All the out cast thronged to hear,
 bles of God, Par - a - bles of God; For with-in His heart of love
 Fa - ther's life, With the Fa - ther's life; Free us from the cares that press

Music copyright, 1927, by The Fillmore Bros. Co., in "The New Praise Hymnal Revised."

When the Lord of love was here.

Yet He turned a-side to make All the wea-ry glad, All the wea-ry glad.
 All the sor-row-ful drew near To en-joy His care, To en-joy His care.
 All the soul of man did move, God had His a-bode, God had His a-bode.
 On the heart of world-li-ness, From the fret and strife, From the fret and strife.

65 Saviour, I would live for Thee.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

J. H. FILLMORE.

Andante.

1. Sav-iour, I would live for Thee, In Thy like-ness grow-ing;
 2. Sav-iour, I would learn the way, Lit-tle wrongs to right-en;
 3. Sav-iour, Thou hast giv-en all, Why should I be spar-ing?

All Thy won-drous love to me, Un-to oth-ers show-ing.
 Be my help-er day by day, Oth-er lives to bright-en.
 Be my por-tion large or small, It will grow by shar-ing.

REFRAIN.

rit.

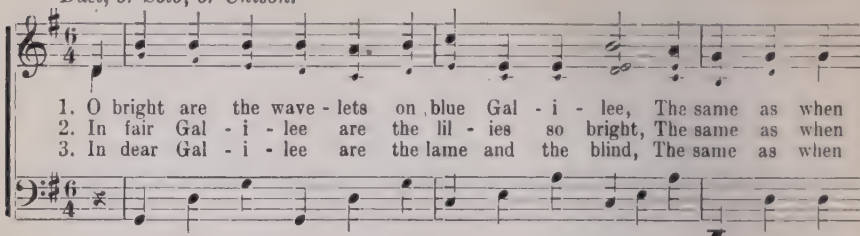
Teach me, Lord, the love that lives In the spir-it that for-gives:

a tempo.

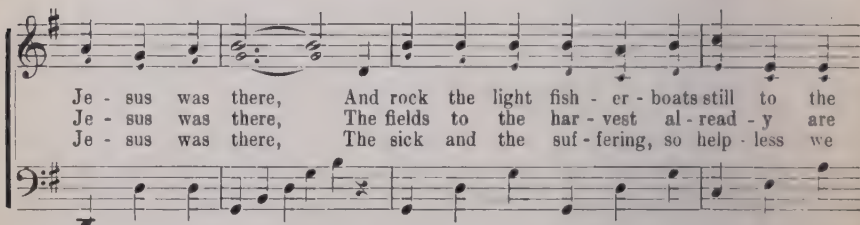
Teach me, Lord, the love that gives Just the best to oth-ers.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

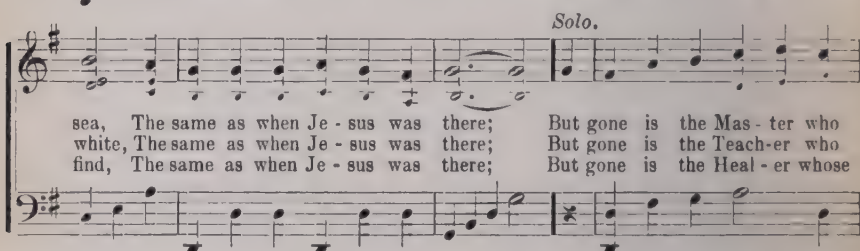
J. H. FILLMORE.

Duet, or Solo, or Unison.


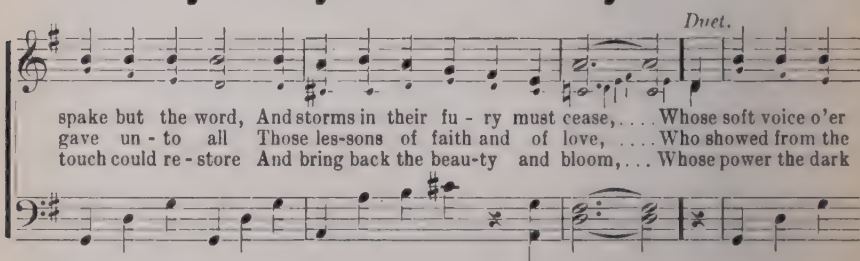
1. O bright are the wave - lets on blue Gal - i - lee, The same as when
 2. In fair Gal - i - lee are the lil - ies so bright, The same as when
 3. In dear Gal - i - lee are the lame and the blind, The same as when



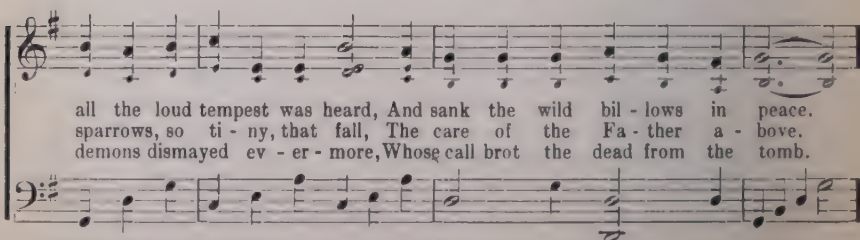
Je - sus was there, And rock the light fish - er - boats still to the
 Je - sus was there, The fields to the har - vest al - read - y are
 Je - sus was there, The sick and the suf - fer - ing, so help - less we



Solo.
 sea, The same as when Je - sus was there; But gone is the Mas - ter who
 white, The same as when Je - sus was there; But gone is the Teach - er who
 find, The same as when Je - sus was there; But gone is the Heal - er whose



Duet.
 spake but the word, And storms in their fu - ry must cease, ... Whose soft voice o'er
 gave un - to all Those les - sons of faith and of love, ... Who showed from the
 touch could re - store And bring back the beau - ty and bloom, ... Whose power the dark



all the loud tempest was heard, And sank the wild bil - lows in peace.
 sparrows, so ti - ny, that fall, The care of the Fa - ther a - bove.
 demons dismayed ev - er - more, Whose call brot the dead from the tomb.

When Jesus was there.

CHORUS.

He's gone but He lives a place to pre - pare For us in the

man - sions a - bove; In glo - ry He list - ens and

hears ev - ery prayer, And an - swers in in - fi - nite love.

67

O Christ the Way.

GEORGE L. SQUIER.

J. B. HERBERT.

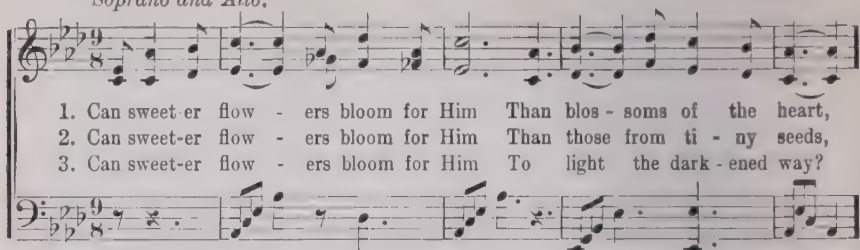
1. O Christ, the Way, the Truth, the Life, Show me the liv - ing way,
2. Teach me Thy Truth, O Christ, my Light, The Truth that makes me free,
3. The life that Thou a - lone canst give, Im - part in love to me,

That in the tu - mult and the strife, I may not go a - stray.
That in the dark - ness and the night, My trust shall be in Thee.
That I may in Thy pres - ence live, And ev - er be like Thee.

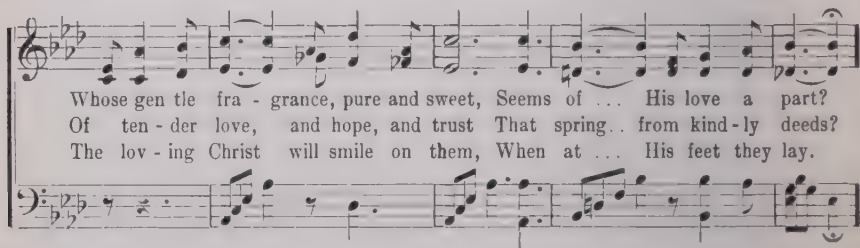
68 Can sweeter flowers bloom for Him?

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL,
Soprano and Alto.

S. B. STAMBAUGH.

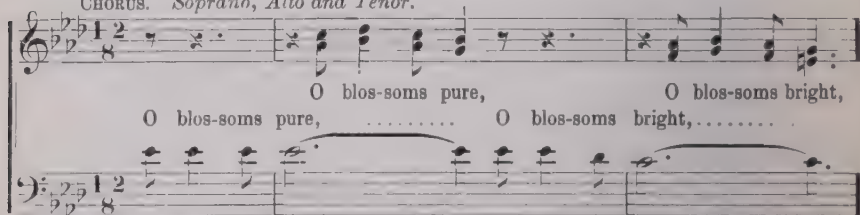


1. Can sweet-er flow - ers bloom for Him Than blos - soms of the heart,
2. Can sweet-er flow - ers bloom for Him Than those from ti - ny seeds,
3. Can sweet-er flow - ers bloom for Him To light the dark - ened way?

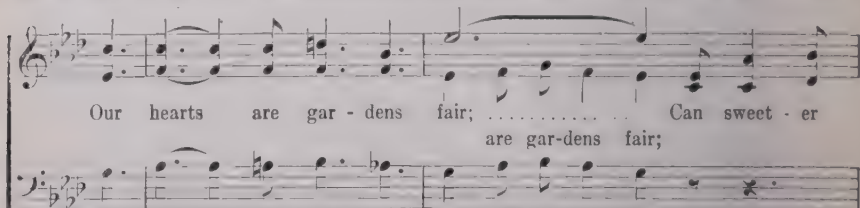


Whose gen - tle fra - grance, pure and sweet, Seems of ... His love a part?
Of ten - der love, and hope, and trust That spring.. from kind - ly deeds?
The lov - ing Christ will smile on them, When at ... His feet they lay.

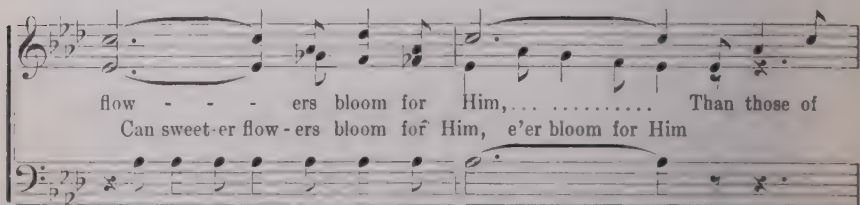
CHORUS. *Soprano, Alto and Tenor.*



O blos-soms pure, O blos-soms bright,
O blos-soms pure, O blos-soms bright,.....



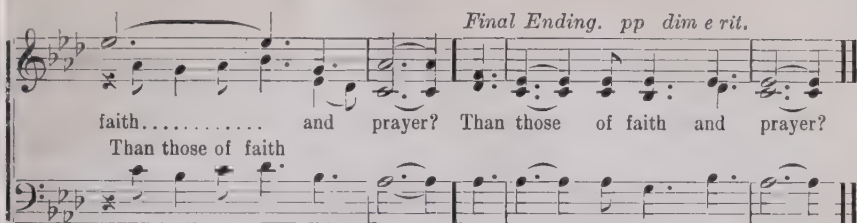
Our hearts are gar - dens fair; Can sweet - er
are gar-dens fair;



flow - - - ers bloom for Him, Than those of
Can sweet-er flow - ers bloom for Him, e'er bloom for Him

Can sweeter flowers bloom for Him?

Final Ending. pp dim e rit.



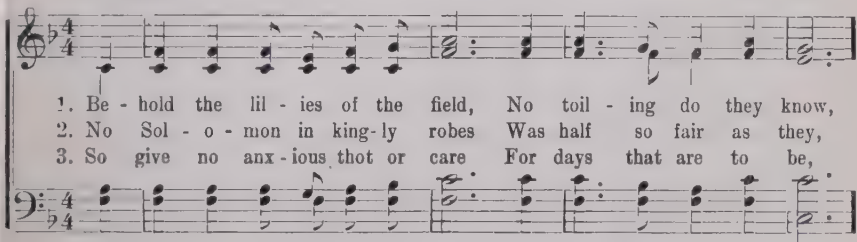
faith..... and prayer? Than those of faith and prayer?
Than those of faith

69

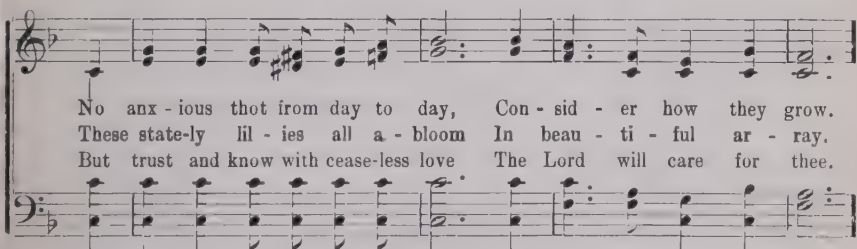
He careth for the lilies.

A. L. DAVIDSON.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

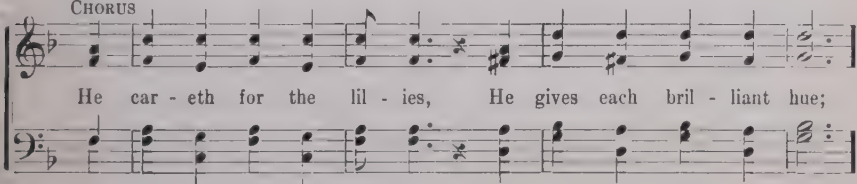


1. Be - hold the lil - ies of the field, No toil - ing do they know,
2. No Sol - o - mon in king - ly robes Was half so fair as they,
3. So give no anx - ious thot or care For days that are to be,

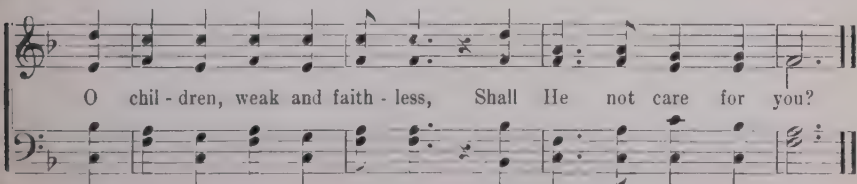


No anx - ious thot from day to day, Con - sid - er how they grow.
These state - ly lil - ies all a - bloom In beau - ti - ful ar - ray.
But trust and know with cease - less love The Lord will care for thee.

CHORUS



He car - eth for the lil - ies, He gives each bril - liant hue;



O chil - dren, weak and faith - less, Shall He not care for you?

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

Solo.

1. Bright bloom the dai sies and sweet opes the rose, When smiles the
 2. Love - ly the sum-mer and joy - ful the hours, But when my

morn up - on the air, But all their beau-ties do
 Sav-iour walks with me, Sweet - er the bird - songs and

noth - ing dis - close, That can with my Sav iour once com pare;
 bright - er the flowers, Joy-ous things will then more gladsome be;

Fair - er than lil - ies is Je - sus my Lord, Sweet - er than
 He rolls the bur - den of sor - row a - way, He chas - es

Fairer than lilies.

mu - sic His voice, King in the heav - ens for -
 night from the sky. And when the tem - pests a -

ev - er a - dored, He's the One that doth my heart re - joice.
 round me do play, O how safe - ly shel - tered then am I.

CHORUS.

Fair - er than lil - ies is Je - sus my Lord, Sweet - er than

mu - sic is His voice, (His love - ly voice,) King in the heav - ens for -

ev - er a - dored, He's the One that doth my heart re joice. (my heart re - joice.)

71

Ride on ride on in majesty.

HENRY H. MILMAN.

ST. DROSTANE.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho - san - na cry;
 2. Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly pomp ride on to die;
 3. Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty! The wing - ed squad - rons of the sky
 4. Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty! The last and fierc - est strife is nigh;

O Sav - iour meek, pur - sue Thy road, With palms and scat - tered gar - ments strowed.
 O Christ, Thy triumphs now be - gin O'er cap - tive death and con - quered sin.
 Look down with sad and wondering eyes To see th'ap - proach - ing sac - ri - fice
 Bow Thy meek head to mor - tal pain, Then take, O Christ, Thy power and reign.

72

The temple hosanna.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

Unison.

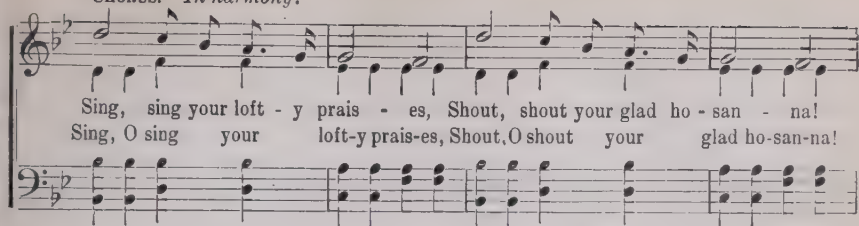
1. Thru all the temple ring - ing, Voi - ces in sweet ac - cord, — Chil - dren so loud are
 2. Now is thine hour of fa - vor, Now is thy tri - umph great; Zi - on, be - hold! thy

sing - ing Prais - es to Christ the Lord. O'er all the tu - mult ris - ing,
 Sav - iour Com - eth in hum - ble state; Rul - ers in pride dis - own Him,

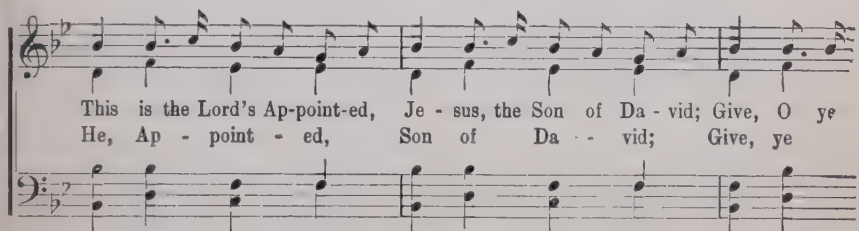
O'er all the wondering throng, Children in strain sur - pris - ing, Pour forth their wondrous song.
 Spurning the low - ly One, Children with joy enthrone Him, Je - sus, the roy - al Son.

The temple hosanna.

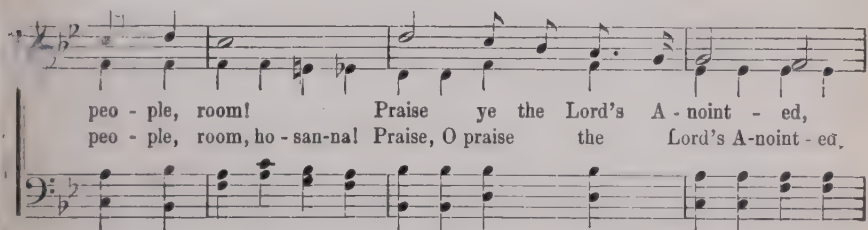
CHORUS. *In harmony.*



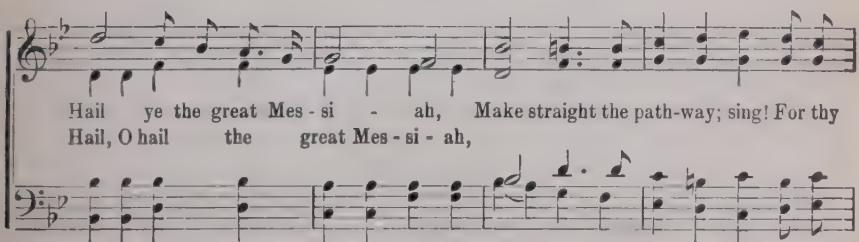
Sing, sing your loft - y prais - es, Shout, shout your glad ho - san - na!
Sing, O sing your loft-y prais-es, Shout, O shout your glad ho-san-na!



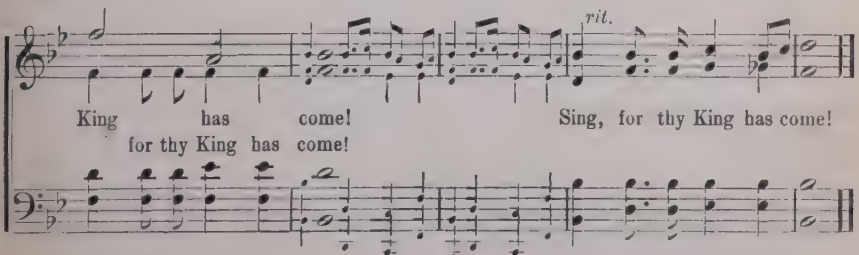
This is the Lord's Ap-point-ed, Je - sus, the Son of Da - vid; Give, O ye
He, Ap - point - ed, Son of Da - vid; Give, ye



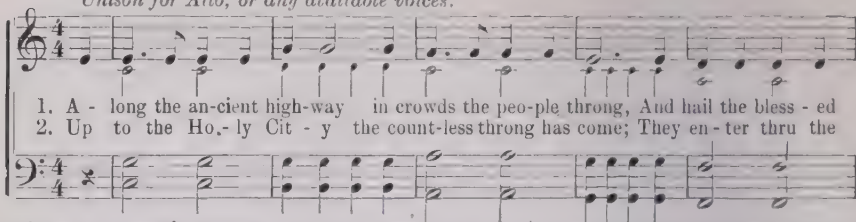
peo - ple, room! Praise ye the Lord's A - noint - ed,
peo - ple, room, ho - san-na! Praise, O praise the Lord's A-noint - ed,



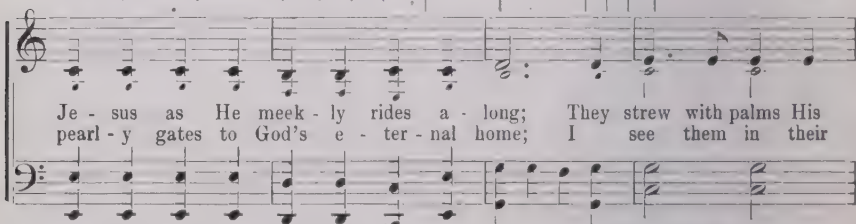
Hail ye the great Mes - si - ah, Make straight the path-way; sing! For thy
Hail, O hail the great Mes - si - ah,



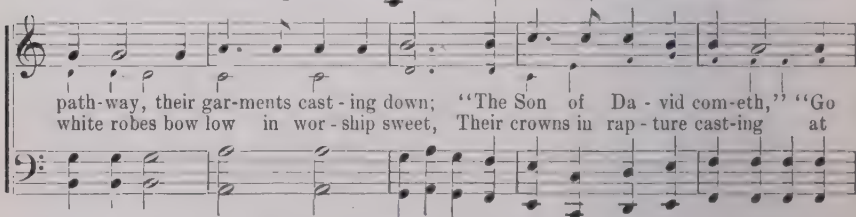
King has come! Sing, for thy King has come!
for thy King has come!

Unison for Alto, or any available voices.


1. A - long the an-cient high-way in crowds the peo-ple throng, And hail the bless - ed
2. Up to the Ho - ly Cit - y the count-less throng has come; They en - ter thru the

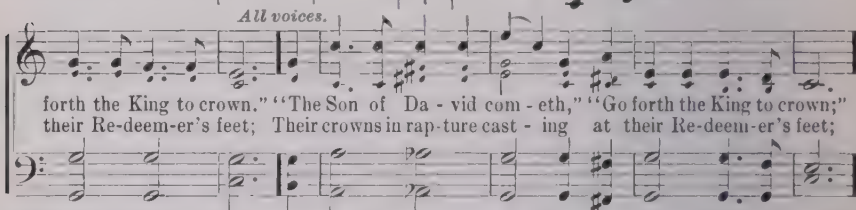


Je - sus as He meek - ly rides a - long; They strew with palms His
pearl - y gates to God's e - ter - nal home; I see them in their

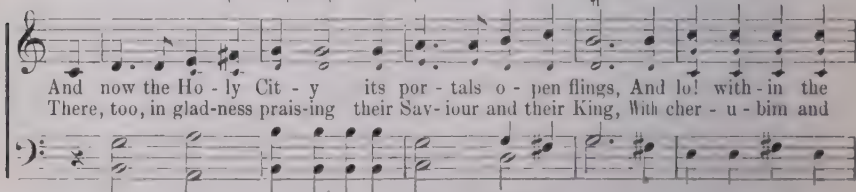


path-way, their gar-ments cast - ing down; "The Son of Da - vid com-eth," "Go
white robes bow low in wor - ship sweet, Their crowns in rap - ture cast-ing at

All voices.

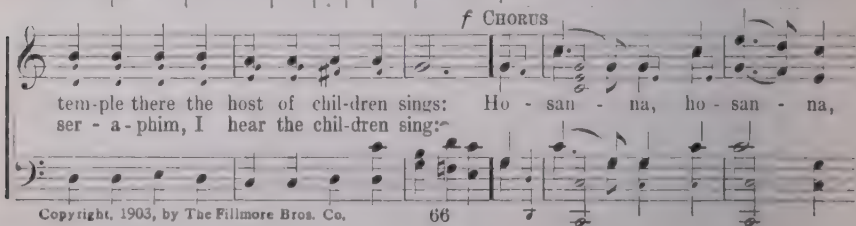


forth the King to crown." "The Son of Da - vid com-eth," "Go forth the King to crown;"
their Re-deem-er's feet; Their crowns in rap-ture cast - ing at their Re-deem-er's feet;



And now the Ho - ly Cit - y its por - tals o - pen flings, And lo! with-in the
There, too, in glad-ness prais-ing their Sav-iour and their King, With cher - u - bim and

f CHORUS



tem-ple there the host of chil-dren sings: Ho - san - na, ho - san - na,
ser - a - phim, I hear the chil-dren sing:

Hosanna to the Son of David.

Ho - san - na to the Son of Da - vid! Ho - san - na, ho -

Unison for Sopranos and Altos.

san - na to the Son of Da - vid! O Zi - on, from the dust a-rise, Thy Sav-iour

rit. CHORUS. *a tempo.*

and Thy King be-hold! Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na to the

pp

Son of Da - vid! Bless-ed is He, bless-ed is He that com-eth in the

f

name of the Lord. Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, Ho - san - na to the
Bless-ed is He, bless-ed is He that com-eth in the

Slow.

Son of Da - vid! Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na!
name of the Lord,

GEO. O. WEBSTER.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. We praise ... the con-quer-ing might Of Christ, our Sav - iour - King, With
we praise

2. With vic - t'ry it is crowned, For, while our prais - es swell, In
with vic - t'ry

heart ... and voice u - nite His wor - thy deeds to sing; He
with heart

ev - 'ry land is found A host who love it well, In
in ev - 'ry

bore our sin and loss, He died up - on the cross, We proud - ly bear Our
lands where all was night There dawns the gos-pel light, Our ban - ner fair, Is

CHORUS

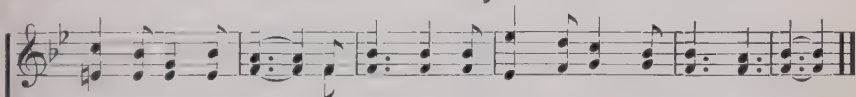
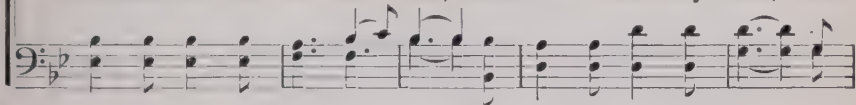
ban - ner fair: The Cross, ... the Cross, on which He died. We will
float - ing there: the Cross,

fol - low it ev - er, We will fail it, O nev - er, For it tells a

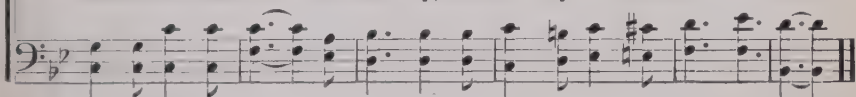
Our victory-crowned banner.



love which can - not be de - nied; Wher - ev - er man may dwell, This



ban-ner fair shall tell The sto - ry, the sto - ry of the Cru - ci - fied.



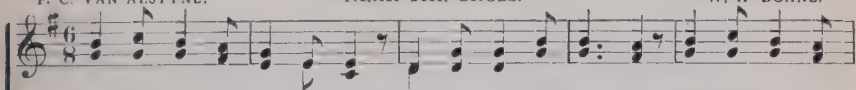
75

Jesus keep me near the cross.

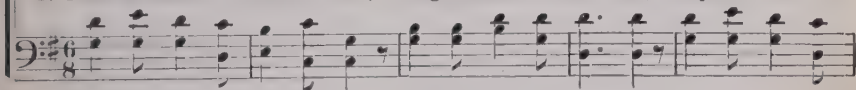
F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

NEAR THE CROSS.

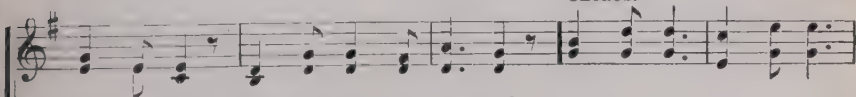
W. H. DOANE.



1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross: There a pre-cious foun - tain, Free to all, a
2. Near the cross, a trem-bling soul, Love and mer-cy found me; There the bright and
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me; Help me walk from



CHORUS.



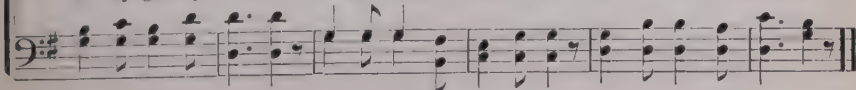
heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal-vary's mount-ain.

morn-ing star Sheds its beams a-round me. In the cross, in the cross,

day to day, With its shad - ow o'er me.



Be my glo-ry ev - er, Till my raptured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv - er.



GEORGE O. WEBSTER.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Let the glo - ry-crowned ban - ner of Je - sus to - day By all the re -
 2. Lo, the glo - ry-crowned ban - ner of Je - sus, our King, Has led thru the
 3. To the ends of the earth and the isles of the sea This ban - ner we'll

deemed ones be proud - ly un - furled, Speed the news of re - demp - tion to
 a - ges to tri - umphs di - vine, And its tri - umphs all na - tions and
 bear in the name of our Lord, Ev - ery chain must be bro - ken, sin's

lands far a - way, Till the folds of this ban - ner shall cov - er the world.
 kin - dreds shall sing, Till its beau - ti - ful folds ev - ery heart shall en - shrine.
 cap - tives set free, And the na - tions re - joice in the light of His word.

CHORUS.

The ban - ner of Je - sus in tri - umph shall wave, The ban - ner of

Je - sus, the might - y to save - The Cross where His life He, in

Our glory-crowned banner.

love, free - ly gave, The glo - ry-crowned ban - ner of Je - sus.

77

O chain of love.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. O chain of love that yet shall bind The war - ring hearts of hu - man-kind!
 2. O chain of love, O chain of strength! Its links shall bind the earth at length,
 3. O chain of love, O chain that draws The minds of men to no - bler laws!

This chain shall reach from hand to hand, From life to life, from land to land.
 And sun-dered hearts u - nit - ed be In Him who died on Cal - va - ry.
 Speed on the day, speed on the hour, When all the world shall know its power.

CHORUS

A - round the cross the chain we raise, And lift a - loft our hymn of praise;

O chain of love, O won-drous chain, That binds Mes - si - ah's reign!

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

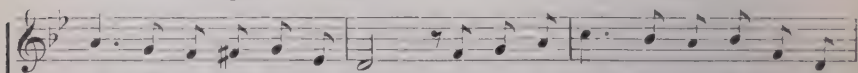
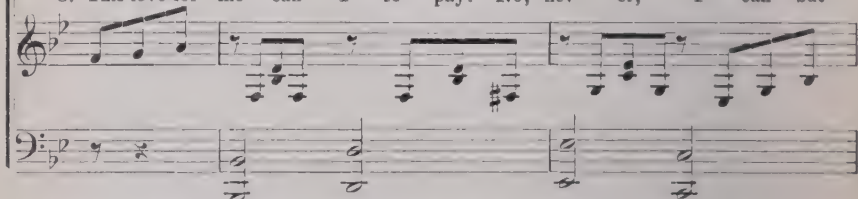
HENRY FILLMORE.

Introduction.

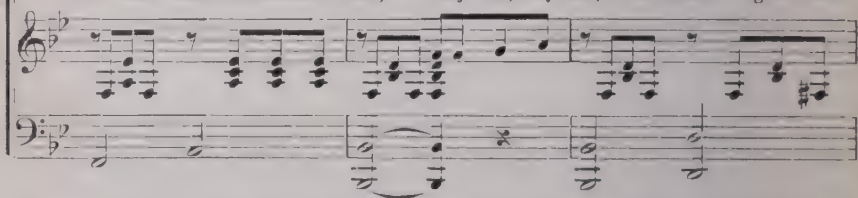
VOICE



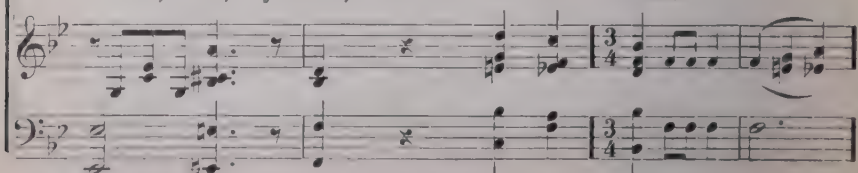
1. In love for me the ho - ly One en - thron - ed Came down to
 2. In love for me my sins and griefs He car - ried, In love for
 3. This love for me can I re - pay? No, nev - er; I can but



earth with sin - ful man to live; In cru - el scorn His brow with thorns they
 me the dread - ful cross He bore; In love for me with - in the grave He
 bow and kiss His bless - ed feet; My life, my all, to Him I give for -

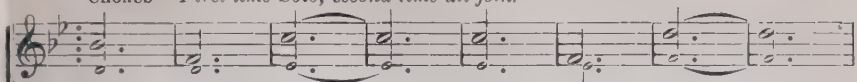


crown - ed, He who came e - ter - nal life to give.....
 tar - ried, He my Sav - iour risen for ev - er - more.....
 ev - er, His, my Lord's, to be in ser - vice sweet.....



Love for me.

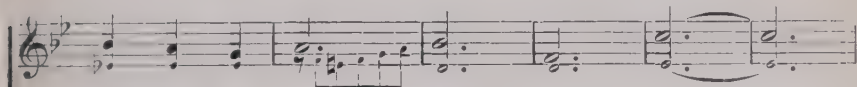
CHORUS *First time Solo, second time all join.*



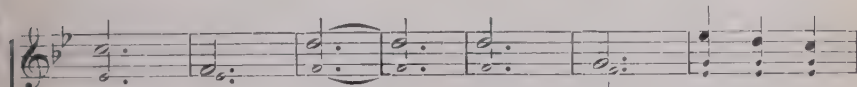
Love for me!..... Love for me!.....



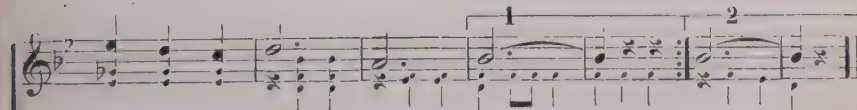
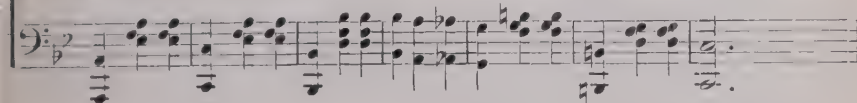
Love, Love, Seek - ing for me, Bleed - ing for me,



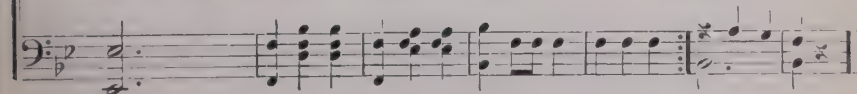
Dy - ing for me! Love for me!.....



Love for me!..... Love, Love, Won - der - ful,



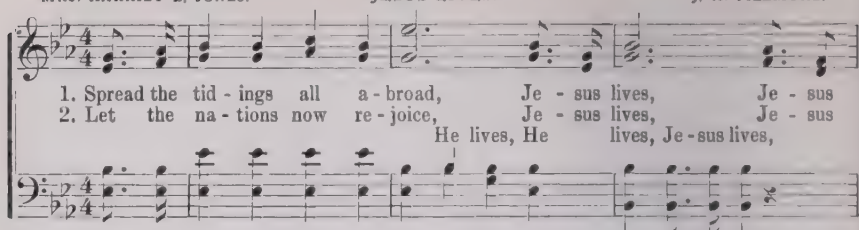
won - der - ful Love for me!..... me!.....



MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

JESUS LIVES.

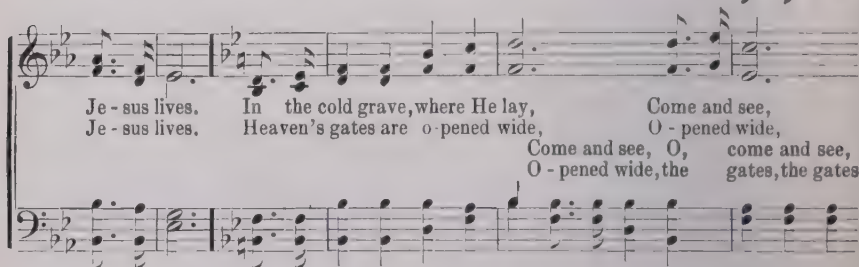
J. H. FILLMORE.



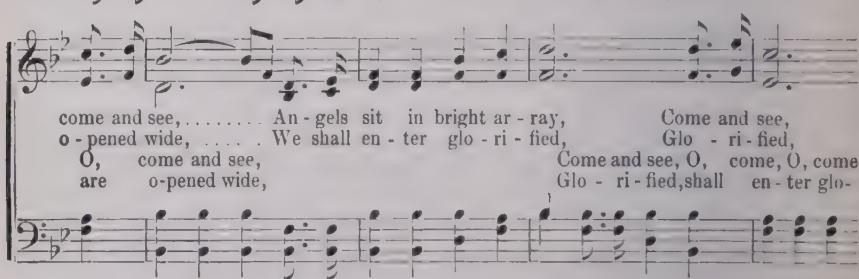
1. Spread the tid - ings all a - broad, Je - sus lives, Je - sus
 2. Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus lives, Je - sus
 He lives, He lives, Je - sus lives,



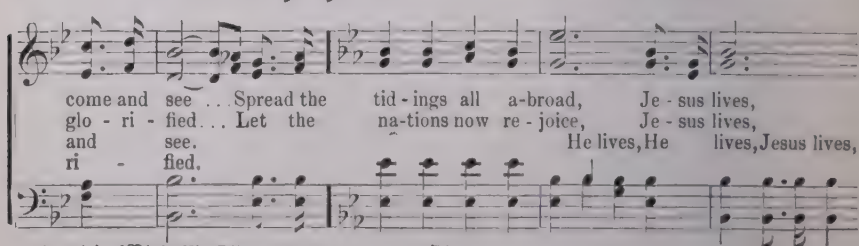
lives; Glo - ry, glo - ry be to God, Je - sus lives,
 lives; Praise Him with a joy - ful voice, Je - sus lives,
 Je - sus lives; He lives, He lives, Je - sus lives,



Je - sus lives. In the cold grave, where He lay, Come and see,
 Je - sus lives. Heaven's gates are o - pened wide, O - pened wide,
 Come and see, O, come and see,
 O - pened wide, the gates, the gates



come and see, An - gels sit in bright ar - ray, Come and see,
 o - pened wide, We shall en - ter glo - ri - fied, Glo - ri - fied,
 O, come and see, Come and see, O, come, O, come
 are o - pened wide, Glo - ri - fied, shall en - ter glo -



come and see . . . Spread the tid - ings all a - broad, Je - sus lives,
 glo - ri - fied . . . Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus lives,
 and see, He lives, He lives, Jesus lives,
 ri - fied.

Spread the tidings all abroad.

Je - sus lives; Glo - ry, glo - ry be to God, Je - sus lives, Je - sus lives.
 Je - sus lives, Praise Him with a joyful voice, Je - sus lives, Je - sus lives.
 Jesus lives; He lives, He lives, Jesus lives, Je - sus lives.

80 Hail the day that sees Him rise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

ASCENSION.

WILLIAM H. MONK.

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise, Al - le - lu - ia! To His throne a -
 2. Him tho high - est heaven re - ceives, Al - le - lu - ia! Still He loves the
 3. Still for us His death He pleads; Al - le - lu - ia! Prev - a - lent He
 4. Lord, tho part - ed from our sight, Al - le - lu - ia! High a - bove yon

bove the skies; Al - le - lu - ia! Christ, a - while to mor - tals giv'n,
 earth He leaves; Al - le - lu - ia! Tho re - turn - ing to His throne,
 in - ter - cedes, Al - le - lu - ia! Near him - self pre - pares our place,
 az - ure height, Al - le - lu - ia! Grant our hearts may thith - er rise,

Al - le - lu - ia! Re - as - cends His na - tive heaven. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia! Still He calls man - kind His own. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia! Har - bin - ger of hu - man race. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia! Fol - lowing Thee beyond the skies, Al - le - lu - ia!

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

A - wake, O earth, a - wake, O earth, a - wake, O earth, a - wake!

Allegro. With accent.

1. Thy Lord hath vis - it - ed thee, Thy King hath com - fort - ed thee; Thy night is
2. Then sing, ye fal - ter - ing ones, Be glad, ye con - quer - ing ones, As fol - l'wing

passed, thy joy has come; a - wake, a - wake! Ex - ult, ye an - cient hills, Re -
your Al - might - y Lord ye march a - long; For foes shall harm you not, The

joice, ye laugh - ing rills, And in - to joy - ful anthems, joy - ful an - thems break.
grave a - lar - m you not, And heav'n at last resound with your tri - umph - ant (*Omit...*)

First time as a Solo, slower. Second time Chorus, a tempo,

The bars of death are bro - ken, The words of life are spo - ken,

Awake, O earth.

D. S.

The Spir - it gives a to - ken Of end - less life a - bove.

song. A - wake, O earth from sad - ness, A - wake, O earth to glad - ness,

For Christ, triumph - ant, ris - es, thine e - ter - nal King, ter - nal King.

82

Hail the day.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

WALTHAM.

JOHN B. CALKIN.

1. O hail the day of Hope and Joy, With songs of praise your tongues employ,
 2. O hail the day of Life and Light, When glo - ry fades a - way the night,
 3. O hail the day of vic - to - ry, Whose glo - ries shine for you and me,

Till ech - oes ring in realms a - bove, For Christ is ris - en, Lord of Love.
 When an - gels o - pen wide the gates Where Christ the ris - en King a - waits.
 To pu - ri - fy the heart from sin, That Christ the King may en - ter in.

Words copyright, 1921, by The Fillmore Bros. Co. in "Easter Day of Days."

Shout aloud your hallelujahs.

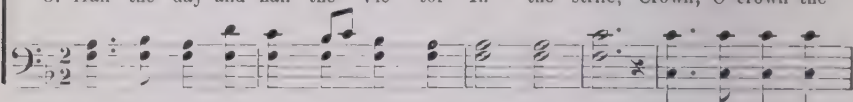
GEO. O. WEBSTER.
Allegro con spirito.

JESUS LIVES.

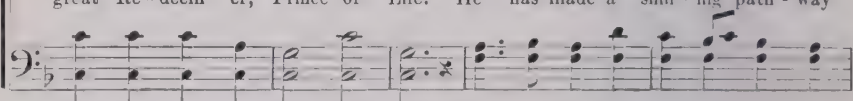
J. H. FILLMORE.



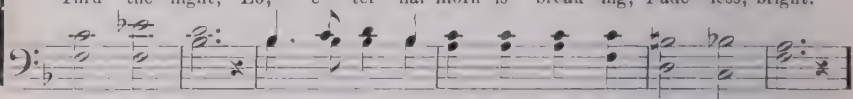
1. Shout a - loud your hal - le - lu - jahs, Je - sus lives; From the grave He
 2. Hail the day of life and glo - ry When He rose; When He left the
 3. Hail the day and hail the Vic - tor In the strife; Crown, O crown the



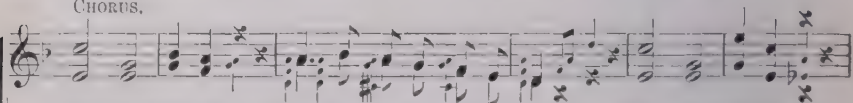
comes in tri - umph, Life He gives; Death at last has met a vic - tor,
 grave a vic - tor O'er His foes. Shout, O shout your hal - le - lu - jahs,
 great Re - deem - er, Prince of Life. He has made a shin - ing path - way



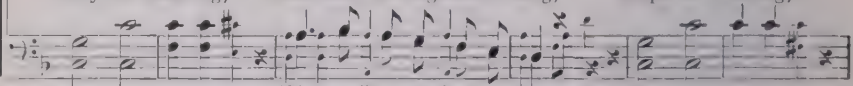
Lost its sting; Greet the Lord of Life tri - umph - ant, Hail the King.
 Greet the morn; Death has fall - en, king of ter - rors, Hope is born.
 Thru the night; Lo, e - ter - nal morn is break - ing, Fade - less, bright.



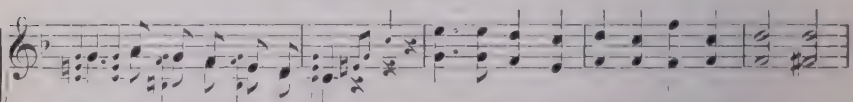
CHORUS.



Day is break - ing, Greet the morn - ing with a song; Hope is wak - ing,



(Play small notes only.)



Speed the joy - ful news a - long; Je - sus lives, and death can tri - umph nev - er -



Shout aloud your hallelujahs.

Slower.

more; Je-sus lives, and life He gives for ev - er - more, for ev - er - more.

84

Sing glory hallelujah.

FRONIA SAVAGE SMITH.

SAM MASON.

1. Pro-claim the ti-dings near and far, Go, tell the bless-ed sto-ry;
2. The Lord is ris-en! O re-joice, The joy-ful cho-rus swell-ing,
3. The Lord is ris-en! O re-joice, The God of life has spo-ken;

The grave has giv-en up its dead—The Lord of Life and Glo-ry.
And sing glad songs with heart and voice, The won-drous sto-ry tell-ing.
For ev - er - more, thru Christ's dear name The power of death is bro - ken.

CHORUS

Sing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
Sing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

Sing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
Sing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

Praise the Ever-living Lord.

GEO. O. WEBSTER.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Praise the Ev - er - liv - ing Lord, (praise the Lord.) Sing in cho - rus strong;
 2. Praise the Ev - er - liv - ing Lord, (praise the Lord.) In a joy - ous lay;
 3. Praise the Ev - er - liv - ing Lord, (praise the Lord.) While the years en - dure;

Ev - ery voice in sweet ac - cord In a glad - some song; (praise the Lord.)
 Son of God, in heaven adored, Earth shall own His sway; (praise the Lord.)
 Ev - ery prom - ise in His Word Faith - ful is and sure; (praise the Lord.)

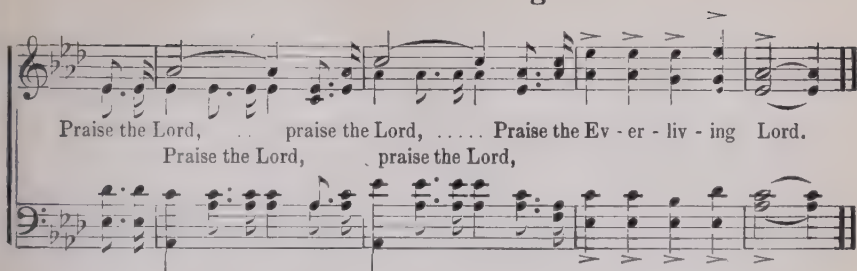
Son of Man yet Son of God, He the paths of sor - row trod,
 Now to Him your an - thems raise, Worthy He of all our praise,
 In a might - y burst of song, In a cho - rus full and strong,

CHORUS

Conquered death and lives for aye, Lift a song of praise to - day.
 All His deeds of fame re - call, Praise and crown Him Lord of all. Praise the
 Sing the sto - ry of His grace Till it rings in ev - ery place.

f Lord, praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Voices joined in sweet ac - cord;
rit.

Praise the Ever-living Lord.



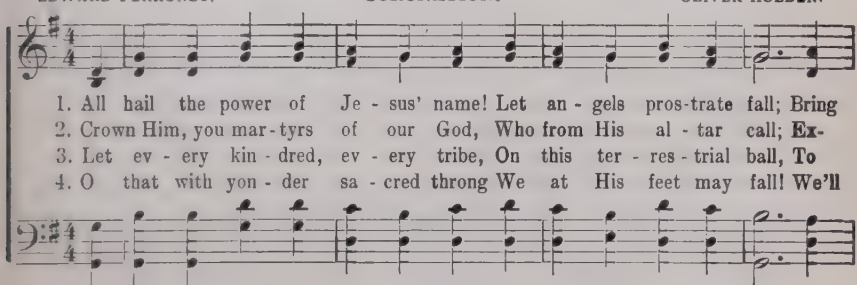
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Praise the Ev - er - liv - ing Lord.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,

86 All hail the power of Jesus' name.

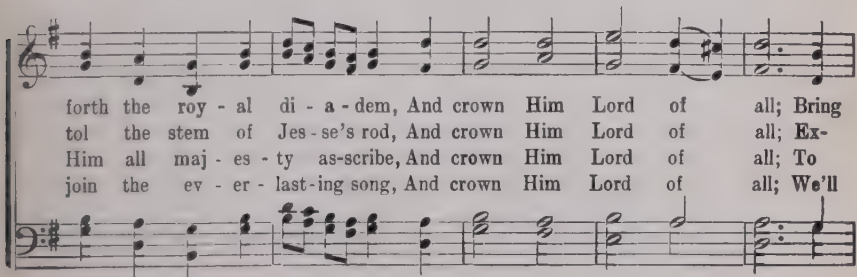
EDWARD PERRONET.

CORONATION.

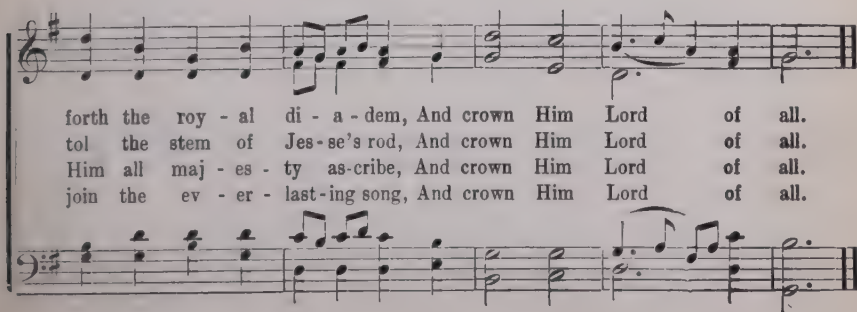
OLIVER HOLDEN.



1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring
2. Crown Him, you mar - tyrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call; Ex -
3. Let ev - ery kin - dred, ev - ery tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, To
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall! We'll



forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all; Bring
tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all; Ex -
Him all maj - es - ty as - scribe, And crown Him Lord of all; To
join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all; We'll



forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.
Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all.
join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

March on with songs triumphant.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

UNISON.

S. B. STAMBAUGH.

1. March on with songs tri-umph-ant, Ex-ult-ant prais-es sing, With
 2. Swing wide ye pearl-y por-tals, He waits to en-ter in, Who
 3. Ten thou-sand voic-es swell-ing In par-a-dise a-bove, Praise

hearts of glad-ness greet Him, Our ris-en Lord and King. The reign of death is
 rose on Eas-ter morn-ing, E-ter-nal life to win. Let hearts be tuned to
 Him who ev-er liv-eth, The Lord of Life and love. March on while bells are

o-ver, The dawn-light streameth clear, . . . O word of joy, He liv-eth, The
 glad-ness, Our Sav-iour goes be-fore, . . . To show the way to glo-ry, And
 chim-ing, His wondrous power pro-claim, . . . Thanks be to God who giv-eth The

CHORUS *Harmony.*
 Christ in-deed is here. . . Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise and ad-o
 o-pen heaven's door. . . Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!
 vic-tory thru His name. . . Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!

ra-tion bring! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hail the might-y vic-tor King!
 Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!

Swing wide the gates.

GEORGE O. WEBSTER.

J. H. FILLMORE.

f Broadly.

1. The might - y God, the King of life im-mor-tal, In low - ly guise, is
2. Bow ev - ery heart in hum-ble-ness be-fore Him, Each liv - ing thing a
3. Make room, make room, hear ev - ery tribe and na - tion, Glad wel - come give, nor

standing at the gate; Swing wide, swing wide, ye ev - er - last - ing por - tal, Nor
joy - ful song up - raise; Bright an - gel hosts now wor - ship and a - dore Him, And
let the King de - part; He comes to be the God of our sal - va - tion, To

rit. lon - ger let the King of Glo - ry wait. *f* CHORUS *m* Swing wide the gates, ye
sing to Him their ev - er - last - ing praise.
rule in love His throne with - in the heart. *f* Swing wide, swing wide the gates, ye

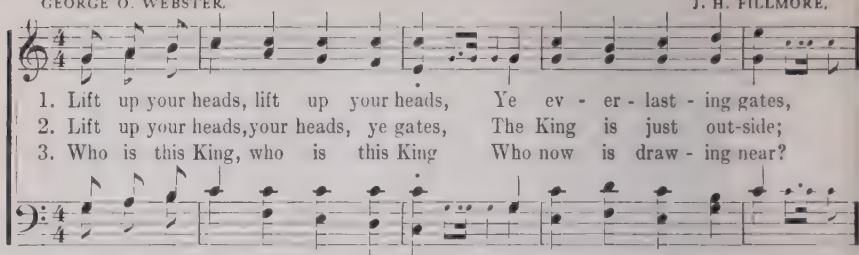
f ev - er last - ing doors, swing wide; *m* Swing wide the gates, And let the King come in,
doors, swing wide, *f* Swing wide, swing wide the gates,

cres. *cres.* *rit.* *>* *>* *>* *>*
Swing wide the gates, swing wide the gates, And let the King of Glo - ry in.

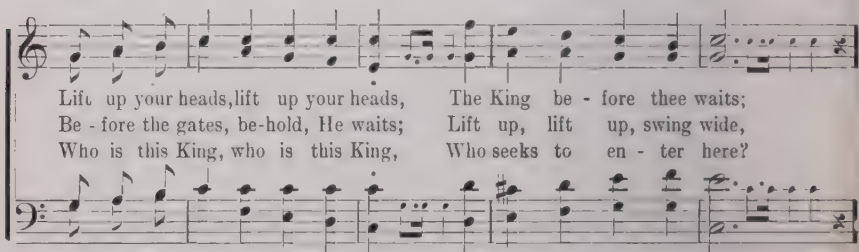
Lift up your heads.

GEORGE O. WEBSTER.

J. H. FILLMORE.

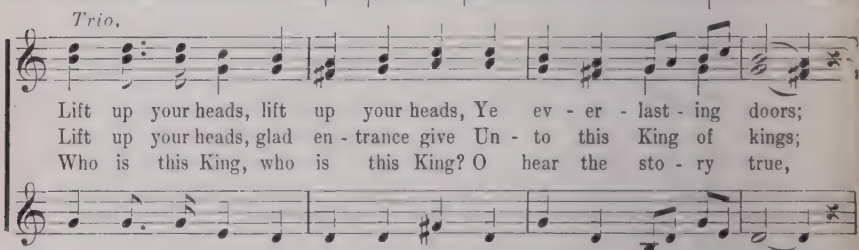


1. Lift up your heads, lift up your heads, Ye ev - er - last - ing gates,
 2. Lift up your heads, your heads, ye gates, The King is just out-side;
 3. Who is this King, who is this King Who now is draw - ing near?

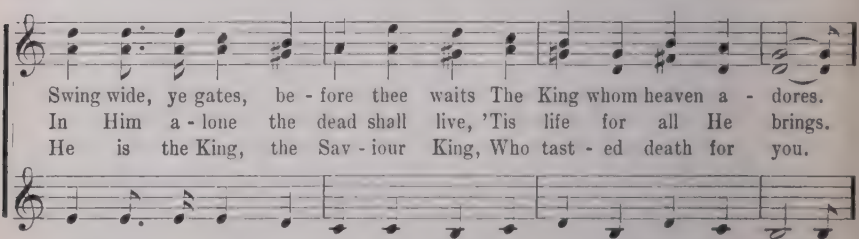


Lift up your heads, lift up your heads, The King be - fore thee waits;
 Be - fore the gates, be-hold, He waits; Lift up, lift up, swing wide,
 Who is this King, who is this King, Who seeks to en - ter here?

Trio.

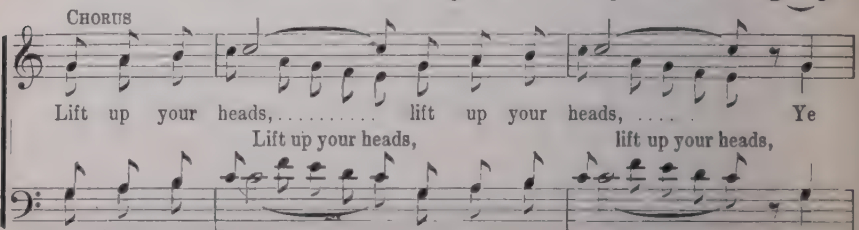


Lift up your heads, lift up your heads, Ye ev - er - last - ing doors;
 Lift up your heads, glad en - trance give Un - to this King of kings;
 Who is this King, who is this King? O hear the sto - ry true,



Swing wide, ye gates, be - fore thee waits The King whom heaven a - does.
 In Him a - lone the dead shall live, 'Tis life for all He brings.
 He is the King, the Sav - iour King, Who tast - ed death for you.

CHORUS



Lift up your heads, lift up your heads, Ye
 Lift up your heads, lift up your heads,

Lift up your heads.

ev - er - last - ing gates; Lift up your heads, lift up your
 Lift up your heads,
 heads, lift up your heads, The King be - fore thee waits; Lift up your
 lift up your heads,
Slow and emphatic.
 heads, lift up your heads, Lift up your heads, ye gates.
 Lift up your heads, Lift up your heads,

90

Rise glorious Leader rise.

M. BRIDGES.

ITALIAN HYMN.

F. GIARDINI

1. Rise, glorious Lead-er, rise, In - to thy na - tive skies—Assume Thy right; And where, in
 2. Vic - tor o'er death and Hell, Cher - u - bic le - gions swell Thy radiant train; Prais-es all
 3. En - ter in-car - nate God: No feet but Thine have trod The serpent down. Blow the full
 many a fold, The clouds are backward rolled, Pass thru those gates of gold, And reign in light.
 heaven inspire; Each angel sweeps his lyre. And waves his wings of fire Thou Lamb once slain.
 trumpet—blow! Wider your por - tals throw! Saviour, triumphant go, And take Thy crown!

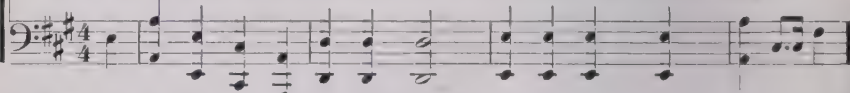
The conquering Christ.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

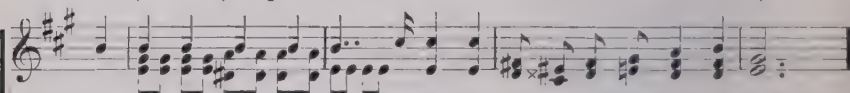
J. H. FILLMORE.

Unison throughout.

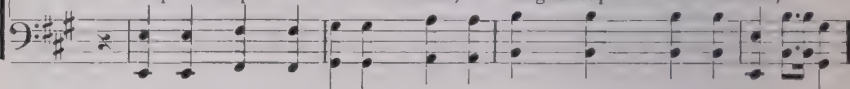
1. The Conquering Christ, O earth, be-hold! How speed His mes-sen-gers a-far,
2. The Conquering Christ, hear His command; It sounds to you, to me, to all,
3. The conquering Christ, what victories won Al-read-y speak His matchless might!



How ar-mies in His name en-rolled Move for-ward in this glo-rious war.
That, gos-pel-armored, sword in hand, We read-y wait the trum-pet's call;
O'er dark-ened lands the ris-ing sun Now pours the bless-ed gos-pel light;



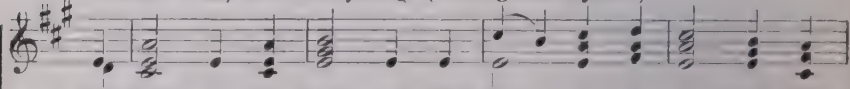
O Church, go forth to val-iant deeds, With His fair banner wide un-furled;
Go, tell a-broad the gra-cious word, Go, bid the rule of er-ror cease,
Now drops the cap-tive's bro-ken chain, Now mightiest powers of Sa-tan fall,



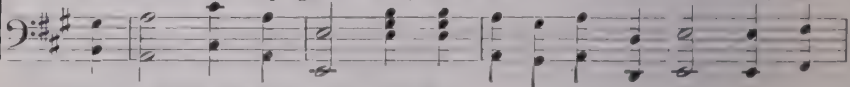
The Conquering Christ now on-ward leads The glo-rious con-quest of the world!
Go, spread the king-dom of our Lord—The Conquering Christ, the Prince of Peace.
And soon, be-neath His peace-ful reign, The earth shall "Crown Him Lord of All."



CHORUS. *Full, and a little faster.* (Portuguese Hymn.)



Ride forth in Thy great-ness, Thou Rul-er of na-tions, Ride



The conquering Christ.

forth, and o'er all Thy glad scep - ter ex - tend; From conquering to

con - quer, ride, Prince of Sal - va - tion, Till stands the blest king - dom that

nev - er shall end! Till stands the blest king - dom that nev - er shall end!

92

Lift up lift up your voices.

JOHN M. NEALE.

WALTHAM.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

1. Lift up, lift up your voi - ces now, The whole wide world re - joic - es now;
2. In vain with stone the cave they barred, In vain the watch kept ward and guard;
3. And all He did and all He bare, He gives us as our own to share;
4. O Vic - tor, aid us in the fight, And lead thru death to realms of light;

The Lord hath triumphed glo - rious - ly, The Lord shall reign vic - to - rious - ly.
 Ma - jes - tic from the spoil - ed tomb, In pomp of tri - umph Christ is come.
 And hope and joy and peace be - gin, For Christ has won, and man shall win.
 We safe - ly pass where Thou hast trod; In Thee we die to rise to God.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem - er! Sing, O earth, His
 2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem - er! For our sins He
 3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem - er! Heavenly por - tals,

won-der-ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in glo - ry;
 suffered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e - ter - nal sal - va - tion,
 loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - iour, reign-eth for-ev - er and ev - er;

Strength and hon - or give to His ho - ly name! Like a shep-herd, Je - sus will
 Hail Him! hail Him! Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied, Sound His prais-es! Je - sus who
 Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com - ing! o - ver the

REFRAIN.

guard His chil-dren, In His arms He car-ries them all day long:
 bore our sor-rows, Love un-bound-ed, won - der - ful, deep and strong: Praise Him!
 world vic-to - rious, Power and glo - ry un - to the Lord be-long:

praise Him! tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness; Praise Him! praise Him! ev - er in joy-ful song!

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I know that my Redeemer liv - eth, And on the earth again shall
 2. I know His promise never fail - eth, The word He speaks, it can not
 3. I know my mansion He pre-par - eth, That where He is there I may
 And on the earth

stand;
 die;
 be;
 again shall stand;

I know e - ter - nal life He giv - eth, That grace and
 Tho cru - el death my flesh as - sail - eth, Yet I shall
 O won - drous thot, for me He car - eth, And He at

CHORUS

power are in His hand.
 see Him by and by. I know, I know that Je - sus
 last will come for me.

liv - eth, And on the earth a - gain shall stand; I know, I

know ... that life He giv - eth, That grace and power ... are in His hand.

Holy Spirit Truth divine.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

FLOWER.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth di - vine, Dawn up - on this soul of mine;
 2. Ho - ly Spir - it, Love di - vine, Glow with - in this heart of mine;
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Power di - vine, Fill and nerve this will of mine;
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, Right di - vine, King with - in my conscience reign;

Word of God, and in - ward Light, Wake my spir - it, clear my sight.
 Kin - dle ev - ery high de - sire, Per - ish self in Thy pure fire.
 By Thee may I strong - ly live, Brave - ly bear and no - bly strive.
 Be my law and I shall be Firm - ly bound, for - ev - er free.

Spirit so gentle.

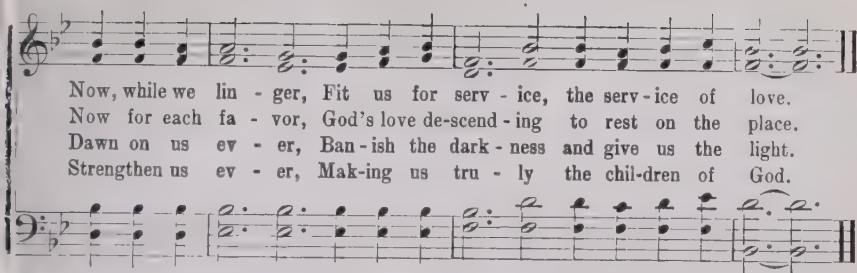
MARY B. WINGATE.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Spir - it so gen - tle, Spir - it so ten - der, Spir - it of
 2. Spir - it so gen - tle, Spir - it so ho - ly, Spir - it of
 3. Spir - it so gen - tle, Spir - it so low - ly, Spir - it of
 4. Spir - it so gen - tle, Spir - it so lov - ing, Spir - it of

pur - i - ty, Spir - it of love, Fall on Thy wait - ing ones
 ten - der - ness, Spir - it of grace, Fill us with thank - ful - ness
 ho - li - ness, Spir - it of light, Show us the way of life,
 faith - ful - ness, Spir - it of God, Rest on our long - ing hearts

Spirit so gentle.

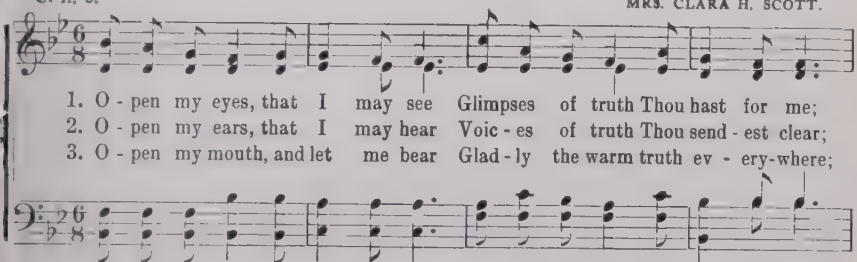


Now, while we lin - ger, Fit us for serv - ice, the serv - ice of love.
 Now for each fa - vor, God's love de - scend - ing to rest on the place.
 Dawn on us ev - er, Ban - ish the dark - ness and give us the light.
 Strengthen us ev - er, Mak - ing us tru - ly the chil - dren of God.

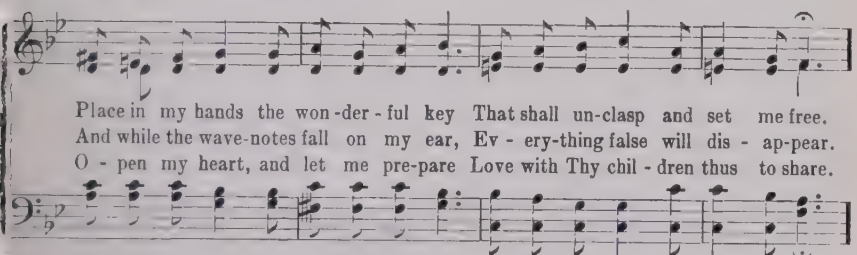
97 Open my eyes that I may see.

C. H. S.

MRS. CLARA H. SCOTT.

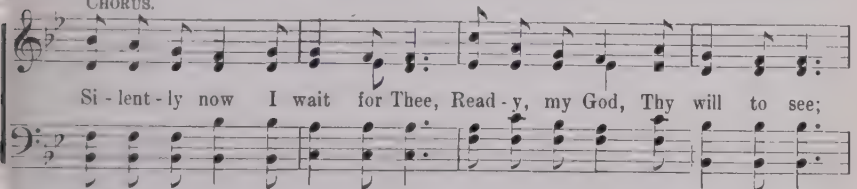


1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me;
 2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voic - es of truth Thou send - est clear;
 3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad - ly the warm truth ev - ery - where;

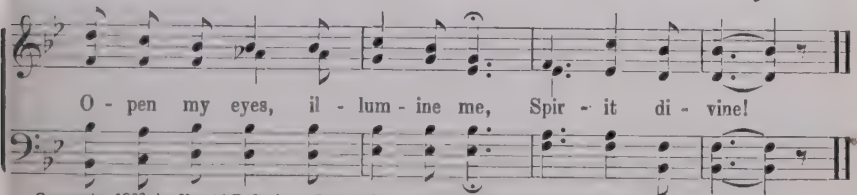


Place in my hands the won - der - ful key That shall un - clasp and set me free.
 And while the wave - notes fall on my ear, Ev - ery - thing false will dis - ap - pear.
 O - pen my heart, and let me pre - pare Love with Thy chil - dren thus to share.

CHORUS.



Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read - y, my God, Thy will to see;



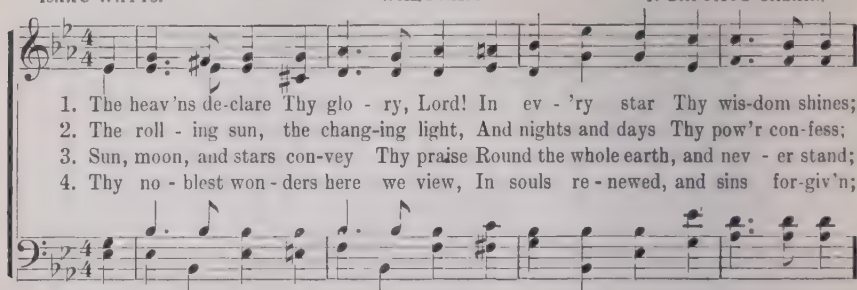
O - pen my eyes, il - lum - ine me, Spir - it di - vine!

98 The heavens declare Thy glory Lord.

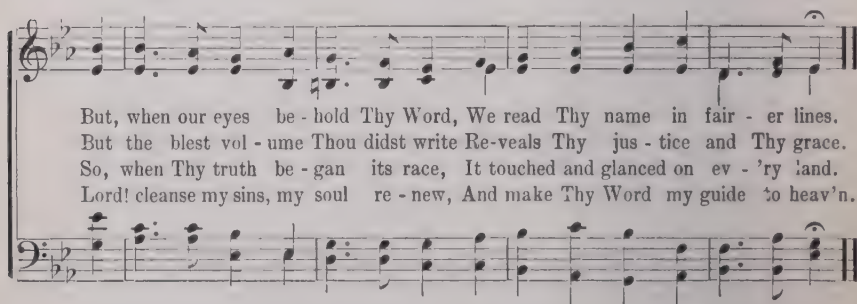
ISAAC WATTS.

WALTHAM.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



1. The heav'ns de-clare Thy glo - ry, Lord! In ev - 'ry star Thy wis-dom shines;
 2. The roll - ing sun, the chang-ing light, And nights and days Thy pow'r con-fess;
 3. Sun, moon, and stars con-vey Thy praise Round the whole earth, and nev - er stand;
 4. Thy no - blest won - ders here we view, In souls re - newed, and sins for-giv'n;



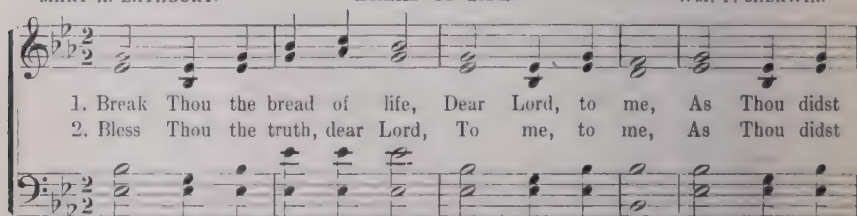
But, when our eyes be - hold Thy Word, We read Thy name in fair - er lines.
 But the blest vol - ume Thou didst write Re-veals Thy jus - tice and Thy grace.
 So, when Thy truth be - gan its race, It touched and glanced on ev - 'ry land.
 Lord! cleanse my sins, my soul re - new, And make Thy Word my guide 'to heav'n.

99 Break Thou the bread of life.

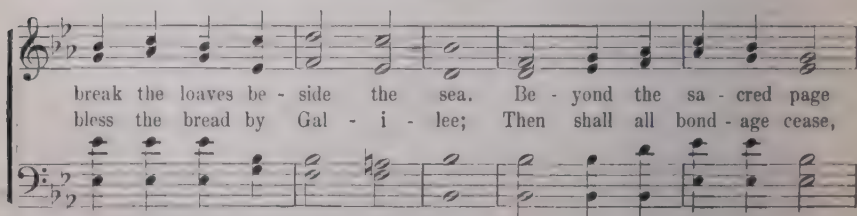
MARY A. LATHBURY.

BREAD OF LIFE.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

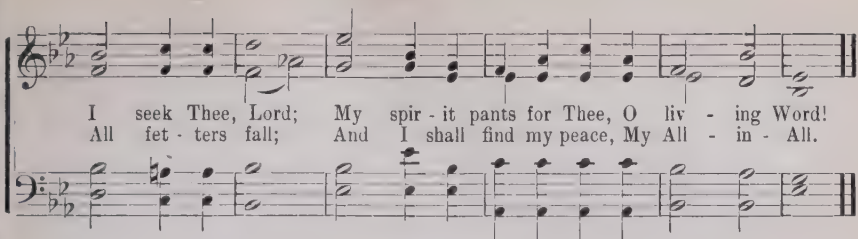


1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
 2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst



break the loaves be - side the sea. Be - yond the sa - cred page
 bless the bread by Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond - age cease,

Break Thou the bread of life.

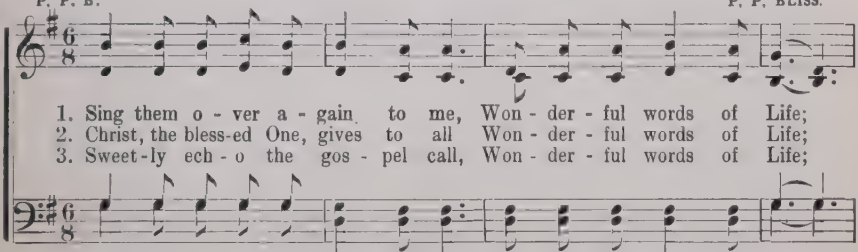


I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!
All fet - ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All - in - All.

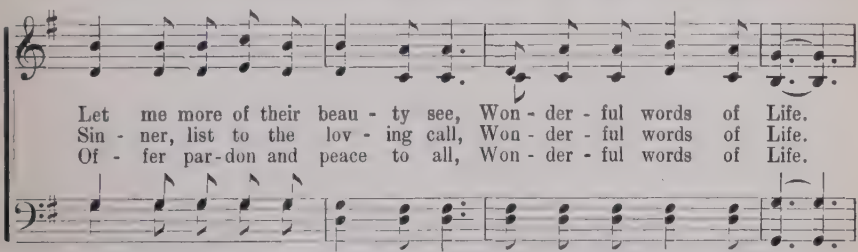
100 Sing them over again to me.

P. P. B.

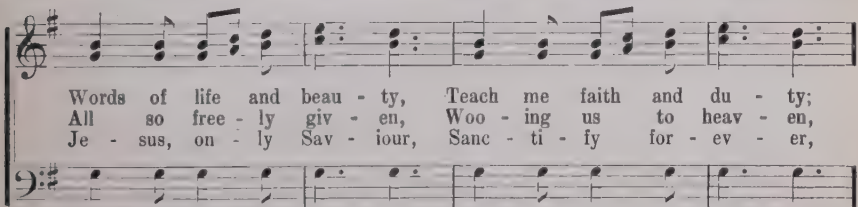
P. P. BLISS.



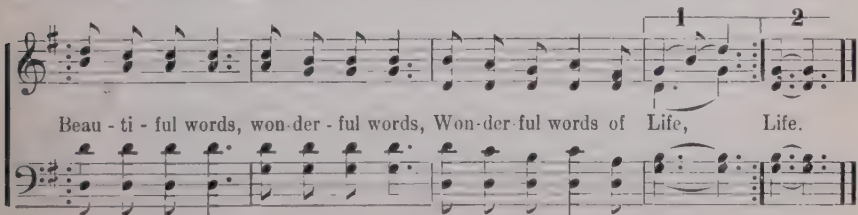
1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all Won - der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;



Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life.



Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en,
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er,



Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life, Life.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

THE BOOK OF GOD.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. The sky is bright, The heart is light, And we with hope are strong;
 2. His word to know, His will to do, Shall be our blest em - ploy;

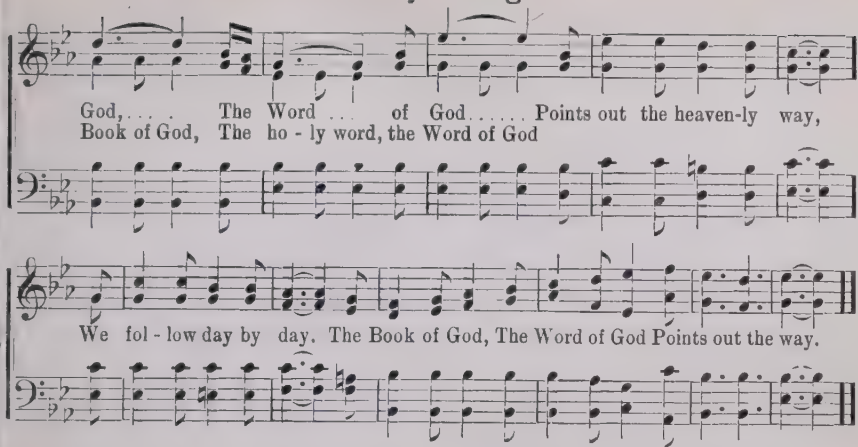
And now with zest To do our best, We join in work and song.
 Low at His feet In serv - ice sweet, We'll find our high - est joy.

The path of life, The Light of Life, We fol - low day by day,
 And so thru all, What e'er be - fall, For us His truth shall shine,

CHORUS.
 The Book of God, The Word of God, Points out the way. The path . . . of
 And mark the road That leads to God, With light di - vine. The pleasant path, the

life, The light of life; The Book of
 path of life, The shin - ing light, the light of life, The bless - ed Book, the

The sky is bright.



God, The Word of God Points out the heav-en-ly way,
Book of God, The ho - ly word, the Word of God

We fol - low day by day. The Book of God, The Word of God Points out the way.

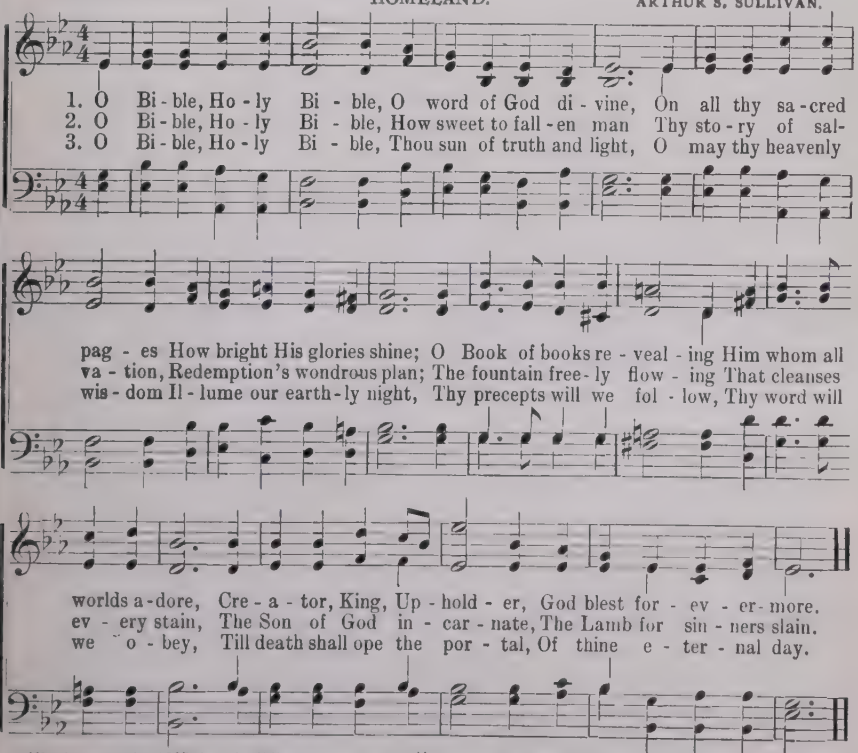
102

O Bible Holy Bible.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

HOMELAND.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



1. O Bi - ble, Ho - ly Bi - ble, O word of God di - vine, On all thy sa - cred
2. O Bi - ble, Ho - ly Bi - ble, How sweet to fall - en man Thy sto - ry of sal -
3. O Bi - ble, Ho - ly Bi - ble, Thou sun of truth and light, O may thy heavenly


pag - es How bright His glories shine; O Book of books re - veal - ing Him whom all
va - tion, Redemption's wondrous plan; The fountain free - ly flow - ing That cleanses
wis - dom Il - lume our earth - ly night, Thy precepts will we fol - low, Thy word will

worlds a - dore, Cre - a - tor, King, Up - hold - er, God blest for - ev - er - more.
ev - ery stain, The Son of God in - car - nate, The Lamb for sin - ners slain.
we o - bey, Till death shall ope the por - tal, Of thine e - ter - nal day.

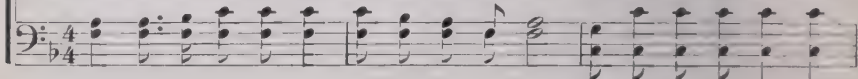
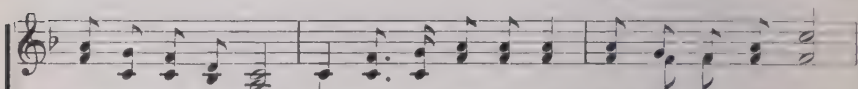
Words copyright, 1927, by The Fillmore Bros. Co., in "A Hymnal for Joyous Youth."

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

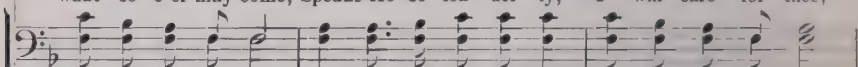
J. H. FILLMORE.



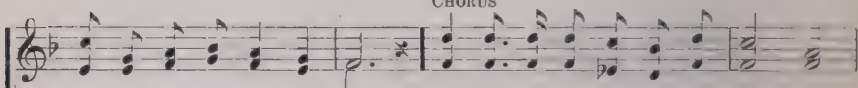
1. Sweet are the prom - is - es of the Ho - ly Word, On the sa - cred pag - es
 2. Sweet are the prom - is - es to the sin - sick soul, Come, ye heav - y - la - den,
 3. Sweet are the prom - is - es, safe and sure for me, I will rest up - on them



how they bright - ly shine; Blest the as - sur - an - ces of my gra - cious Lord,
 come, ye sore dis - tressed, Here flows the heal - ing fount, come and be made whole;
 what - so - e'er may come, Speaks He so ten - der - ly, "I will care for thee,"



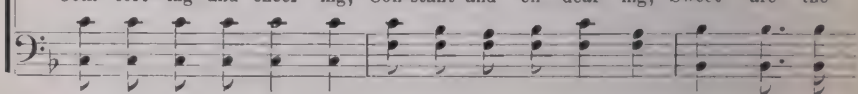

CHORUS




In the book of love di - vine.
 Come and I will give you rest. Sweet are the prom - is - es of Je - sus,
 "I at last will bring you home."

Com - fort - ing and cheer - ing, Con - stant and en - dear - ing, Sweet are the

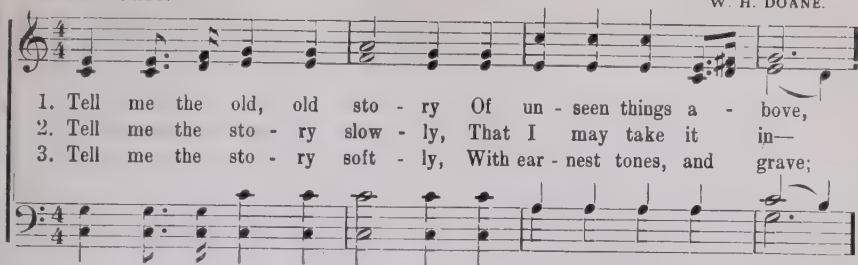



prom - is - es of Je - sus, In the book of love di - vine.

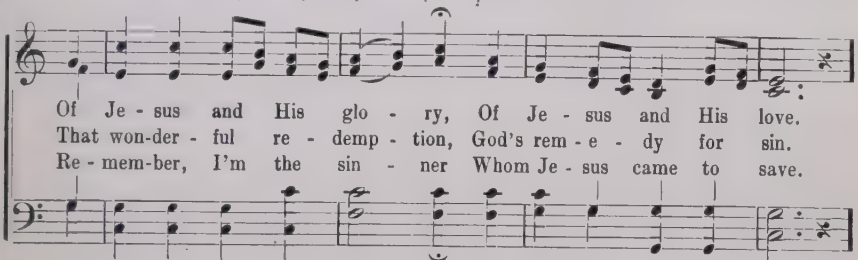


KATE HANKEY.

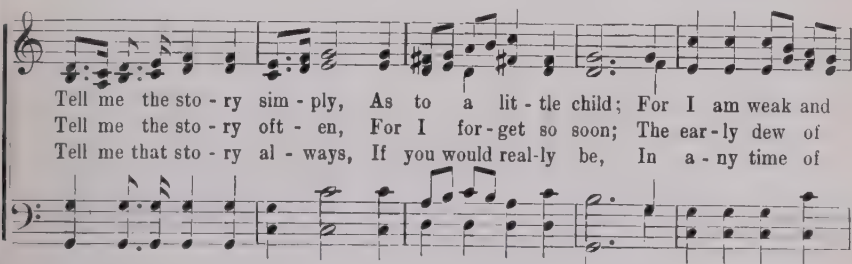
W. H. DOANE.



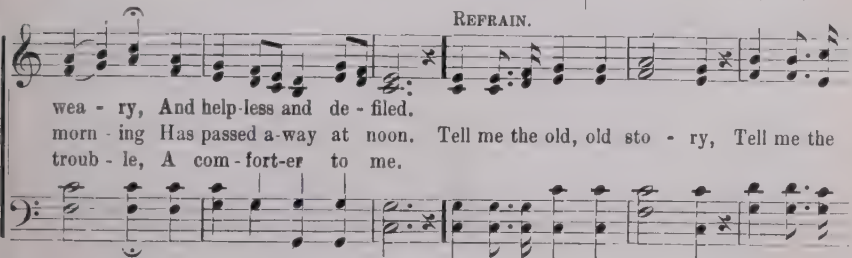
1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove,
 2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in -
 3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones, and grave;



Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
 That won - der - ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin.
 Re - mem - ber, I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save.

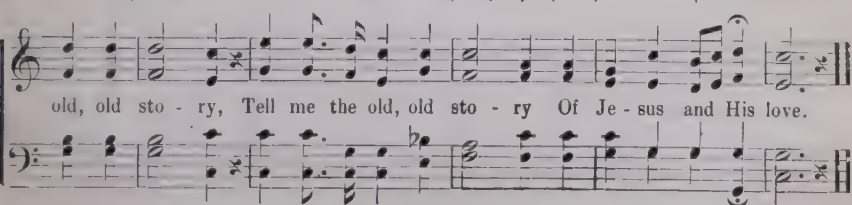


Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child; For I am weak and
 Tell me the sto - ry oft - en, For I for - get so soon; The ear - ly dew of
 Tell me that sto - ry al - ways, If you would real - ly be, In a - ny time of



REFRAIN.

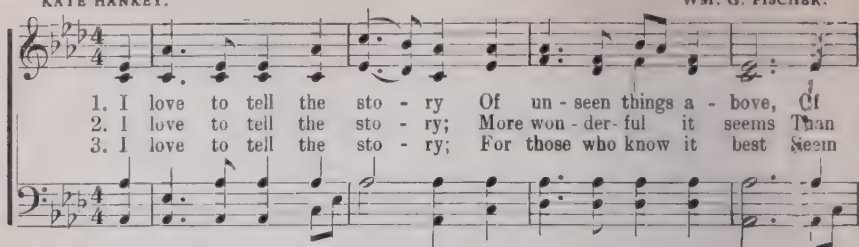
wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed.
 morn - ing Has passed a - way at noon. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the
 troub - le, A com - fort - er to me.



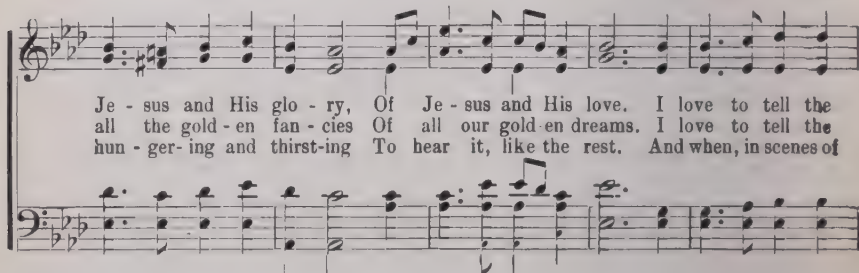
old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

KATE HANKEY.

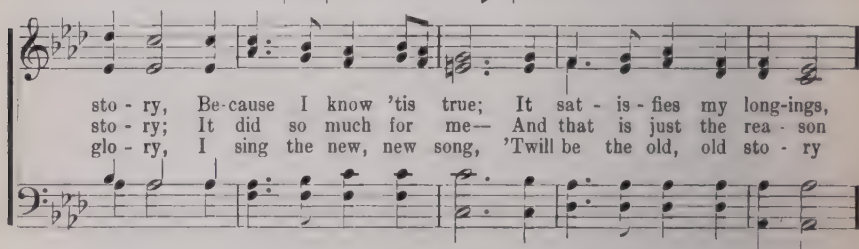
WM. G. FISCHER.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem

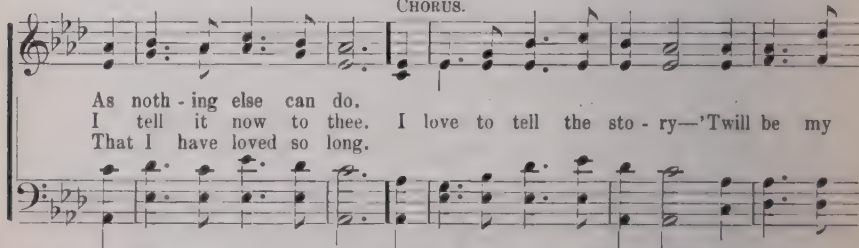


Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
 all the gold - en fan - cies, Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the
 hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of

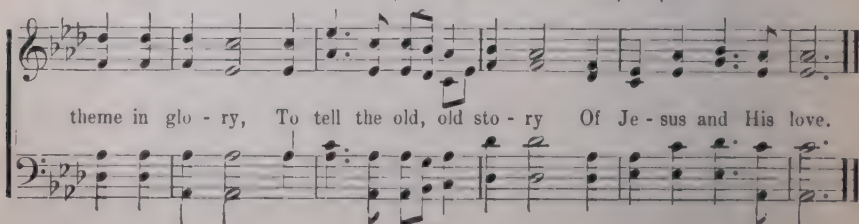


sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my long - ings,
 sto - ry; It did so much for me— And that is just the rea - son
 glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry

CHORUS.



As noth - ing else can do.
 I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry—'Twill be my
 That I have loved so long.

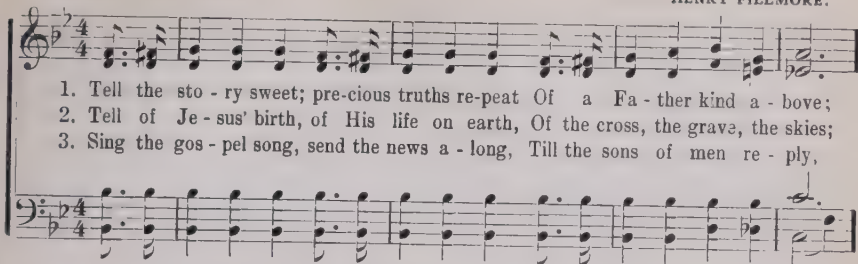


theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

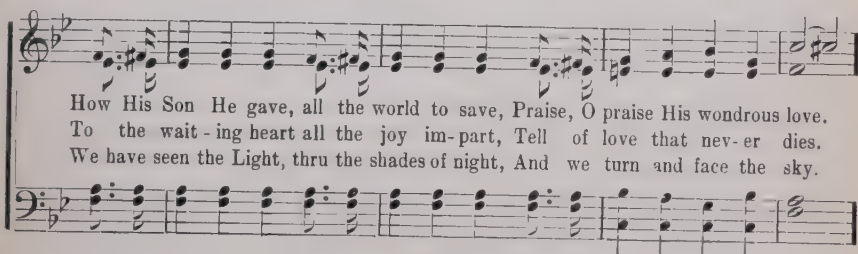
Tell the gospel story.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

HENRY FILLMORE.

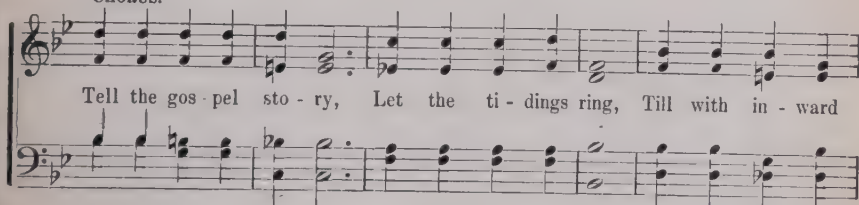


1. Tell the sto - ry sweet; pre - cious truths re - peat Of a Fa - ther kind a - bove;
 2. Tell of Je - sus' birth, of His life on earth, Of the cross, the grave, the skies;
 3. Sing the gos - pel song, send the news a - long, Till the sons of men re - ply,

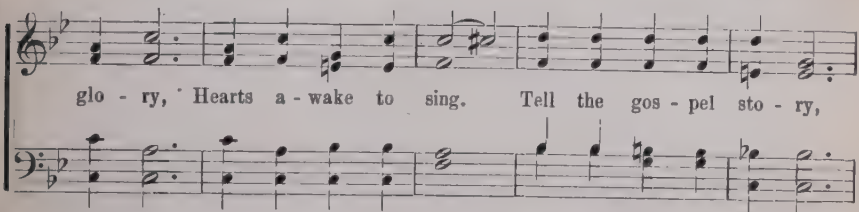


How His Son He gave, all the world to save, Praise, O praise His wondrous love.
 To the wait - ing heart all the joy im - part, Tell of love that nev - er dies.
 We have seen the Light, thru the shades of night, And we turn and face the sky.

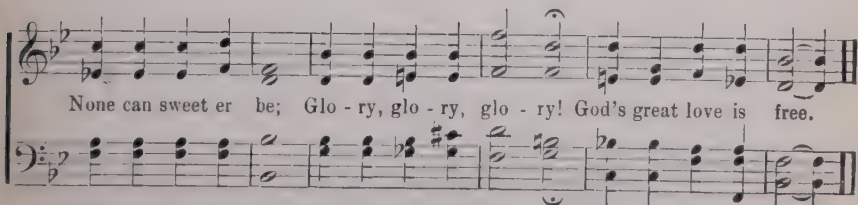
CHORUS.



Tell the gos - pel sto - ry, Let the ti - dings ring, Till with in - ward



glo - ry, Hearts a - wake to sing. Tell the gos - pel sto - ry,



None can sweet er be; Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry! God's great love is free.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS,

J. H. FILLMORE

1. If the name of the Sav-iour is pre-cious to you, If His care has been
 2. If your faith in the Sav-iour has brot its re-ward, If a strength you have
 3. If the souls all a-round you are liv-ing in sin, If the Mas-ter has

con-stant and ten-der and true, If the light of His presence has brightened your way,
 found in the strength of your Lord, If the hope of a rest in His pal-ace is sweet,
 told you to bid them come in, If the sweet in-vi-tation they nev-er have heard,

REFRAIN.

O will you not tell of your gladness to-day? O will you not tell it to-
 O will you not, brother, the sto-ry re-peat?
 O will you not tell them the cheer-bringing word? O will you not, will you not

day?..... Will you not tell it to-day?..... If the
 tell it to-day? Will you not, will you not tell it to-day?

light of His presence has brightened your way, O will you not tell it to-day?

GEORGIA TILLMAN SNEAD.

LOUIS LES SAINT.

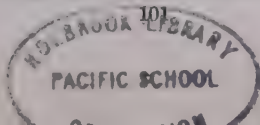
1. I want to tell the sto - ry of His love for me, I want to tell to
 2. I want to serve my Sav - iour ev - ery pass - ing hour, I want to feel His
 3. I want the per - fect love that cast - eth out all fear; I want the bless - ed

oth - ers that He set me free; I want to love and sing His praise e -
 pres - ence when the storm - clouds lower; I want to trust for ev - er - more His
 Lord and Mas - ter ev - er near; I want to reach the land of pure de -

CHORUS.
 ter - nal - ly, Praise His name, praise His name.
 might - y power, I want to dwell with
 light while here, Praise His name,

Je - sus when this life is o'er, And shout His praise rejoicing on the gold - en shore; I

want to live with Him when time shall be no more; Praise His name, praise His name.
 Praise His name,



Come to Me.

Solo or Duet for Soprano and Alto, or for Alto and Tenor.

C. M. F.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. When your bur - den is too great to bear, When your heart is o - ver-
 2. When temp - ta - tion leads your feet a - stray, When your soul is filled with
 3. When of bit - ter sor - row you par - take, When your grief has made the

borne with care; When your fut - ure frowns in dark de - spair, O
 deep dis - may; When for you the bur - dens heav - y weigh, O
 sad heart ache, Know there's One a - bove will not for - sake, O

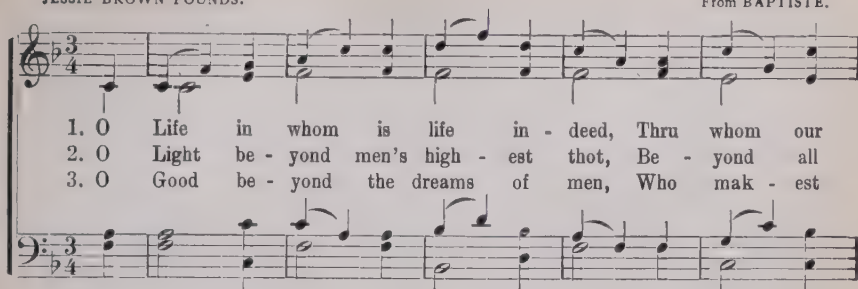
list - en to the Sav - iour say: CHORUS
 Ye who la - bor, heav - y
 Come, (O) come,

la - den come, Come and I will give you rest, sweet rest; Take my
 learn of me, Come, come, learn of me; Come, (O)

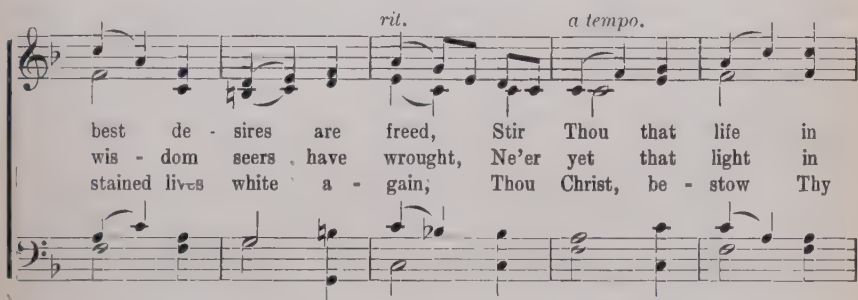
yoke up - on you, learn of me, Come, and I will give you rest.
 come, learn of me, sweet rest.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

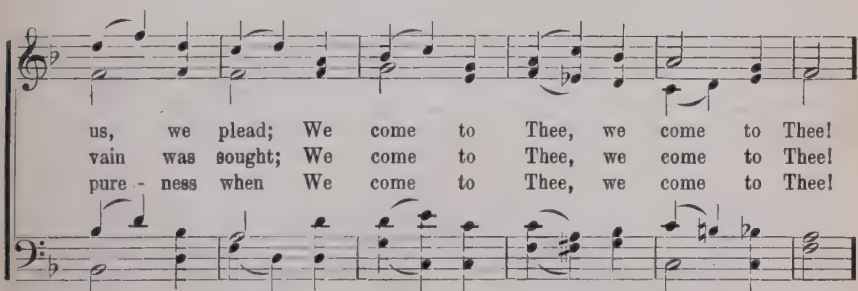
From BAPTISTE.



1. O Life in whom is life in - deed, Thru whom our
 2. O Light be - yond men's high - est thot, Be - yond all
 3. O Good be - yond the dreams of men, Who mak - est



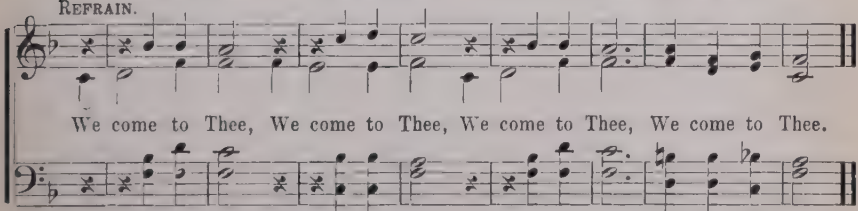
rit. a tempo.
 best de - sires are freed, Stir Thou that life in
 wis - dom seers have wrought, Ne'er yet that light in
 stained liv - ers white a - gain, Thou Christ, be - stow Thy



us, we plead; We come to Thee, we come to Thee!
 vain was sought; We come to Thee, we come to Thee!
 pure - ness when We come to Thee, we come to Thee!

Come to Thee, Come to Thee, Come to Thee, We come to Thee.

REFRAIN.



We come to Thee, We come to Thee, We come to Thee, We come to Thee.

Come to Thee, Come to Thee, Come to Thee, We come to Thee.

Say I will to Jesus.

JAMES ROWE, alt.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Say I will to Je - sus, when for you He pleads; Let the love you
 2. Say I will to Je - sus, and with pur - pose true, Joy - ous praise -
 3. Say I will to Je - sus, and on Him re - ly, For, to do His

bear Him speak in kind - ly deeds; Read - y be when - ev - er work - ers
 lift - ing, brave - ly dare and do; Let your Lord and Mas - ter claim the
 bid - ding, He will strength sup - ply; Tho it be to suf - fer, tho it

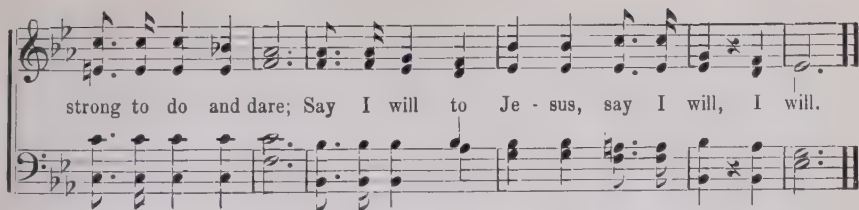
true He needs, Say I will to Je - sus, say I will, I will.
 best in you, - Say I will to Je - sus, say I will, I will.
 be to die, Say I will to Je - sus, say I will, I will.

CHORUS.

Say I will to Je - sus, proud His name to wear; Be a true dis -

ci - ple, in His ser - vice share; Come with faith and cour - age,

Say I will to Jesus.

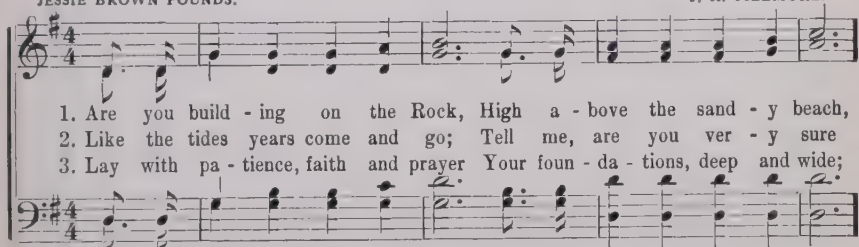


strong to do and dare; Say I will to Je - sus, say I will, I will.

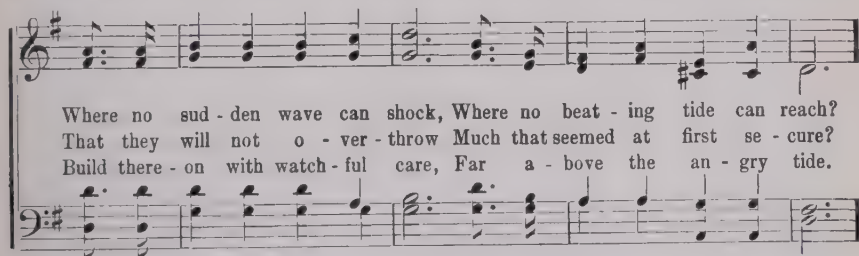
112 Are you building on the Rock?

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

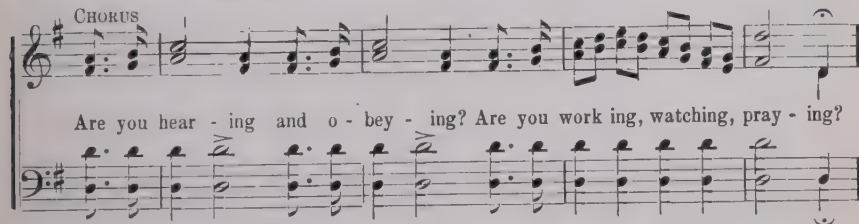


1. Are you build - ing on the Rock, High a - bove the sand - y beach,
2. Like the tides years come and go; Tell me, are you ver - y sure
3. Lay with pa - tience, faith and prayer Your foun - da - tions, deep and wide;

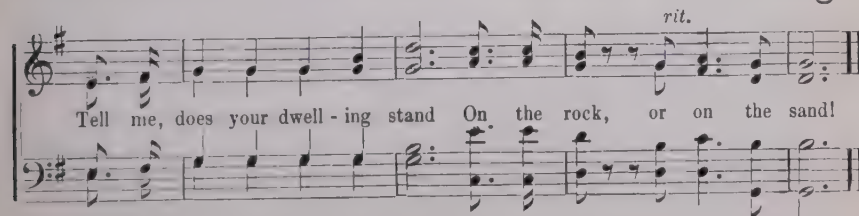


Where no sud - den wave can shock, Where no beat - ing tide can reach?
That they will not o - ver - throw Much that seemed at first se - cure?
Build there - on with watch - ful care, Far a - bove the an - gry tide.

CHORUS



Are you hear - ing and o - bey - ing? Are you work ing, watching, pray - ing?



rit.
Tell me, does your dwell - ing stand On the rock, or on the sand!

List to the call.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

*Introduction. Subdued voice throughout.**rit.*

Musical notation for the introduction, featuring a treble and bass staff in 6/8 time. The melody is in B-flat major (two flats) and consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes, creating a gentle, flowing introduction.

List to the call, List to the call, List to the heav-en-ly call.

Solo, or Unison voices. a tempo.

Musical notation for the solo or unison voices section, featuring a treble staff in 6/8 time. The melody is in B-flat major and consists of a series of quarter and eighth notes, creating a simple, unison melody.

1. Je - sus is call - ing, Dear one, for thee,
 2. Je - sus is plead - ing, List to the call;

Musical notation for the solo or unison voices section, featuring a treble staff in 6/8 time. The melody is in B-flat major and consists of a series of quarter and eighth notes, creating a simple, unison melody.

List to the call, List to the call, Dear one, to thee, Dear one, to thee,
 Je-sus now pleads, Je-sus now pleads, List to the call, List to the call,

Musical notation for the solo or unison voices section, featuring a bass staff in 6/8 time. The melody is in B-flat major and consists of a series of quarter and eighth notes, creating a simple, unison melody.

Musical notation for the solo or unison voices section, featuring a treble staff in 6/8 time. The melody is in B-flat major and consists of a series of quarter and eighth notes, creating a simple, unison melody.

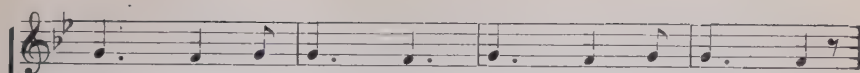
Soft - ly 'tis fall - ing, Come un - to me;
 Love in - ter - ced - ing, List to the call;

Musical notation for the solo or unison voices section, featuring a treble staff in 6/8 time. The melody is in B-flat major and consists of a series of quarter and eighth notes, creating a simple, unison melody.

Soft is its fall, Soft is its fall, Come un-to me, Come un-to me;
 Love in-ter-cedes, Love in-ter-cedes, List to the call, List to the call;

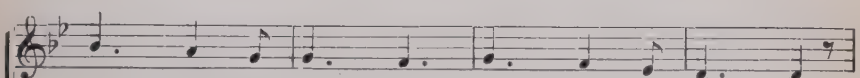
Musical notation for the solo or unison voices section, featuring a bass staff in 6/8 time. The melody is in B-flat major and consists of a series of quarter and eighth notes, creating a simple, unison melody.

List to the call.



Hear Him now say - ing, Cease your de - lay - ing,
For Him de - cid - ing, To Him con - fid - ing,

Hear Him now say, Hear Him now say, Cease your de-lay, Cease your de-lay,
For Him de-cide, For Him de-cide, To Him con fide, To Him con-fide,



No long - ger stray - ing, Come un - to me;.....
In Him a - bid - ing, Je - sus, thy all;.....

No lon-ger stray, No lon-ger stray, Come un-to me, Come un to me;
In Him a-bide, In Him a-bide, Je-sus, thy all, Je-sus, thy all;



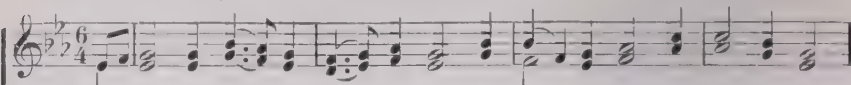
No lon - ger stray - ing, Come un - to me.....
In Him a - bid - ing, Je - sus, thy all..... *rit.*

No lon-ger stray, No lon-ger stray, Come un-to me, to me, to me.
In Him a-bide, In Him a-bide, Je-sus, thy all, thy all, thy all.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WOODWORTH

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, tho tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt;
 3. Just as I am—Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, re-lieve,
 4. Just as I am—Thy love un-known, Has bro-ken ev-ery bar-rier down;



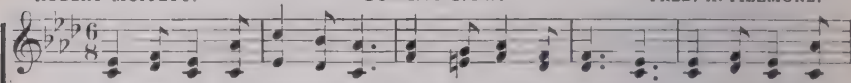
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 With fears with-in, and foes with-out— O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve— O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.



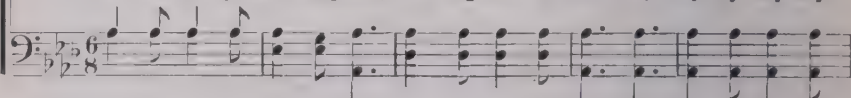
ROBERT MOFFETT.

COMING NOW.

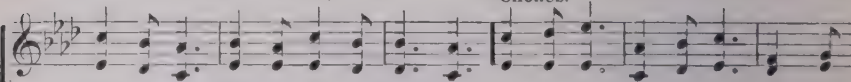
FRED. A. FILLMORE.



1. Je-sus, I am com-ing now, Com-ing to the foun-tain: Pre-cious is th'a-
 2. Je-sus, make me true to Thee, Pure, and meek, and low-ly, While I walk the
 3. Je-sus, fill my heart with peace, Flow-ing like a riv-er; Day by day my

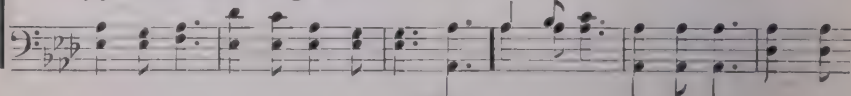


CHORUS.



ton-ing blood Shed on Cal-vary's moun-tain.

nar-row way To the cit-y ho-ly. Com-ing now, com-ing now, Seek ing
 joy in-crease, Till the glad for-ev-er.



Jesus I am coming now.

grace and fa - vor, That my wea - ry soul may find Rest in Thee for - ev - er.

116 'Tis the Saviour pleading.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

COME TO ME.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. 'Tis the Sav-iour plead-ing, Come, O come to me; With my poor heart
2. With a heav-y bur-den Is my heart op-prest; But a soft voice
3. O I quick will hast-en At His sum-mons sweet; I will drop my

plead-ing, Come, O come to me. Je-sus wait-eth, O so pa-tient-ly,
call-eth, Come to me and rest. 'Tis the Sav-iour speaks so gra-cious-ly,
bur-den At His bless-ed feet. O the love so great and won-der-ful,

Je-sus call-eth, O so ten-der-ly, Come to me, come to me, Come, O come to me.
All ye heav-y-lad-en, come to me, Come to me, come to me, Come, O come to me.
O the word so sweet and mer-ci-ful, Come to me, come to me, Come, O come to me.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

WILLIAM H. JUDE.

1. Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea;
 2. Je - sus calls us, from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold-en store,
 3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
 4. Je - sus calls us:— by Thy mer - cies, Sav - iour, may we hear Thy call,

Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say - ing "Chris-tian, fol - low me."
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Say - ing "Chris-tian, love me more."
 Still He calls, in cares and pleas-ures, "Christian, love me more than these."
 Give our hearts to Thine o - be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

118 Take me, O my Father, take me.

RAY PALMER.

CARTER.

E. S. CARTER.

1. Take me, O my Fa - ther, take me; Take me, save me thru Thy Son;
 2. Long from Thee my foot-steps stray-ing, Thorn - y proved the way I trod;
 3. Free - ly now to Thee I prof - fer This re - lent - ing heart of mine;
 4. Fa - ther, take me, all for - giv - ing, Fold me to Thy lov - ing breast;

That, which Thou wouldst have me, make me; Let Thy will in me be done.
 Wea - ry come I now, and pray - ing, Take me to Thy love, my God.
 Free - ly life and soul I of - fer, Gift un - wor - thy love like Thine.
 In Thy love for - ev - er liv - ing I must be for - ev - er blest.

H. R. TRICKETT,

J. H. ROSECRANS,

1. On what are you build - ing, my broth - er? On what are you
 2. On one or the oth - er, my broth - er, You are build - ing your
 3. In His word is the mes - sage, my broth - er, Would you build you a

build - ing your home? Will it be on the sand, Or the rock that will stand
 home day by day, On the rock that will stand, Or the loose, shift - ing sand,
 home to en - dure? Haste to hear and to do, To His teach - ings be true,

CHORUS.

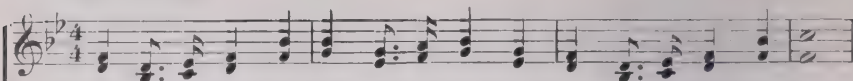
Thru the a - ges on a - ges to come?
 Will the swift wa - ters sweep you a - way? Hear - ing and do - ing, we
 Haste to build on the rock that is sure.

build on the rock, Hear - ing a - lone, we build on the sand; Both will be

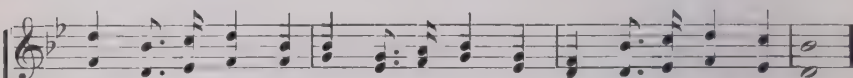
tried By the storm and the tide; On - ly the rock will e - ter - nal - ly stand.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

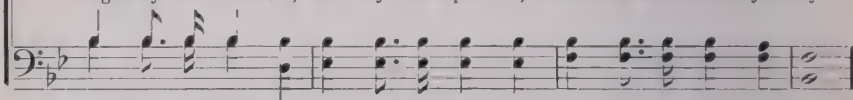
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. I am re-solved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the world's de-light;
2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav - iour, Leav - ing my sin and strife;
3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav - iour, Faith - ful and true each day,
4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king - dom, Leav - ing the paths of sin;
5. I am re-solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with-out de-lay,



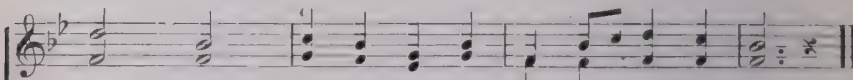
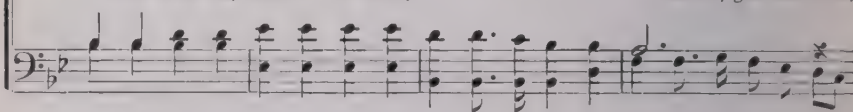
Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler, These have al - lured my sight.
 He is the true one, He is the just one, He hath the words of life.
 Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth, He is the liv - ing way.
 Friends may op - pose me, foes may be - set me, Still will I en - ter in.
 Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it, We'll walk the heav - en - ly way.



CHORUS.



I will hast - en to Him, Hast - en so glad and free,
 I will hast - en, hast - en to Him, Hasten, glad and free,

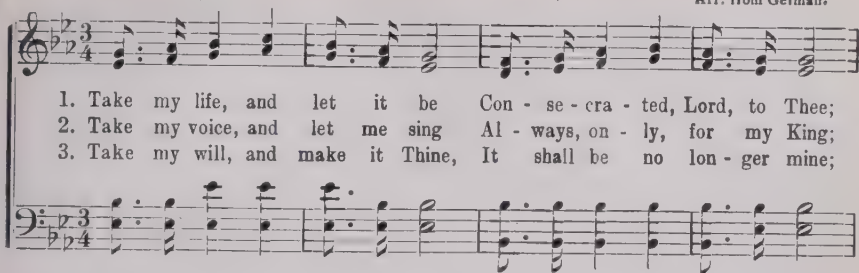


Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.
 Je - sus, Je - sus,

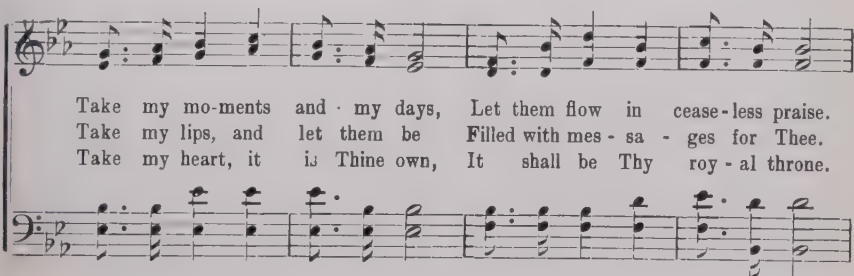


FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

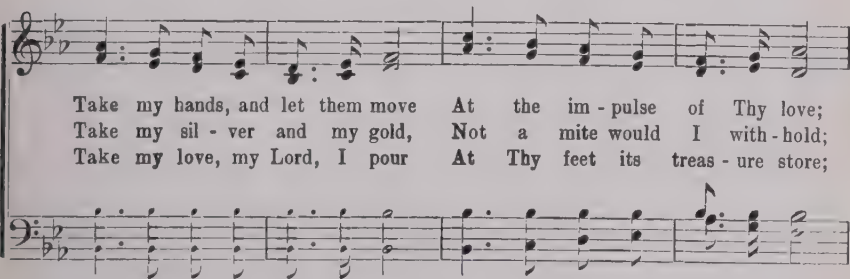
Arr. from German.



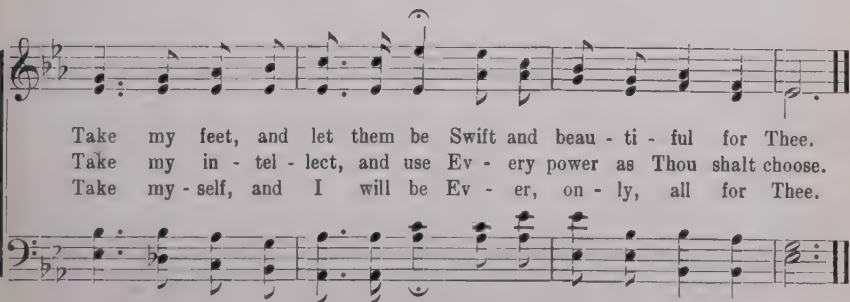
1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
 2. Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King;
 3. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine;



Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise.
 Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges for Thee.
 Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.



Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;
 Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold;
 Take my love, my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure store;

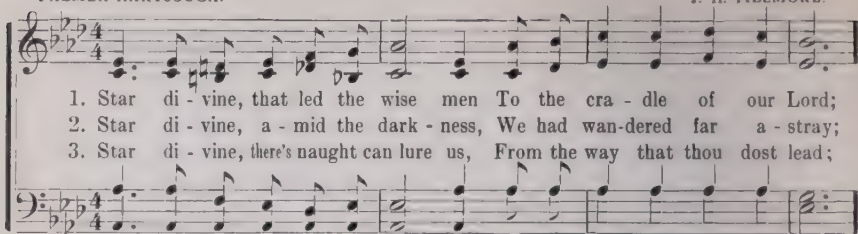


Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - ery power as Thou shalt choose.
 Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

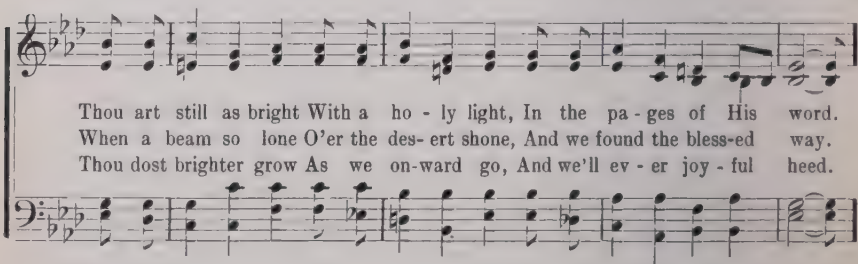
122 Star divine that led the wise men.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

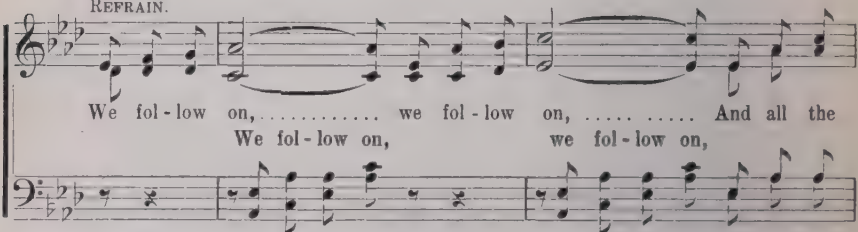


1. Star di - vine, that led the wise men To the cra - dle of our Lord;
 2. Star di - vine, a - mid the dark - ness, We had wan - dered far a - stray;
 3. Star di - vine, there's naught can lure us, From the way that thou dost lead;

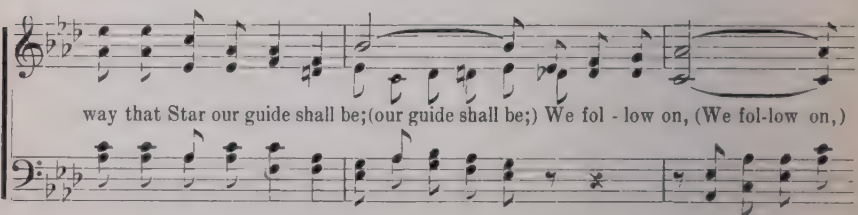


Thou art still as bright With a ho - ly light, In the pa - ges of His word.
 When a beam so lone O'er the des - ert shone, And we found the bless - ed way.
 Thou dost brighter grow As we on - ward go, And we'll ev - er joy - ful heed.

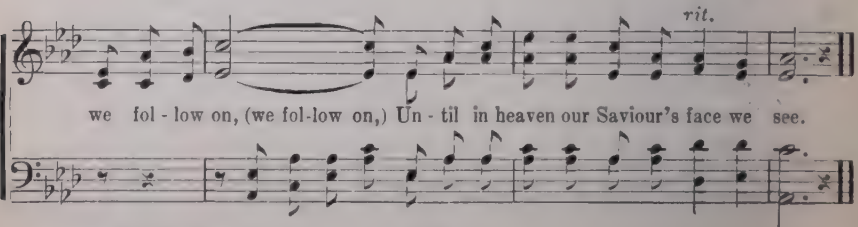
REFRAIN.



We fol - low on, we fol - low on, And all the
 We fol - low on, we fol - low on,



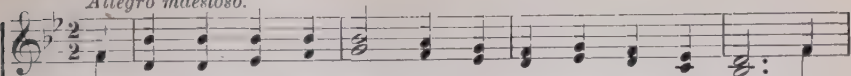
way that Star our guide shall be; (our guide shall be;) We fol - low on, (We fol - low on,)



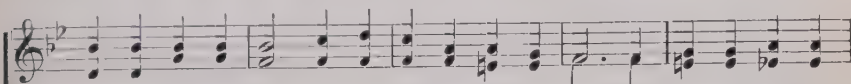
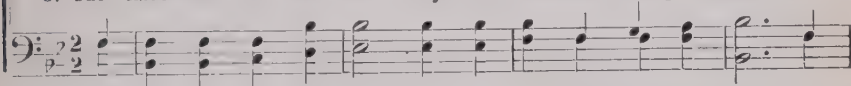
we fol - low on, (we fol - low on,) Un - til in heaven our Saviour's face we see.

E. E. HEWITT,
Allegro maestoso.

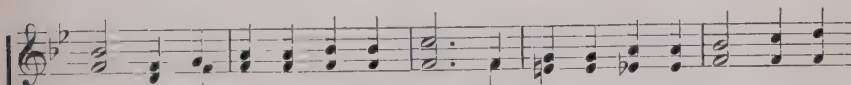
LOUIS LE SAINT.



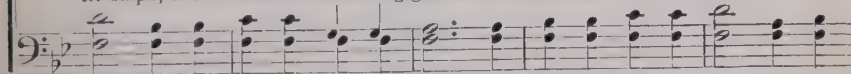
1. Christ's Ev - er - last - ing Gos - pel is ring - ing out a - gain Its
 2. Some-times the sky is dark - ened, and storm - y clouds ap - pear, But
 3. The faith where - in is vic - tory in Je - sus we pro - claim, Tho



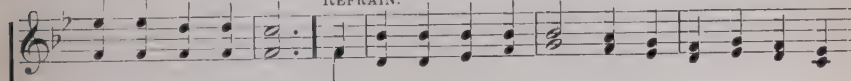
mes - sage of sal - va - tion, its peace, good-will to men; Tho sin has hurled its
 still, be - yond the shad - ows, the light is bright and clear; The God of truth has
 earth - ly thrones may per - ish, still lives Em - man - uel's name; Our voi - ces swell with



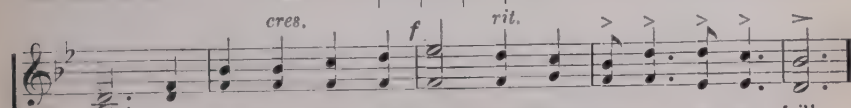
wea - pons, and e - vil hosts as - sailed, The Gos - pel of Christ Je - sus has
 spo - ken; His word will nev - er fail, The Gos - pel of Christ Je - sus shall
 tri - umph, a - bove earth's threatening gales, The Gos - pel of Christ Je - sus thru



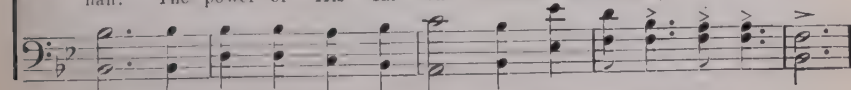
REFRAIN.



ev - er - more pre - vailed;
 more and more pre - vail: Our King shall come in glo - ry, His conquering cross we
 ev - ery age pre - vails:



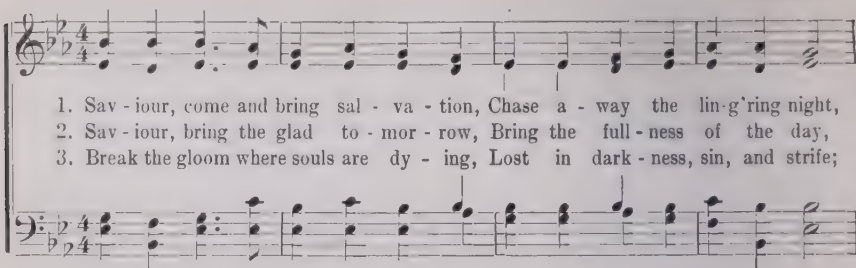
hail! The power of His sal - va - tion Shall nev - er, nev - er fail!



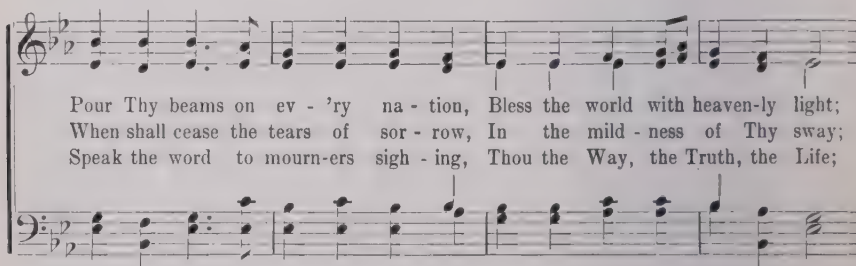
124 Saviour come and bring salvation.

CHRISTIAN WORLD.

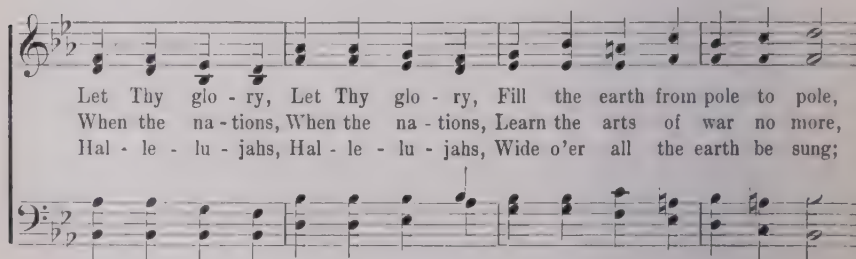
J. H. FILLMORE.



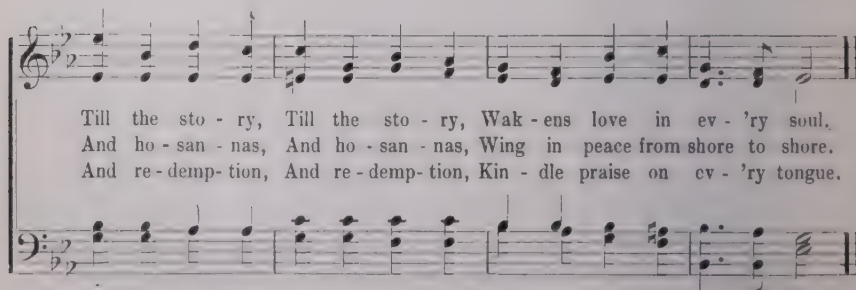
1. Sav - iour, come and bring sal - va - tion, Chase a - way the lin - g'ring night,
 2. Sav - iour, bring the glad to - mor - row, Bring the full - ness of the day,
 3. Break the gloom where souls are dy - ing, Lost in dark - ness, sin, and strife;



Pour Thy beams on ev - 'ry na - tion, Bless the world with heav - en - ly light;
 When shall cease the tears of sor - row, In the mild - ness of Thy sway;
 Speak the word to mourn - ers sigh - ing, Thou the Way, the Truth, the Life;



Let Thy glo - ry, Let Thy glo - ry, Fill the earth from pole to pole,
 When the na - tions, When the na - tions, Learn the arts of war no more,
 Hal - le - lu - jahs, Hal - le - lu - jahs, Wide o'er all the earth be sung;

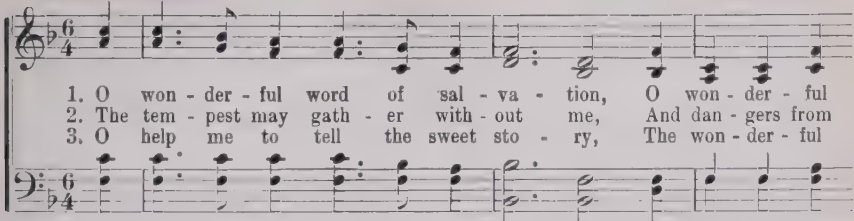


Till the sto - ry, Till the sto - ry, Wak - ens love in ev - 'ry soul,
 And ho - san - nas, And ho - san - nas, Wing in peace from shore to shore.
 And re - demp - tion, And re - demp - tion, Kin - dle praise on ev - 'ry tongue.

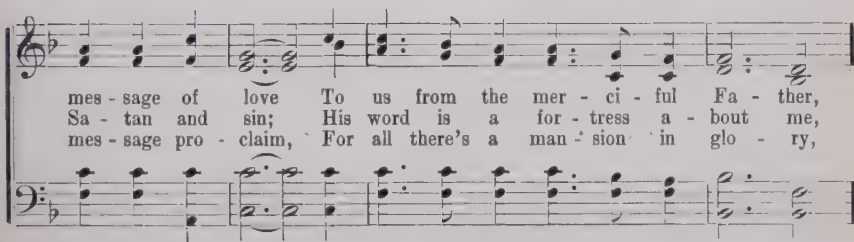
Copyright, 1926, by The Fillmore Bros. Co., in "The New Praise Hymnal Revised,"

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

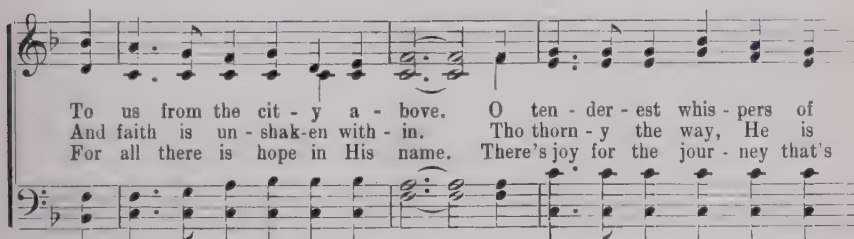
J. H. FILLMORE.



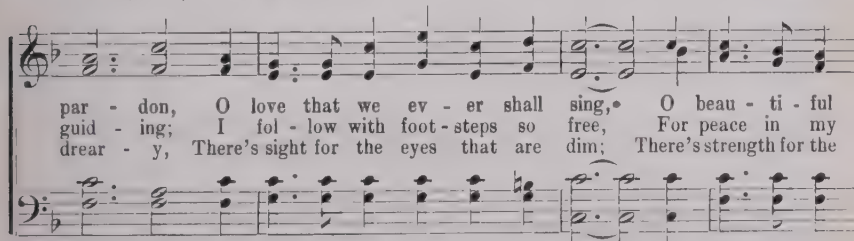
1. O won - der - ful word of sal - va - tion, O won - der - ful
 2. The tem - pest may gath - er with - out me, And dan - gers from
 3. O help me to tell the sweet sto - ry, The won - der - ful



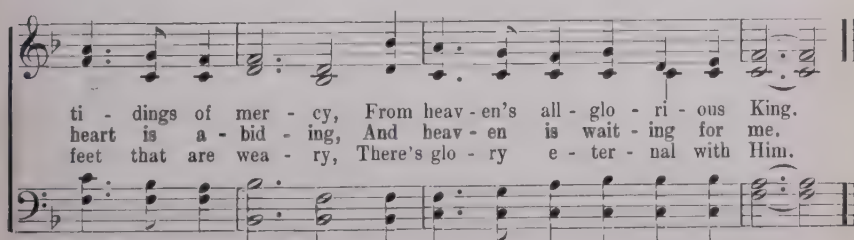
mes - sage of love To us from the mer - ci - ful Fa - ther,
 Sa - tan and sin; His word is a for - tress a - bout me,
 mes - sage pro - claim, For all there's a man - sion in glo - ry,



To us from the cit - y a - bove. O ten - der - est whis - pers of
 And faith is un - shak - en with - in. Tho thorn - y the way, He is
 For all there is hope in His name. There's joy for the jour - ney that's



par - don, O love that we ev - er shall sing, O beau - ti - ful
 guid - ing; I fol - low with foot - steps so free, For peace in my
 drear - y, There's sight for the eyes that are dim; There's strength for the



ti - dings of mer - cy, From heav - en's all - glo - ri - ous King.
 heart is a - bid - ing, And heav - en is wait - ing for me.
 feet that are wea - ry, There's glo - ry e - ter - nal with Him.

126 What is it makes my pathway bright?

GEORGIE TILLMAN SNEAD,

J. H. FILLMORE

1. What is it makes my path - way bright, And drives a - way the gloom of night?
 2. What is it I must ev - er seek With trust - ful, con - trite heart and meek?
 3. What makes the cross so light to bear, The dai - ly toil, the plague of care?

What makes me blest thru bane and blight? The smile of Christ, my Sav - iour.
 What makes me strong when I am weak? The smile of Christ, my Sav - iour.
 What makes me bless - ed an - y - where? The smile of Christ, my Sav - iour.

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127 Dear is the hope that the gospel reveals.

JESSIE H. BROWN,

WONDERFUL WORDS,

J. H. FILLMORE.

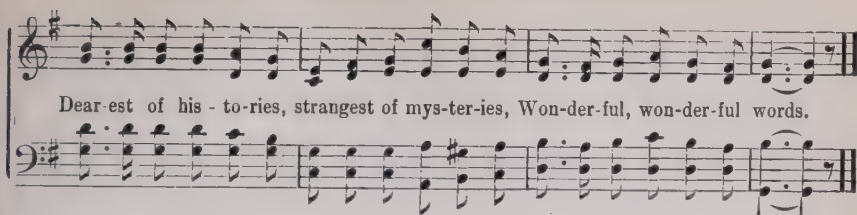
1. Dear is the hope that the gos - pel re - veals, Won - der - ful words of sal - va - tion!
 2. Out in the dark - ness there float - ed to me, Won - der - ful words of sal - va - tion!
 3. Now I re - peat them wher - ev - er I go, Won - der - ful words of sal - va - tion!

Dear to my heart are its ten - der ap - peals, Dear is its sweet in - vi - ta - tion.
 "Je - sus has died as a ran - som for thee"—This was their strange rev - e - la - tion.
 Oth - ers will hear them with glad - ness, I know, Heed ing their fond ex - hor - ta - tion.

CHORUS
 Won - der - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of life!

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Dear is the hope that the gospel reveals.



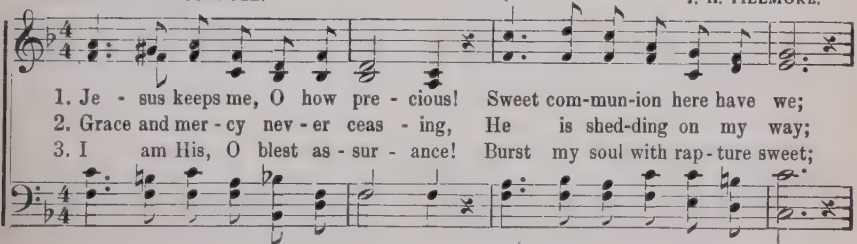
Dear-est of his - to-ries, strangest of mys-ter-ies, Won-der-ful, won-der-ful words.

128

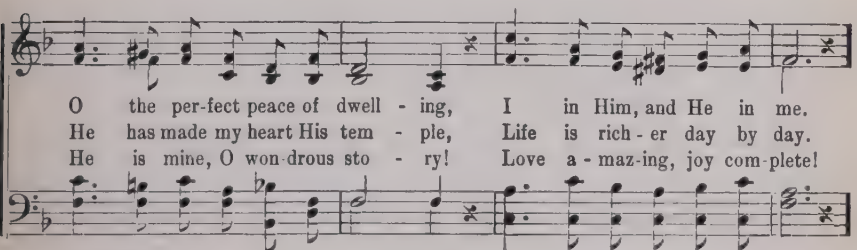
I am His and He is mine.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

J. H. FILLMORE.

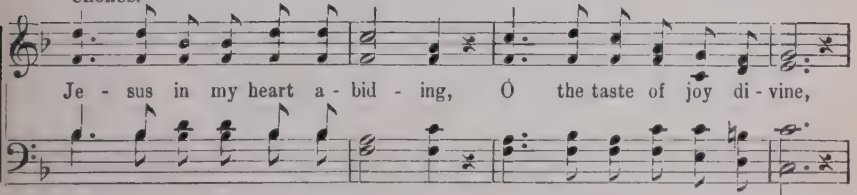


1. Je - sus keeps me, O how pre - cious! Sweet com-mun-ion here have we;
2. Grace and mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing, He is shed-ding on my way;
3. I am His, O blest as - sur - ance! Burst my soul with rap-ture sweet;

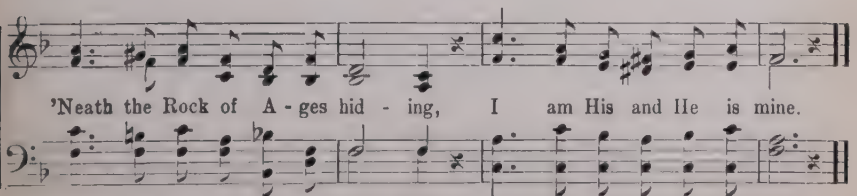


O the per-fect peace of dwell - ing, I in Him, and He in me.
He has made my heart His tem - ple, Life is rich - er day by day.
He is mine, O won-drous sto - ry! Love a - maz-ing, joy com-plete!

CHORUS.



Je - sus in my heart a - bid - ing, O the taste of joy di - vine,



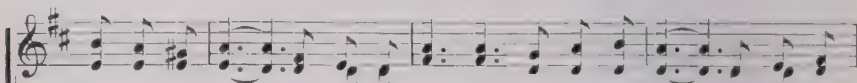
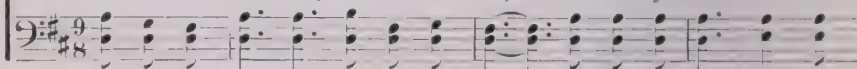
'Neath the Rock of A - ges hid - ing, I am His and He is mine.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.



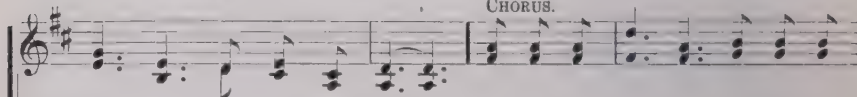
1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O what a fore - taste of
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Visions of rap - ture now
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am



glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight, An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a - bove Ech - oes of
 hap - py and blest, Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His



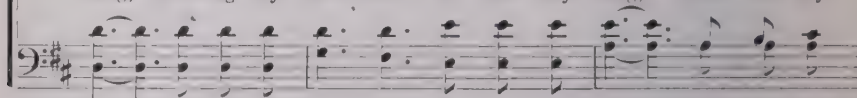
CHORUS.



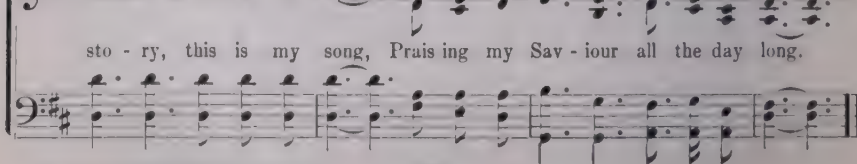
Spir - it, washed in His blood.
 mer - cy, whis - pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
 good - ness, lost in His love.



song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my



sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long.



Ring the joy-bells.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Ring the joy-bells of the morn - ing, East - ern skies are bright and fair;
 2. Ring the joy-bells, morn is break - ing, Bring - ing peace to ev - ery breast;

'Tis the Sab-bath day re - turn - ing, And the world is sweet with prayer.
 And each grate-ful heart is wak - ing, Glad to greet the day of rest.

REFRAIN.

Ring the joy - bells, ring the joy - bells, Ring the bells, the joy - bells,
 Ring the bells, ring the bells, Ring the bells, joy - bells,
 Ring, ring, ring, ring, Ring, ring, joy - bells,

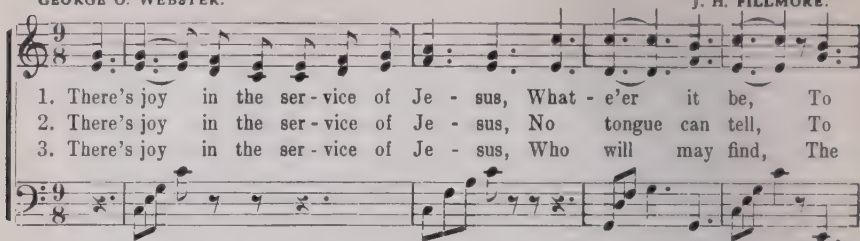
Ring the joy-bells, ring the joy - bells, Ring the bells, the joy - bells.
 Ring the bells, ring the bells, Ring the bells, joy - bells.
 Ring, ring, ring, ring, Ring, ring, joy - bells.

CHORUS.

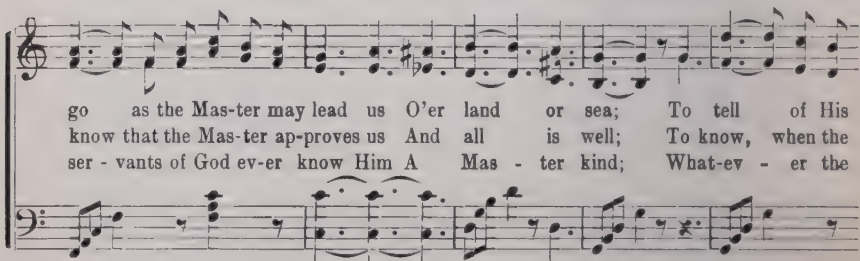
{ Ring the joy-bells of the morning, Hosts of earth, His love proclaim; }
 { And with gifts His courts a-dorn-ing, Laud and mag-ni- (Omit . . .) } fy His name.

GEORGE O. WEBSTER.

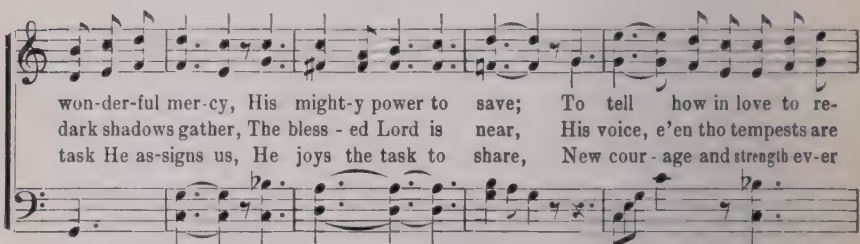
J. H. FILLMORE.



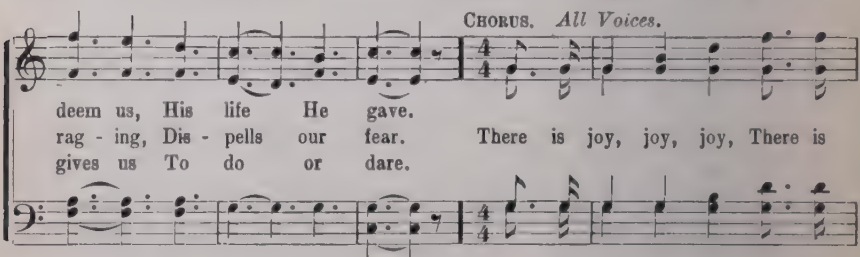
1. There's joy in the ser-vice of Je - sus, What - e'er it be, To
 2. There's joy in the ser-vice of Je - sus, No tongue can tell, To
 3. There's joy in the ser-vice of Je - sus, Who will may find, The



go as the Mas-ter may lead us O'er land or sea; To tell of His
 know that the Mas-ter ap-proves us And all is well; To know, when the
 ser - vants of God ev-er know Him A Mas - ter kind; What-ev - er the

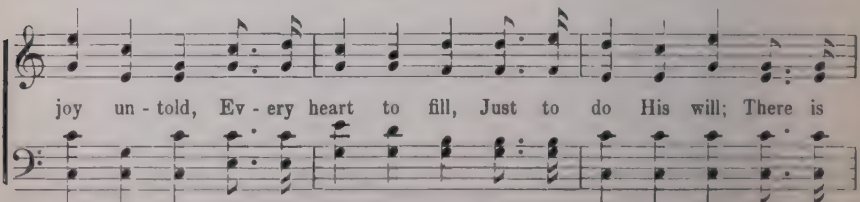


won-der-ful mer-cy, His might-y power to save; To tell how in love to re-
 dark shadows gather, The bless - ed Lord is near, His voice, e'en tho tempests are
 task He as-signs us, He joys the task to share, New cour - age and strengh ev-er



CHORUS, *All Voices.*

deem us, His life He gave.
 rag - ing, Dis - pells our fear. There is joy, joy, joy, There is
 gives us To do or dare.



joy un - told, Ev - ery heart to fill, Just to do His will; There is

Joy in the service of Jesus.

joy, joy, joy, There is joy un - told; Just to do the will of Je - sus.

132

Saviour King Divine.

GEORGE O. WEBSTER. -
Unison.

W. A. POST.

1. There is glad-ness, there is glo - ry, There is full - ness of de - light;
2. Hope of sin - ners, Friend un - fail - ing, Drink - ing deep our cup of woe;
3. Ev - ery voice in tune ac - claim Him, Be each heart His ho - ly shrine;

There is joy to tell the sto - ry Of the Sav-iour's might.
Source of joy and help un - fail - ing Where-so - e'er we go.
To the whole wide world pro claim Him, Sav - iour - King di - vine.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Sav - iour, King of kings! Sing it out from shore to shore;

He to us sal - va - tion brings, Praise Him ev - er - more.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

J. H. FILLMORE.

Unison.

1. Would you have the joy-bells chim-ing In your heart from day to day? Do a
2. Would you hear the joy-bells chim-ing? Brave-ly show your col - ors true, Glo - ri-

lit - tle bit of kind-ness To some broth-er by the way; You can nev - er tru - ly
fy the bless ed Sav-iour By the things you seek to do; Then the mu - sic of the

meas-ure E-ven one small deed of love, Tho up - on this earth for-got-ten, It is
an - gels In ex - ult-ant tones shall ring, Floating down in notes tri-umph-ant, From the

CHORUS. *In Harmony.*

writ - ten up a-bove. Would you have the joy-bells chim-ing clear and strong, Fill - ing
pal - ace of the King. Would you have them

all your heart with heav-en's song? Do a kind-ness ev - ery day, In a
all your heart with song, heav-en's song?

Would you have the joybells?

lov-ing, Christ-like way, Show the world to whom your life and soul be-long. (soul belong.)

This musical score is for the song 'Would you have the joybells?'. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'lov-ing, Christ-like way, Show the world to whom your life and soul be-long. (soul belong.)'

134

Chime on sweet bells.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Chime on, sweet bells, your mu - sic tells The bless - ed gos - pel sto - ry,
2. Chime on, sweet bells, the cho - rus swells Of hap - py voi - ces blend - ing,
3. Chime on, sweet bells, your joy fore - tells The nev - er - end - ing mor - row,

This musical score is for the song 'Chime on sweet bells.' It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: '1. Chime on, sweet bells, your mu - sic tells The bless - ed gos - pel sto - ry, 2. Chime on, sweet bells, the cho - rus swells Of hap - py voi - ces blend - ing, 3. Chime on, sweet bells, your joy fore - tells The nev - er - end - ing mor - row,'

The throne and crown for us laid down, When Je - sus veiled His glo - ry.
On wings of love songs rise a - bove, From grate-ful hearts as - cend - ing.
The gold - en dawn, the bright-er morn, Breaks thru the night of sor - row.

This musical score is for the song 'Chime on sweet bells.' It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'The throne and crown for us laid down, When Je - sus veiled His glo - ry. On wings of love songs rise a - bove, From grate-ful hearts as - cend - ing. The gold - en dawn, the bright-er morn, Breaks thru the night of sor - row.'

CHORUS.

Chime on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, Your mer-ry, mer-ry peals re - sound - ing;

This musical score is for the song 'Chime on sweet bells.' It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'Chime on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, Your mer-ry, mer-ry peals re - sound - ing;'

Re - joice, to - day, the an - gels say, In grace and peace a - bound - ing.

This musical score is for the song 'Chime on sweet bells.' It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'Re - joice, to - day, the an - gels say, In grace and peace a - bound - ing.'

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Is there aught so love-ly as the sun - ny day, Mak - ing with its brightness
 2. Is there aught so love-ly as the gen - tle word, When the an - gry tones of
 3. Is there aught so love-ly as the kind-ly deed; Here, where all are bur - dened,

all so light and gay? How it comes in glo - ry from the beam - ing sun,
 strife and wrong are heard? How it stills the tem - pest in the trou - bled soul;
 here, where all have need? How the load it light - ens, clears the cloud - ed sky;

CHORUS.

Fill - ing all the world with glad - ness. Sun - shine, sun - shine, mak - ing
 Gen - tle words are life's bright sun - shine.
 Kind - ly deeds are life's bright sun - shine. O the love - ly sun - shine,

all so bright, Sun - shine, sun - shine, Bring - ing pure de - light, All so free - ly
 O the love - ly sun - shine,

giv - en, Show - ing us of heav - en; Let us love the bless - ed sun - shine.

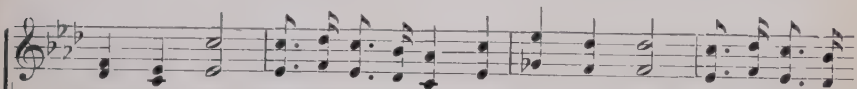
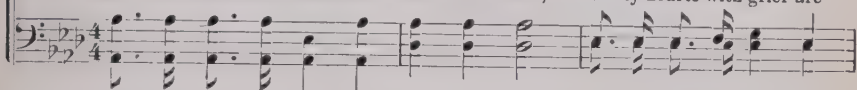
136 Would you know earth's highest happiness.

C. M. F.

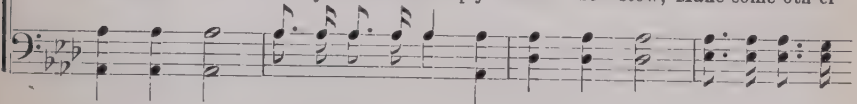
CHAS M. FILLMORE,



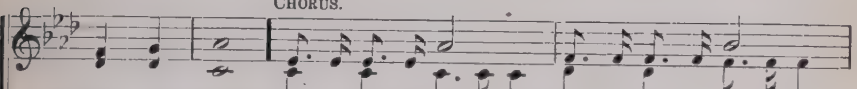
1. Would you know earth's high-est hap - pi - ness, Would you know its great-est
2. Pleas - ant smiles will cheer a droop - ing heart, Kind - ly words re-lieve a
3. Ma - ny hearts are crushed with bit - ter woe, Ma - ny hearts with grief are



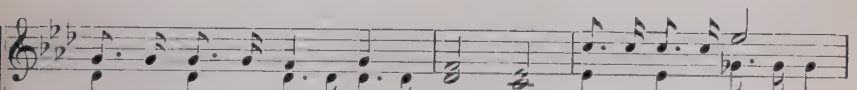
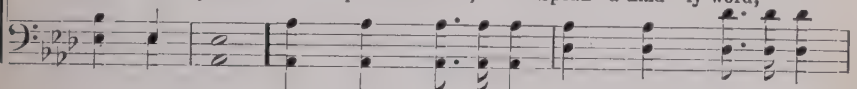
bless - ed - ness, Would you know its tru-est joy - ful - ness, Make some oth-er
bit - ter smart, Help-ing hands to weak-ness strength im - part, Make some oth-er
bend - ing low, Ma - ny hearts need help you can be - stow, Make some oth-er



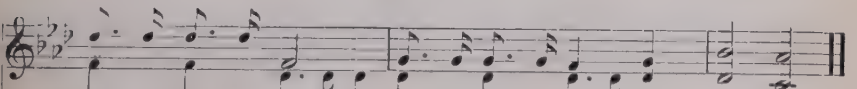
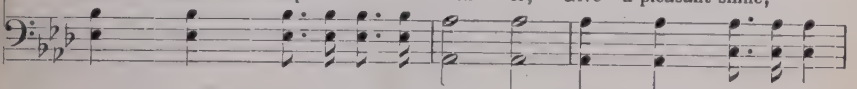
CHORUS.



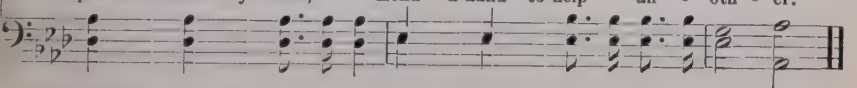
heart re - joice. Give a pleasant smile, Speak a kind - ly word,



Lend a hand to help a broth - er, Give a pleasant smile,



Speak a kind - ly word, Lend a hand to help an - oth - er.



PALMER HARTSOUGH

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. The sweetest song, the dearest name In all the world to me Is Je - sus, bless-ed
2. I love to sing that sweet-est song Of Je - sus and His love, I love to hear that

Je - sus, and His love so full and free; And, while to Him the hosts a-bove Their
dear-est name All oth - er names a - bove, And, in His home be-yond the sky, For-

hal - le - lu-jahs raise, Let ev-ery heart, in songs of joy, Sound forth His praise.
ev - er shall I sing That sweetest song, that dearest name, my Sav - iour King.

CHORUS.

Hosts of heaven their hal - le - lu - jahs raise, We with
Hosts of heav - en, hosts of heav-en, Loud their hal-le - lu-jahs raise, We with joy, with

joy are sound - ing forth His praise; The sweet-est song is Je - sus, The
joy are sounding, sounding forth His worthy praise;

dear-est name is Je - sus; All the world has nev - er such a
All the world, yes, all the world has

The sweetest song.

song of glad-ness; Hosts of heaven their hal - le - lu - jahs raise, . . .
Hosts of heav-en, hosts of heav-en Loud their hal - le - lu - jahs raise,

We with joy are sound-ing forth His praise; The sweet-est song is
We with joy, with joy are sounding, sounding forth His worthy praise;

Je - sus, Dear-est name is Je - sus, Sweet - est song and dear - est name.

138

The heart with love aglow.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. The heart with Je - sus' love a - glow Will with an - oth - er share, . .
2. The heart that kind-ness would be - stow, His king - dom to in - crease, . .
3. The heart that would His glo - ry show Will shine thru doubt and fear, . .

Will love and lift, till oth - ers know The sweet, glad peace of prayer.
Will love and lift, till oth - ers know Of hope, and joy, and peace.
Will love and lift, till oth - ers know That He is ev - er near.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Loud ho - san - na we sing un - to Christ, our Re - deem - er! Ev - ery
2. Who can meas - ure the heights of His won - drous com - pas - sion, Or the

morn - ing but show - eth a - new His worth!.. Noon and even - ing more clear - ly re -
breadth of His in - fin - ite, match - less love? Who is a - ble to fath - om the

veal - ing His good - ness, For His glo - ry en - cir - cles and fills the earth!
depths of His mer - cy, Or the bless - ings He show - ers from heaven a - bove?

CHORUS. We will
Joy - ful the cho - rus un - to Thee, our Shep - herd - King, Morn - ing and even - ing our
We will

raise in songs of praise;
voi - ces raise A trib - ute of loy - al, un - end - ing praise; Earth with the
raise in songs of praise;..

Our Shepherd-King.

beau - ty of Thy glo - rious name shall ring, For the won - ders of Thy ways.

140

FLORA KIRKLAND.

Our Shepherd Guides.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Our Shep - herd guides us as we go A - long the nar - row way;
 2. He knows our weak - ness and our need, With strength He doth sus - tain;
 3. The sheep their earth - ly shep - herds love, And swift their call at - tend;

We need but fol - low where He leads, And trust Him day by day.
 He giv - eth rest for wea - ri - ness, For loss He giv - eth gain.
 O let us glad o - be - dience give To Christ, our Shep - herd, Friend.

CHORUS.

Our Shep - herd guides, our Shep - herd guides, In paths of hope and love,

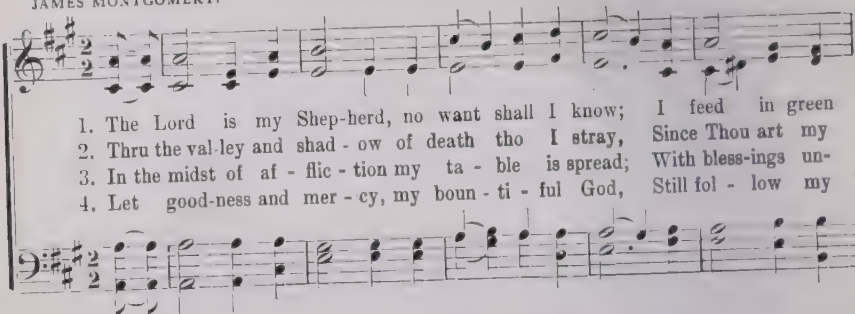
He knows the way, and day by day Leads on to heights a - bove.

The Lord is my Shepherd

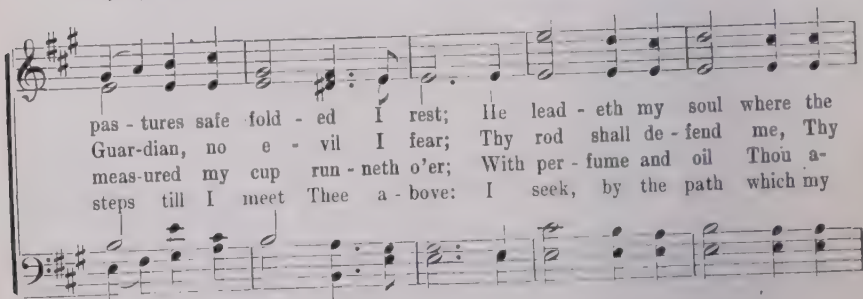
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

PORTUGUESE HYMN.

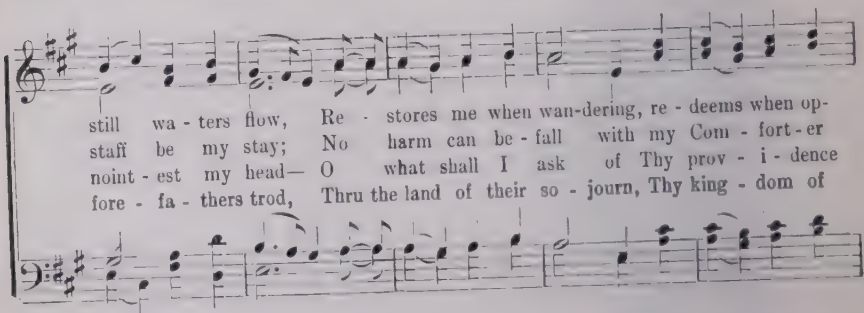
M. PORTOGALLO.



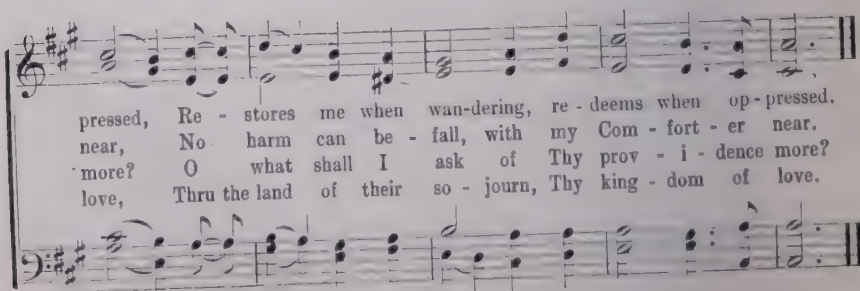
1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
 2. Thru the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho I stray, Since Thou art my
 3. In the midst of af-flic-tion my ta-ble is spread; With bless-ings un-
 4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my



pas-tures safe fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the
 Guar-dian, no e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy
 meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er; With per-fume and oil Thou a-
 steps till I meet Thee a-bove: I seek, by the path which my



still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wan-dering, re-deems when op-
 staff be my stay; No harm can be-fall with my Com-fort-er
 noint-est my head—O what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence
 fore-fa-thers trod, Thru the land of their so-journ, Thy king-dom of



pressed, Re-stores me when wan-dering, re-deems when op-pressed.
 near, No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near.
 more? O what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more?
 love, Thru the land of their so-journ, Thy king-dom of love.

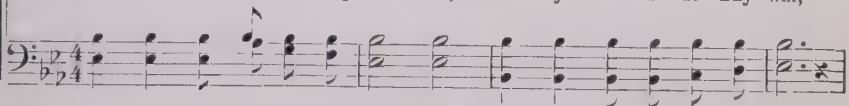
DOROTHY A. THRUPP.

SHEPHERD.

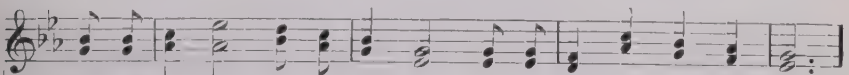
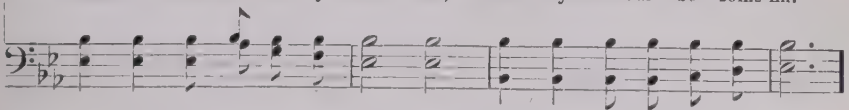
WM. B. BRADBURY



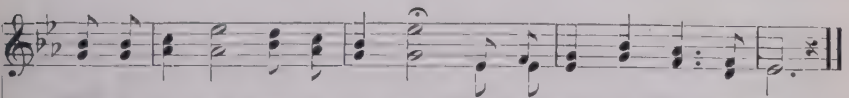
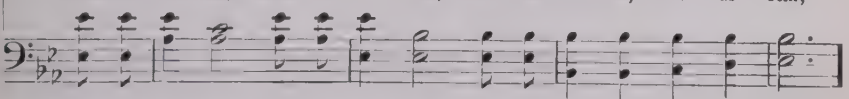
1. Sav - iour, like a Shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-derest care,
2. We are Thine, do Thou be - friend us, Be the guar-dian of our way;
3. Thou hast prom-ised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful tho we be;
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor, Ear - ly let us do Thy will;



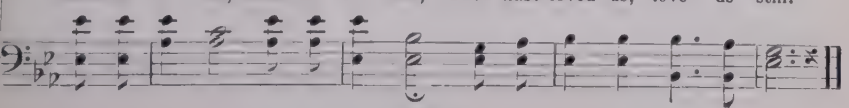
In Thy pleas - ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre- pare;
 Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray;
 Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse and power to free;
 Bless - ed Lord and on - ly Sav - iour, With Thy love our bo - soms fill.



Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are,
 Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray,
 Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee,
 Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still,



Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are,
 Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray.
 Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee.
 Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

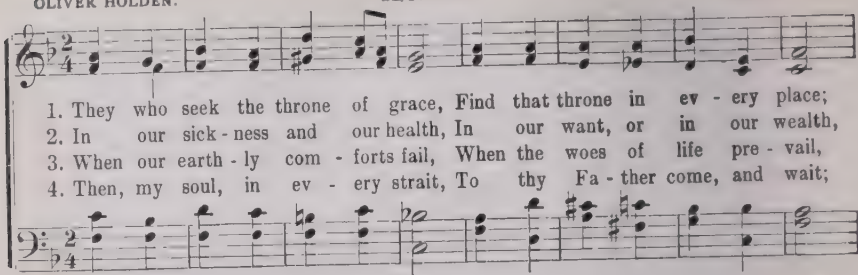


143 They who seek the throne of grace.

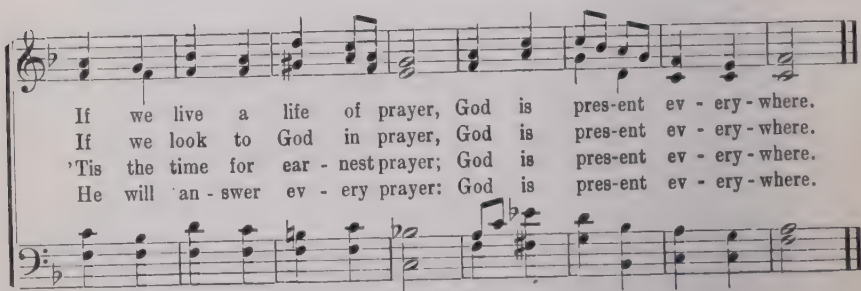
OLIVER HOLDEN.

SEYMOUR.

C. VON WEBER.



1. They who seek the throne of grace, Find that throne in ev - ery place;
 2. In our sick - ness and our health, In our want, or in our wealth,
 3. When our earth - ly com - forts fail, When the woes of life pre - vail,
 4. Then, my soul, in ev - ery strait, To thy Fa - ther come, and wait;



If we live a life of prayer, God is pres - ent ev - ery - where.
 If we look to God in prayer, God is pres - ent ev - ery - where.
 'Tis the time for ear - nest prayer; God is pres - ent ev - ery - where.
 He will an - swer ev - ery prayer: God is pres - ent ev - ery - where.

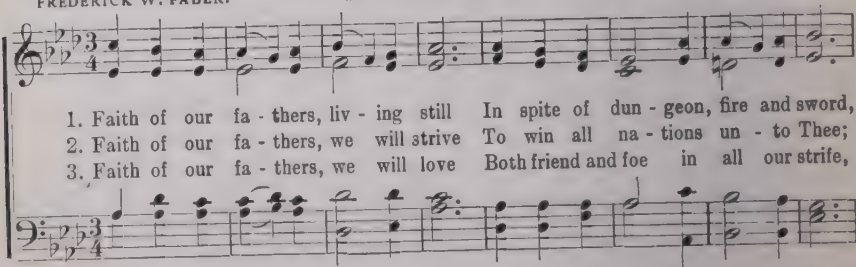
144

Faith of our fathers.

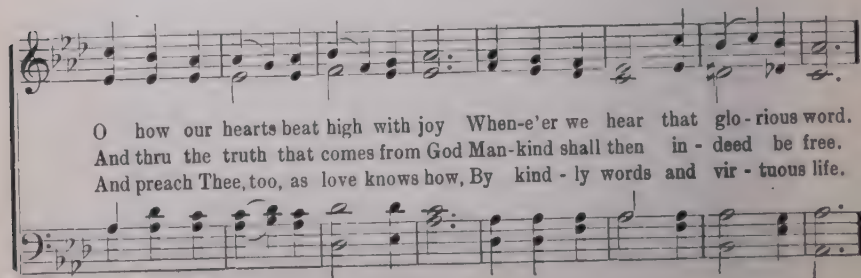
FREDERICK W. FABER.

ST. CATHERINE.

Arr. by J. G. WALTON.



1. Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon, fire and sword,
 2. Faith of our fa - thers, we will strive To win all na - tions un - to Thee;
 3. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,



O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word.
 And thru the truth that comes from God Man - kind shall then in - deed be free.
 And preach Thee, too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life.

Faith of our fathers.

REFRAIN.

Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death.

145

God will take care of you.

C. D. MARTIN.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

W. S. MARTIN.

1. Be not dis - mayed, what e'er be - tide God will take care of you;
 2. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
 3. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
 Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
 Lean, wea - ry one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.

CHORUS.

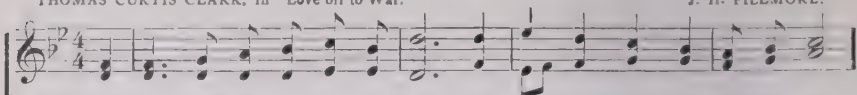
God will take care of you, Thru ev - ery day, O'er all the way;

He will take care of you, God will take care of you, (of you.)

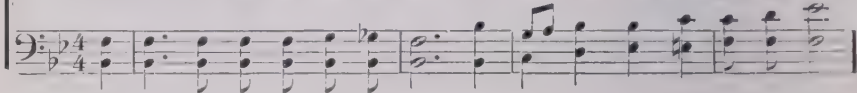
146 O Thou whose very word is power.

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK, in "Love off to War."

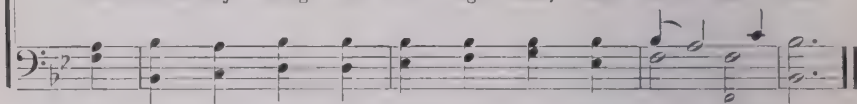
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. O Thou, whose ver - y word is power, Great Mas - ter of the might - y sea;
2. As Thou didst calm the winds and waves That wres - tled wild on Gal - i - lee;
3. The arm of man a - vail - eth not To snatch me from th'en - gulf - ing sea;



Grip Thou my will with - in Thine own, And rule Thou me.
Re - buke the pas - sions that would slay, And calm Thou me.
Stretch forth Thy strong and wil - ing hand, And save Thou me.



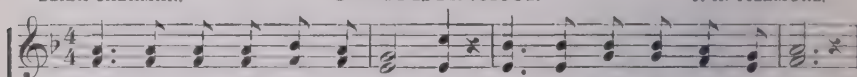
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147 O the precious love of Jesus.

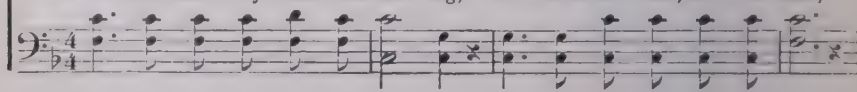
ELIZA SHERMAN.

CHRIST IS PRECIOUS.

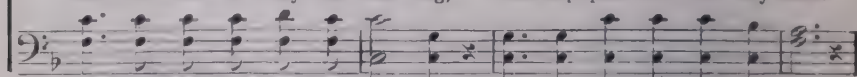
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. O the pre - cious love of Je - sus, Grow - ing sweet - er day by day,
2. O the pre - cious words of Je - sus, "Take my yoke and learn of me,"
3. We have heard Thy sweet voice call - ing, Pre - cious Sav - iour, now we heed;



Tun - ing all my heart so joy - ous, To a heav - en - ly mel - o - dy.
Come, ye souls, in dark - ness hid - ing, Of His good - ness, taste and see.
And we feel to - day the bless - ing, That sup - plies our ev - ery need.



New words copyright, 1927, by The Fillmore Bros. Co., in "The New Praise Hymnal Revised."

O the precious love of Jesus.

CHORUS.

Christ is pre - cious, Christ is pre - cious, In life's jour - ney He will lead thee;

Christ is pre - cious, Christ is pre - cious, He will lead thee all the way.

148

My faith looks up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

OLIVET.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
 Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day; Wipe sor - row's
 Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - iour, then, in love, Fear and dis -

guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
 love to Thee, Pure, warm and change - less be, A liv - ing fire.
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul!

J. H. GILMORE,

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead - eth me: O bless - ed thot! O words with heaven - ly com - fort fraught!
 2. Some - times mid scenes of deep - est gloom, Sometimes where E - den's bow - ers bloom,
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine;
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vic - tory's won,

What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still, 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
 By wa - ters still, o'er troub - led sea—Still, 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
 Con - tent, what - ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thru Jor - dan lead - eth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me; By His own hand He lead - eth me;

His faith - ful fol - lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

150 Paths of pleasantness and peace.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

HENRY FILLMORE.

Andante. Alto prominent.

1. In paths of pleas-ant-ness and peace We jour-ney day by day, And
2. The des-ert ways with beau-ty shine, And love that nev-er sleeps, Holds

this we know, a Hand un-seen Is guid-ing all the way. And when the glow of
hearts in un-i-son with Him Who ev-er guides and keeps. With Heaven sup-ply-ing

day is spent, At ev-en-tide, we'll rest content, For we shall reach the place Where
all our needs, In unknown paths, where-e'er He leads, We'll journey by His grace, Till

CHORUS. *Faster.*

we shall see His face. In ways with Love and Peace a-glow, We jour-ney on, con-

tent to know, At night we'll reach the place Where we shall see His face.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

J. H. FILLMORE.

Solo or Unison.

1. Je - sus my Sav-iour is all in all, Fair is His face to see,....
 2. Je - sus my Sav-iour is all in all, Gen - tle and kind His voice,....
 3. Je - sus my Sav-iour is all in all, Gen - tle His touch in pain,....

Je - sus my Sav-iour is all in all, Would that He'd smile on me....
 Je - sus my Sav-iour is all in all, He doth my heart re - joice....
 Je - sus my Sav-iour is all in all, Mak - ing me whole a - gain....

Sweet-er His smile than the sun-beams so bright, Bring-ing a dawn that will
 Dear-er His words than sweet mu-sic can be, Whis-per-ing ten-der-ly,
 Touched by a hand that is marked for me still, Know-ing it cures me of

fol - low our night, O in that face what a won - der - ful light!
 "Come un - to Me," O in that voice what a won - der - ful plea!
 sin's ev - ery ill, O in that touch what a won - der - ful thrill!

REFRAIN
 Je - sus my all, My all in all. Sweet - er His smile than the
 Je - sus my all, My all in all. Dear - er His words than sweet
 Je - sus my all, My all in all. Touched by a hand that is

Jesus my all.

sun-beams so bright, Bring-ing a dawn that will fol - low our night, O in that
mu - sic can be, Whis-per-ing ten - der - ly, "Come un-to Me." O in that
marked for me still, Know ing it cures me of sin's ev - ery ill, O in that

face what a won - der - ful light! Je - sus my all, my all in all.
voice what a won - der - ful plea! Je - sus my all, my all in all.
touch what a won - der - ful thrill! Je - sus my all, my all in all.

152 Blessed Master I have promised.

CHARLES A. DICKINSON.

ST. HELEN'S.

ROBERT P. STEWART.

1. Bless - ed Mas - ter, I have prom-ised; Hear my sol - emn vow;
2. Strength of mine is on - ly weak-ness, Thine is strength in - deed;
3. Let no world - ly cares nor pleas - ures Call my heart a - way;

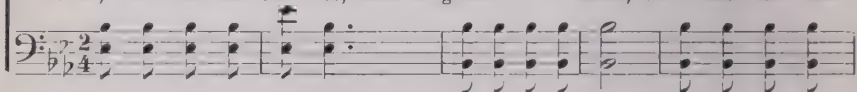
Take this pledge of mine and seal it Here and now.
Strength-en me in full - est meas - ure, As I need.
Save me, Lord, and keep me faith - ful Day by day.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

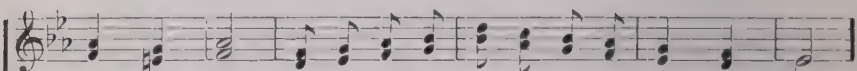
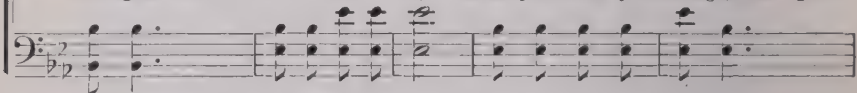
E. O. EXCELL.



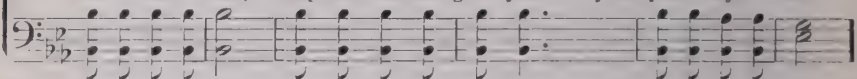
1. When up - on life's bil - lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis -
 2. Are you ev - er bur - dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
 3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
 4. So, a - mid the con - flict, wheth er great or small, Do not be dis -



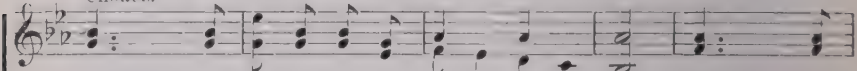
cour - aged, think - ing all is lost, Count your man - y bless - ings, name them
 heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man - y bless - ings, ev - ery
 prom - ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man - y bless - ings, mon - ey
 cour - aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man - y bless - ings, an - gels



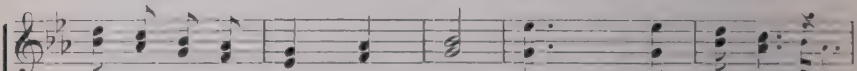
one by one, And it will sur - prise you what the Lord hath done.
 doubt will fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.
 can - not buy Your re - ward in Heav - en, nor your home on high.
 will at - tend, Help and com - fort give you to your jour - ney's end.



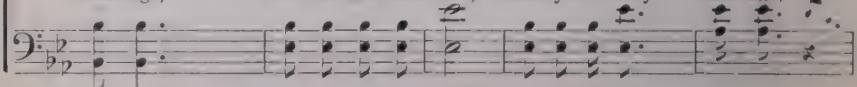
CHORUS.



Count your bless - ings, Name them one by one; Count your
 Count your man - y bless - ings, Name them one by one; Count your man y

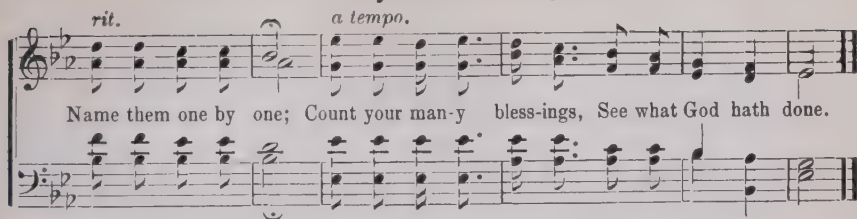


bless - ings, See what God hath done; Count your bless ings,
 bless - ings, See what God hath done; Count your man - y bless - ings,



Count your blessings.

rit. *a tempo.*



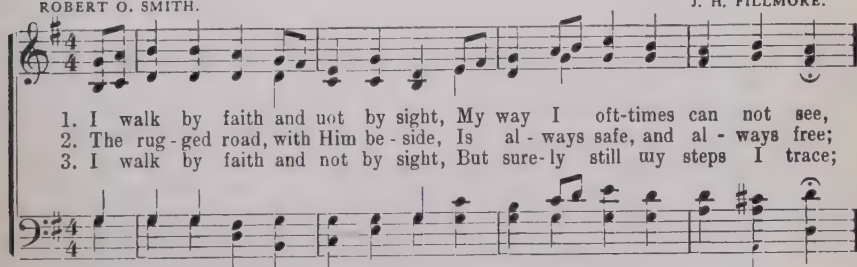
Name them one by one; Count your man-y bless-ings, See what God hath done.

154

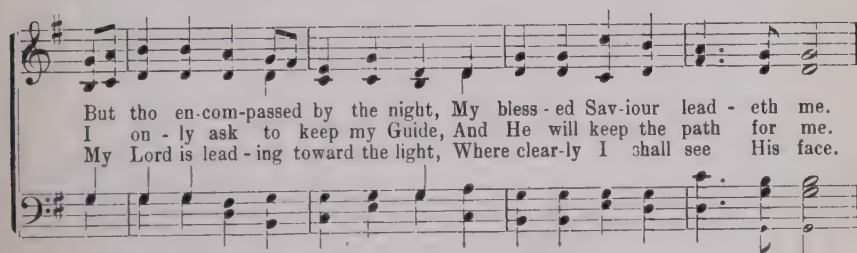
Walking by faith.

ROBERT O. SMITH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

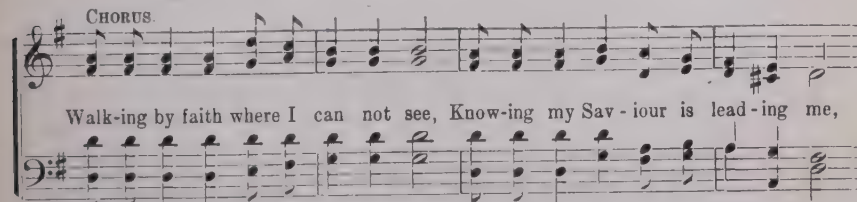


1. I walk by faith and not by sight, My way I oft-times can not see,
 2. The rug-ged road, with Him be-side, Is al-ways safe, and al-ways free;
 3. I walk by faith and not by sight, But sure-ly still my steps I trace;

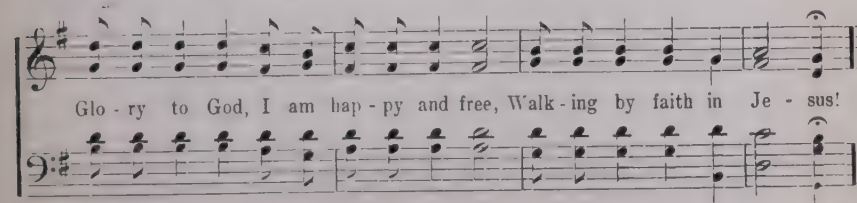


But tho en-com-passed by the night, My bless-ed Sav-iour lead-eth me.
 I on-ly ask to keep my Guide, And He will keep the path for me.
 My Lord is lead-ing toward the light, Where clear-ly I shall see His face.

CHORUS.



Walk-ing by faith where I can not see, Know-ing my Sav-iour is lead-ing me,



Glo-ry to God, I am hap-py and free, Walk-ing by faith in Je-sus!

1. My God, is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of morn to even - ing star,
 2. Blest is that tran-quil hour of morn, And blest that sol - emn hour of eve,
 3. No words can tell what sweet re - lief There for my ev - ery want I find;

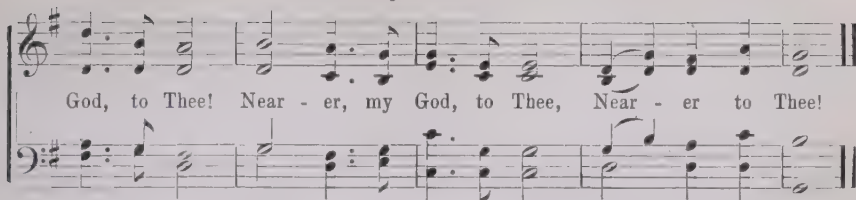
As that which calls me to Thy feet, The hour of prayer, The hour of prayer?
 When, on the wings of prayer up - borne, The world I leave, The world I leave.
 What strength for war - fare, balm for grief, What peace of mind! What peace of mind!

Music copyright, 1920, by The Fillmore Bros. Co., in "Hymns for Today." International copyright.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho it be a cross
 2. Tho like the wan - der - er, Day - light all gone, Dark-ness be o - ver me,
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou send-est me,
 4. Then, with my wak - ing thots Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs

That rais - eth me! Still all my song shall be Near - er, my
 My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my
 In mer - cy given: An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my
 Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my

Nearer my God to Thee.



God, to Thee! Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

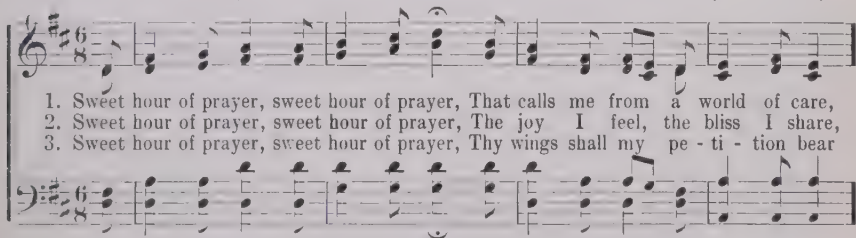
157

Sweet hour of prayer.

WILLIAM W. WALFORD.

WALFORD.

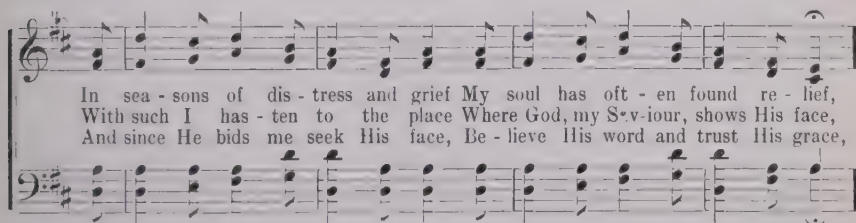
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



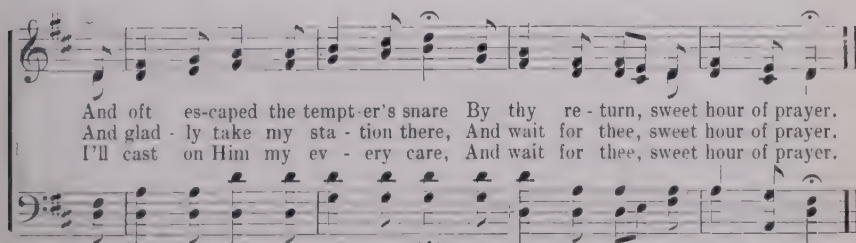
1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, The joy I feel, the bliss I share,
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear



And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known!
Of those whose anx-i-ous spir - its burn With strong de - sire for thy re-turn!
To Him, whose truth and faith - ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless:



In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
With such I has - ten to the place Where God, my Saviour, shows His face,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word and trust His grace,



And oft es-caped the tempt-er's snare By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.
And glad - ly take my sta - tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
I'll cast on Him my ev - ery care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

JOHN P. HOPPS.*

FLOWER.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Fa - ther, lead me day by day, In Thine own, Thy per - fect way;
 2. When in dan - ger make me brave, Trust - ing in Thy power to save;
 3. When I'm tempt - ed to do wrong, Make me stead - fast, wise and strong;
 4. May I do the good I know, Serv - ing glad - ly here be - low;

Teach me to be pure and true, Show me what I ought to do.
 Keep me safe - ly by Thy side; Let me in Thy love a - bide.
 And when all a - lone I stand, Shield me with Thy might - y hand.
 Then at last go home to Thee, Ev - er - more Thine own to be.

159 Lord I hear of showers of blessing.

ELIZABETH CODNER.

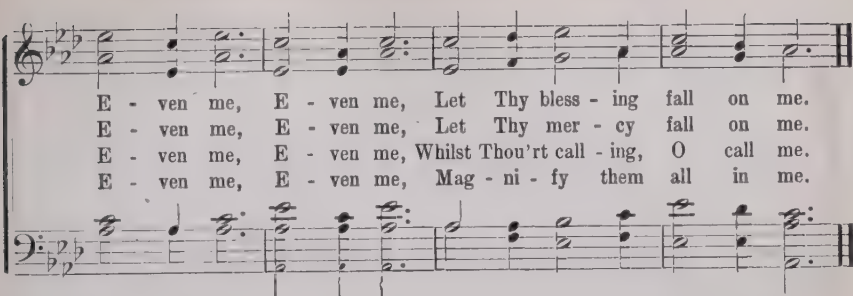
EVEN ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Lord, I hear of showers of bless - ing Thou art scat - tering full and free—
 2. Pass me not, O gra - cious Fa - ther! Sin - ful tho my heart may be;
 3. Pass me not, O ten - der Sav - iour! Let me love and cling to Thee;
 4. Love of God, so pure and change-less; Blood of Christ, so rich and free;

Showers, the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing; Let Thy bless - ing fall on me—
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy fall on me—
 I am long - ing for Thy fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me—
 Grace of God, so strong and bound-less; Mag - ni - fy them all in me—

Lord I hear of showers of blessing.



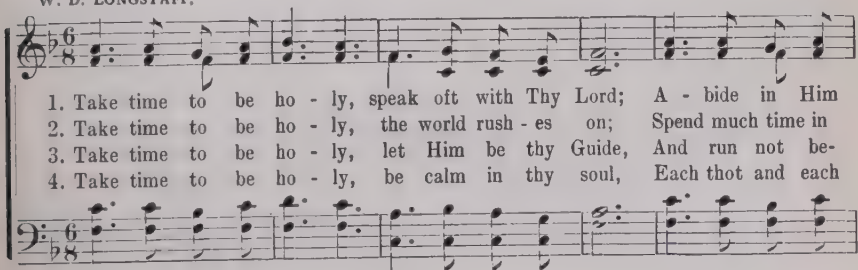
E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy bless - ing fall on me.
 E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy fall on me.
 E - ven me, E - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt call - ing, O call me.
 E - ven me, E - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

160

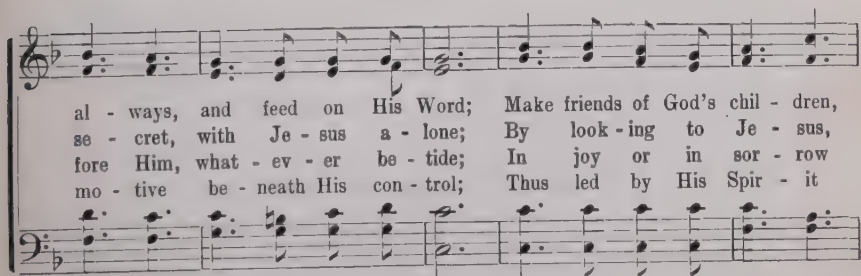
Take time to be holy.

W. D. LONGSTAFF.

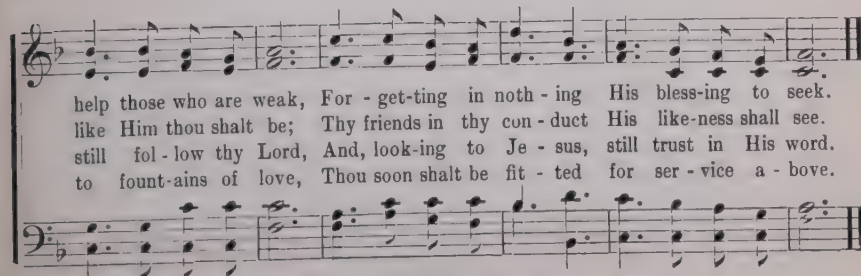
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Take time to be ho - ly, speak oft with Thy Lord; A - bide in Him
 2. Take time to be ho - ly, the world rush - es on; Spend much time in
 3. Take time to be ho - ly, let Him be thy Guide, And run not be-
 4. Take time to be ho - ly, be calm in thy soul, Each thot and each



al - ways, and feed on His Word; Make friends of God's chil - dren,
 se - cret, with Je - sus a - lone; By look - ing to Je - sus,
 fore Him, what - ev - er be - tide; In joy or in sor - row
 mo - tive be - neath His con - trol; Thus led by His Spir - it



help those who are weak, For - get - ting in noth - ing His bless - ing to seek.
 like Him thou shalt be; Thy friends in thy con - duct His like - ness shall see.
 still fol - low thy Lord, And, look - ing to Je - sus, still trust in His word.
 to fount - ains of love, Thou soon shalt be fit - ted for ser - vice a - bove.

GEORGE R. PRYNNE.

DOWSTON CASTLE.

CLARENCE HUDSON.

1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high,.....
 2. Par - don our of - fen - ces, Loose our cap - tive chains,.....
 3. Give us ho - ly free - dom, Fill our hearts with love;.....
 4. Lead us on our jour - ney, Be Thy - self the Way,.....

Pity - ing, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren's cry.
 Break down ev - ery i - dol Which our soul de - tains.
 Draw us, ho - ly Je - sus! To the realms a - bove.
 Thru ter - res - trial dark - ness To ce - les - tial day.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON.

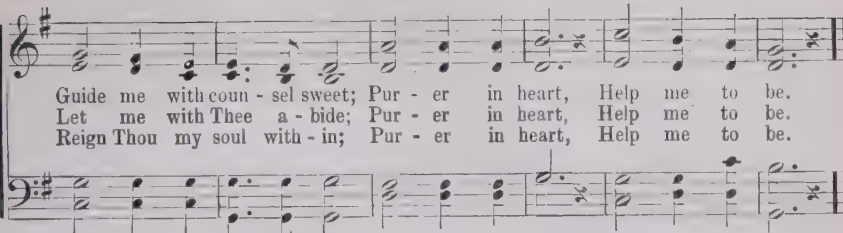
PURER IN HEART.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; May I de-
 2. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; Teach me to
 3. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; That I Thy

vote my life Whol - ly to Thee. Watch Thou my way - ward feet,
 do Thy will Most lov - ing - ly. Be Thou my Friend and Guide,
 ho - ly face One day may see. Keep me from se - cret sin,

Purer in heart O God.



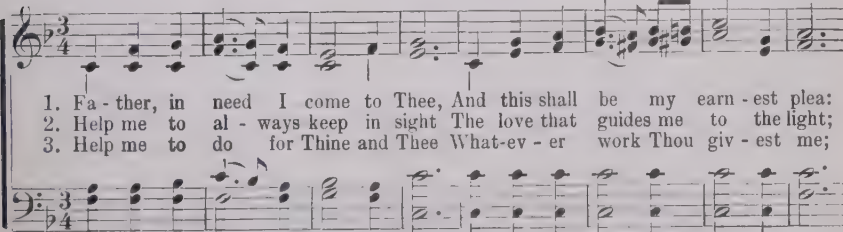
Guide me with coun - sel sweet; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.
 Let me with Thee a - bide; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.
 Reign Thou my soul with - in; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.

163 Father in need I come to Thee.

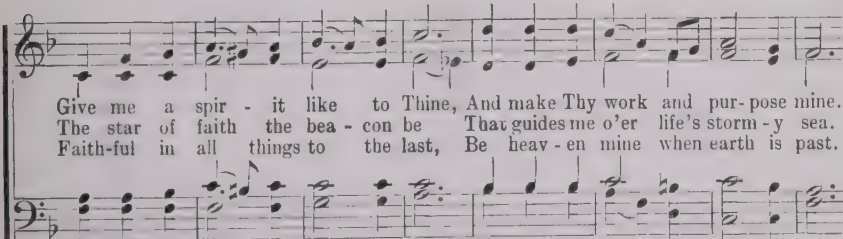
E. E. REXFORD,

THY WILL BE DONE.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

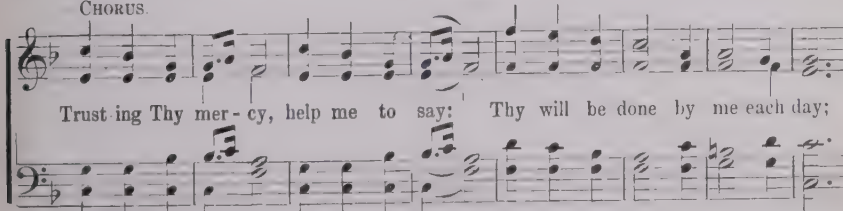


1. Fa - ther, in need I come to Thee, And this shall be my earn - est plea;
 2. Help me to al - ways keep in sight The love that guides me to the light;
 3. Help me to do for Thine and Thee What - ev - er work Thou giv - est me;

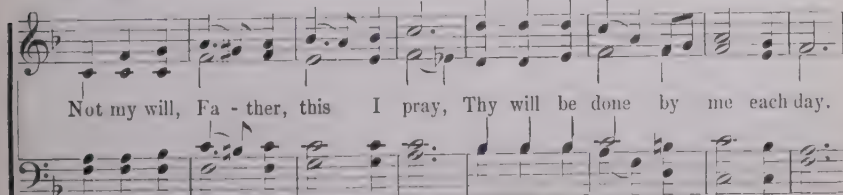


Give me a spir - it like to Thine, And make Thy work and pur - pose mine.
 The star of faith the bea - con be That guides me o'er life's storm - y sea.
 Faith - ful in all things to the last, Be heav - en mine when earth is past.

CHORUS.



Trust ing Thy mer - cy, help me to say: Thy will be done by me each day;



Not my will, Fa - ther, this I pray, Thy will be done by me each day.

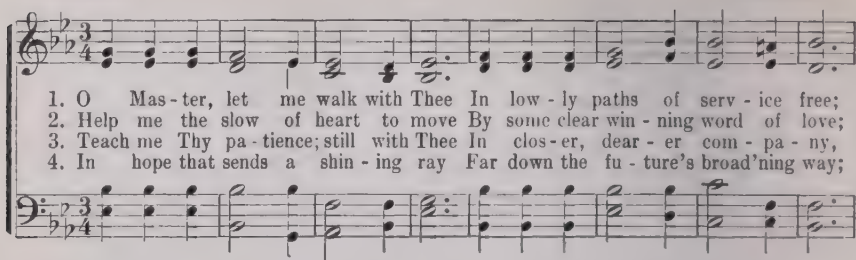
New version copyright, 1927, by The Fillmore Bros. Co., in "The New Praise Hymnal Revised,"

164 O Master, let me walk with Thee.

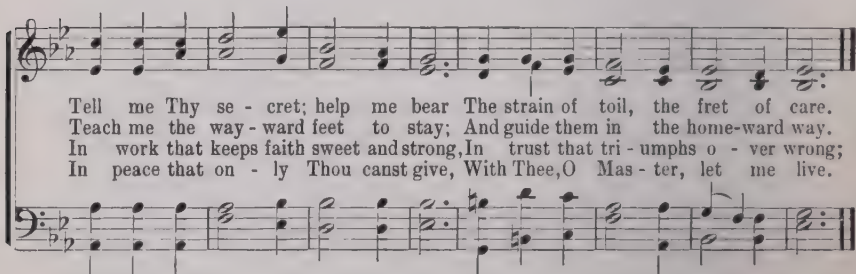
WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

SAXBY.

T. R. MATTHEWS.



1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of serv-ice free;
 2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear win-ning word of love;
 3. Teach me Thy pa-tience; still with Thee In clos-er, dear-er com-pa-ny,
 4. In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the fu-ture's broad'ning way;

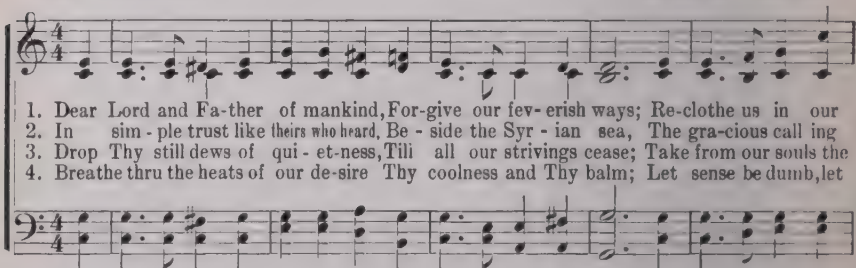


Tell me Thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
 Teach me the way-ward feet to stay; And guide them in the home-ward way.
 In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that tri-umphs o-ver wrong;
 In peace that on-ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas-ter, let me live.

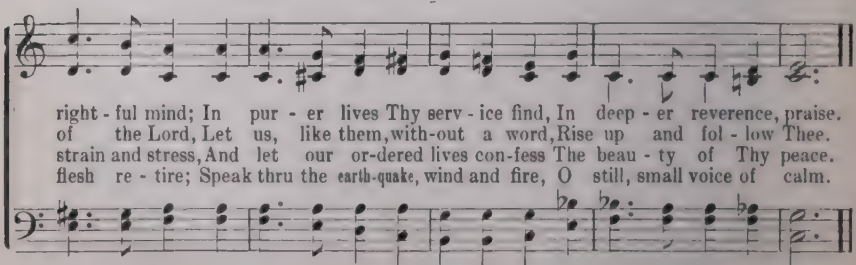
165 Dear Lord and Father of mankind.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

FREDERICK C. MAKER.



1. Dear Lord and Fa-ther of mankind, For-give our fev-er-ish ways; Re-clothe us in our
 2. In sim-ple trust like theirs who heard, Be-side the Syr-ian sea, The gra-cious call ing
 3. Drop Thy still dews of qui-et-ness, Tili all our strivings cease; Take from our souls the
 4. Breathe thru the heats of our de-sire Thy coolness and Thy balm; Let sense be dumb, let



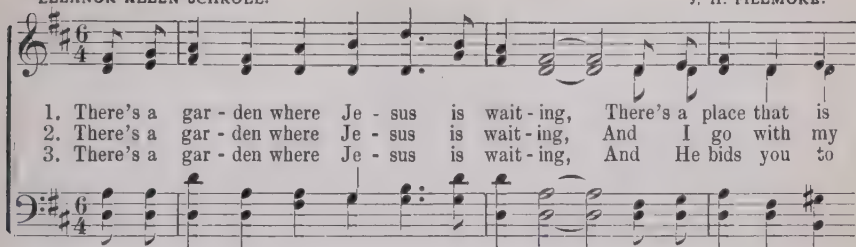
right-ful mind; In pur-er lives Thy serv-ice find, In deep-er reverence, praise.
 of the Lord, Let us, like them, with-out a word, Rise up and fol-low Thee.
 strain and stress, And let our or-dered lives con-fess The beau-ty of Thy peace.
 flesh re-tire; Speak thru the earth-quake, wind and fire, O still, small voice of calm.

166

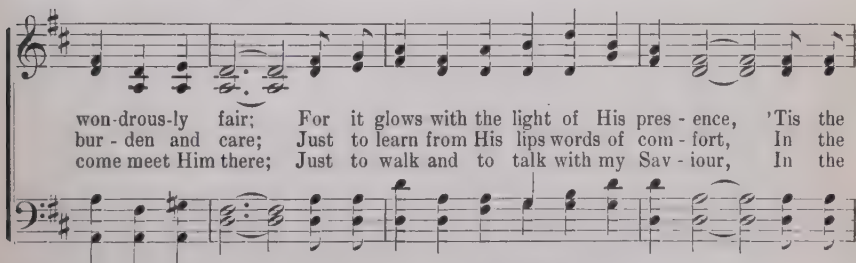
The beautiful garden of prayer.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

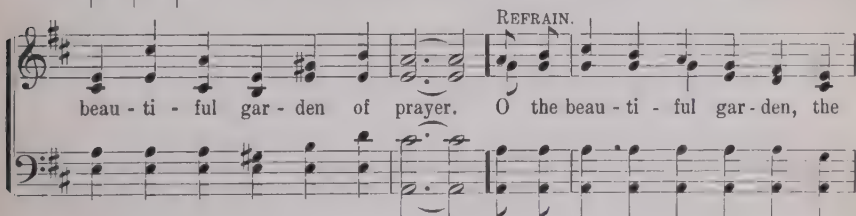
J. H. FILLMORE.



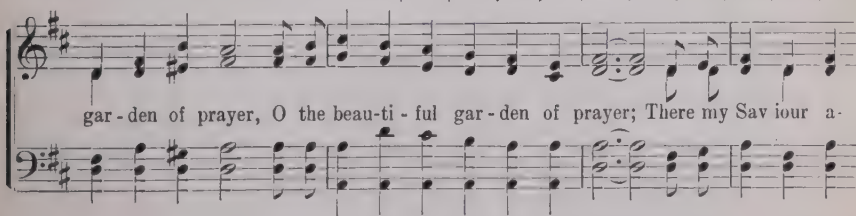
1. There's a gar - den where Je - sus is wait - ing, There's a place that is
2. There's a gar - den where Je - sus is wait - ing, And I go with my
3. There's a gar - den where Je - sus is wait - ing, And He bids you to



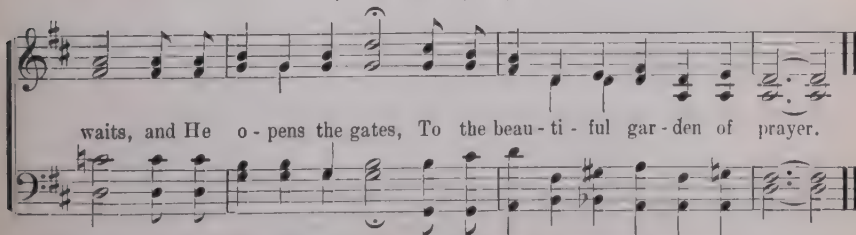
won - drous - ly fair; For it glows with the light of His pres - ence, 'Tis the
bur - den and care; Just to learn from His lips words of com - fort, In the
come meet Him there; Just to walk and to talk with my Sav - iour, In the



REFRAIN.
beau - ti - ful gar - den of prayer. O the beau - ti - ful gar - den, the



gar - den of prayer, O the beau - ti - ful gar - den of prayer; There my Sav iour a -



waits, and He o - pens the gates, To the beau - ti - ful gar - den of prayer.

OLIVER HUCKEL,

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. O mind of God, broad as the sky, The earth, the air, the sea,
 2. O heart of God, deep as the needs Of all hu-man - i - ty,
 3. O will of God, high as all heaven, With power su - perb and free,
 4. O great and good and glo - rious God, Deep in our hearts en - shrined,

Give us Thy broadening Spir - it's grace, In sweet sim - plic - i - ty.
 Give un - to us the kind - lier soul, The larg - er sym - pa - thy.
 Give us the will to do and dare, In full - est lib - er - ty.
 Give un - to us Thy breadth of love, In lov - ing all man - kind.

Music copyright, 1927, by The Fillmore Bros. Co., in "The New Praise Hymnal Revised."

168 Lord for tomorrow and its needs.

E. R. WILBERFORCE.

JUST FOR TODAY.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Lord, for to-mor-row and its needs I do not pray; Keep me, my God, from
 2. Let me both dil - i - gent - ly work, And du - ly pray; Let me be kind in
 3. In pain and sor-row's cleansing fires, Brief be my stay; O bid me, if to-

stain of sin, Just for to - day. Let me no wrong or i - dle word
 word and deed, Fa - ther, to - day. Let me in sea - son, Lord, be grave,
 day I die, Come home to - day. So, for to - mor - row and its needs

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Lord for tomorrow and its needs.

Un-think-ing say; Set Thou a seal up - on my lips, Fa - ther, to - day.
In sea-son gay; Let me be faith-ful to Thy grace, Dear Lord, to-day.
I do not pray; Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Thru each to-day.

169 Have Thine own way Lord.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

A. A. P.
Slowly.

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my

Pot - ter, I am the clay. Mould me and make me
try me, Mas - ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord,
wea - ry, Help me, I pray! Pow - er— all pow - er—
be - ing Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it

Aft - er Thy will, While I am wait - ing, Yield - ed and still.
Wash me just now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum - bly I bow.
Sure - ly is Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - iour di - vine.
Till all shall see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. In the Val-ley of Si-lence I walk with my God, Where God and my
 2. In the Val-ley of Si-lence I think of my sin, And long to be
 3. In the Val-ley of Si-lence is nev-er a fear, For God will take

soul are a-lone; And o-ver the path that the an-gels have trod,
 stain-less and pure; But God in His good-ness is speaking with-in,
 care of His own; So firm-ly I walk, with-out tre-mor or tear,

REFRAIN.

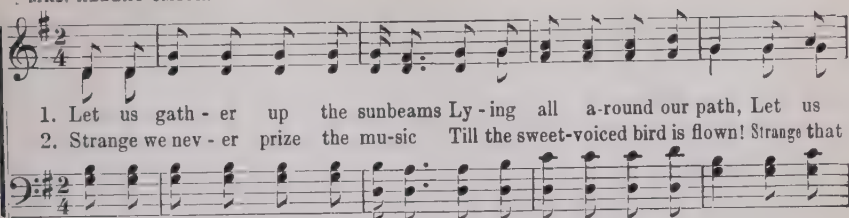
I press, with my hand in His own. (His own.)
 To tell me His mer-cy is sure. (is sure.) O Val-ley of Si-lence! O
 While God and my soul are a-lone. (a-lone.)

Val-ley of Rest, Where God and my soul are a-lone! (a-lone!) In the beau-ty and

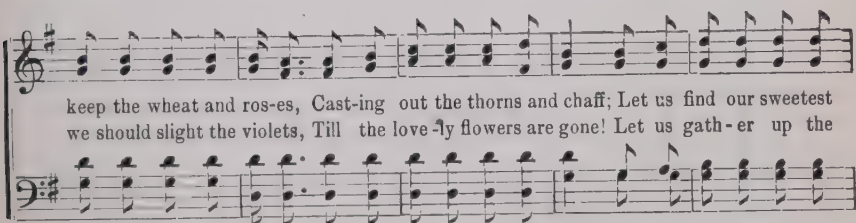
still-ness I find sweet re- pose And peace, His sweet peace is my own. (my own.)

MRS. ALBERT SMITH. Alt.

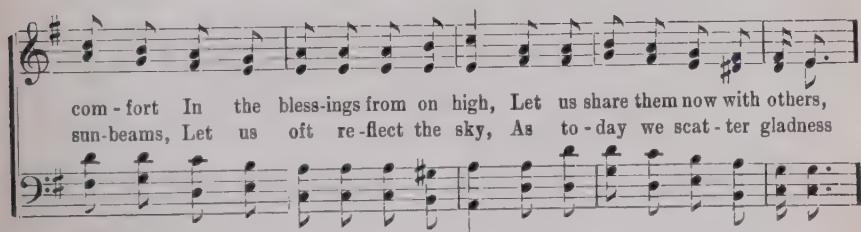
S. J. VAIL.



1. Let us gath - er up the sunbeams Ly - ing all a-round our path, Let us
2. Strange we nev - er prize the mu-sic Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown! Strange that

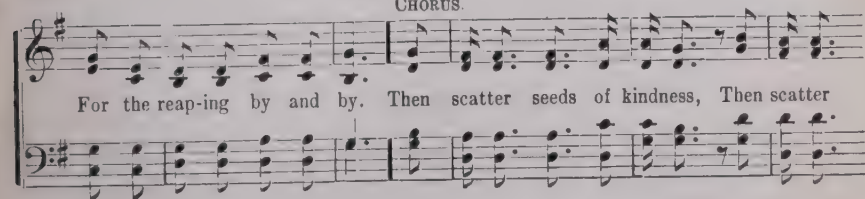


keep the wheat and ros-es, Cast-ing out the thorns and chaff; Let us find our sweetest
we should slight the violets, Till the love-ly flowers are gone! Let us gath - er up the

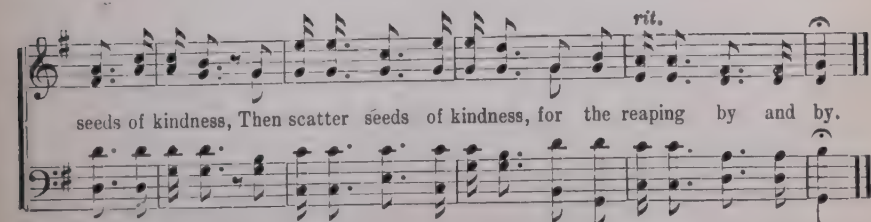


com - fort In the bless-ings from on high, Let us share them now with others,
sun-beams, Let us oft re-flect the sky, As to-day we scat-ter gladness

CHORUS.



For the reap-ing by and by. Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scatter



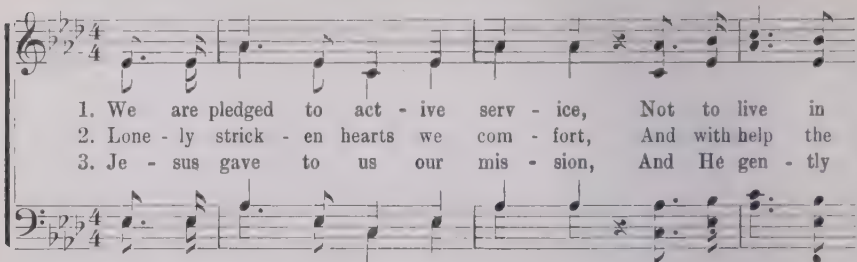
seeds of kindness, Then scatter seeds of kindness, for the reaping by and by.

172 We are pledged to active service.

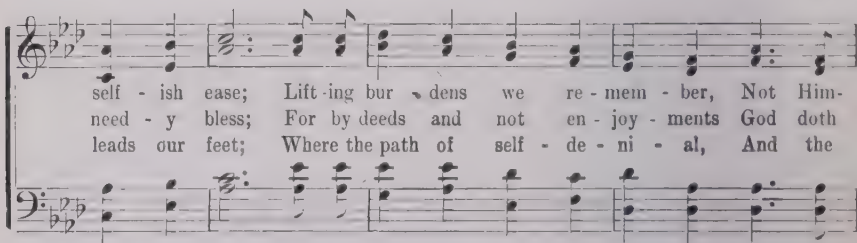
MARY IRENE McLEAN.

LIFT UP THE FALLEN.

S. S. MYERS.

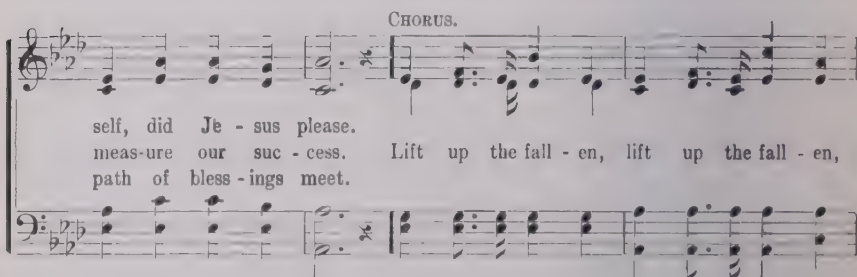


1. We are pledged to act - ive serv - ice, Not to live in
 2. Lone - ly strick - en hearts we com - fort, And with help the
 3. Je - sus gave to us our mis - sion, And He gen - tly

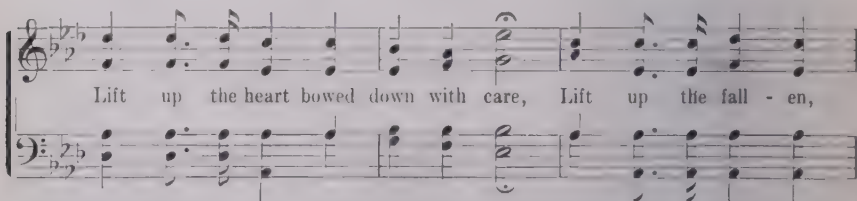


self - ish ease; Lift - ing bur - dens we re - mem - ber, Not Him -
 need - y bless; For by deeds and not en - joy - ments God doth
 leads our feet; Where the path of self - de - ni - al, And the

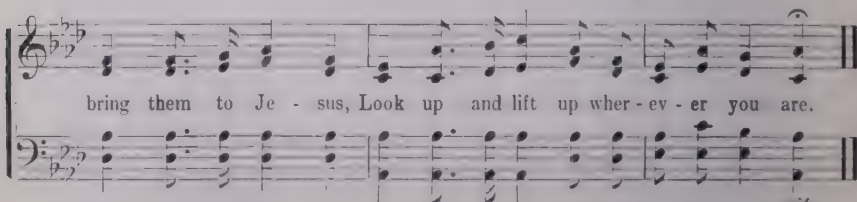
CHORUS.



self, did Je - sus please.
 meas - ure our suc - cess. Lift up the fall - en, lift up the fall - en,
 path of bless - ings meet.



Lift up the heart bowed down with care, Lift up the fall - en,



bring them to Je - sus, Look up and lift up wher - ev - er you are.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. To the work! to the work! we are ser-vants of God, Let us fol - low the path
 2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the foun - tain of life
 3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all; For the king - dom of dark-
 4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a crown

that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His coun-sel our strength to re-new,
 let the wea - ry be led; In the cross and its ban - ner our glo - ry shall be,
 ness and er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je - ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be,
 shall our la - bor re - ward, When the home of the faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be,

CHORUS.
 Let us do with our might what our hands find to do. Toil - ing on,
 While we her - ald the ti - dings, "Sal - va - tion is free!"
 In the loud swell - ing cho - rus, "Sal - va - tion is free!"
 And we shout with the ran - somed, "Sal - va - tion is free!"

toil - ing on, (toiling on,) Toil - ing on, (toil-ing on,) toil - ing on; (toil ing on;)

Let us hope, (and trust,) let us watch, (and pray,) And la - bor till the Mas - ter comes.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king-dom, broth-er, In the Mas-ter's
 2. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king-dom, broth-er, In the ear - ly
 3. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king-dom, broth-er, In the heart of

field so fair? Are you cast - ing it forth with a full hand, broth-er, In the
 morn so bright? Are you sow - ing the seed as the day wears on-ward, And ap-
 ten - der years? Are you sow - ing the seed o'er the ground so ston - y, Toil-ing

CHORUS

strength of faith and prayer? O the spring so bright is pass-ing by,
 proach the shades of night?
 on with prayers and tears? pass-ing by,

And the reap - ing time will sure - ly come; (sure-ly come;) Haste! the seed wide

fling - ing, Then at last come, bring ing Gold-en sheaves for the har - vest home.

175 In the harvest field there is work.

C. R. BLACKALL.

LABOR ON

W. H. DOANE.

1. In the har - vest field there is work to do, For the
2. Crowd the gar - ner well with the sheaves all bright, Let the
3. In the glean - er's path may be rich re - ward, Tho the
4. Lo! the Har - vest Home in the realms a - bove Shall be

grain is ripe and the reap - ers few, And the Mas - ter's voice bids the
song be glad, and the heart be light, Fill the pre - cious hours, ere the
time seems long and the la - bor hard; For the Mas - ter's joy, with His
gained by each who has toiled and strove; When the Mas - ter's voice, in His

work - ers true Heed the call that He gives to - day.
shades of night Take the place of the gold - en day.
chos - en shared, Drives the gloom from the dark - est day.
words of love, Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day.

REFRAIN

La - bor on, (la bor on,) la - bor on, (la - bor on,) Keep the bright re - ward in view,

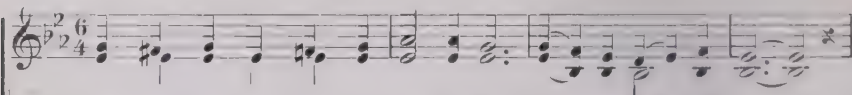
For the Mas - ter has said, He will strength re - new, La - bor on till the close of day.

176 What does the Master expect of me?

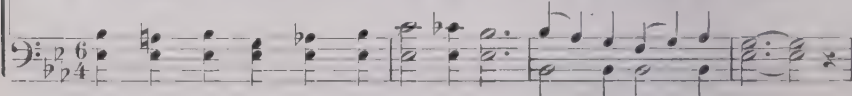
GEORGE O. WEBSTER.

WHAT IS THY WILL FOR ME?

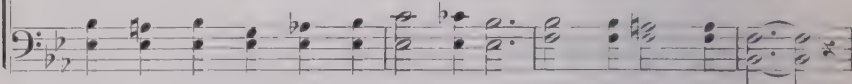
J. H. FILLMORE.



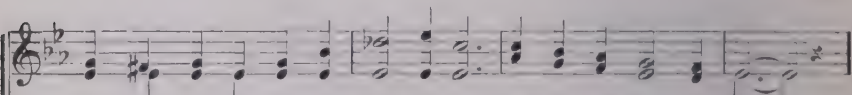
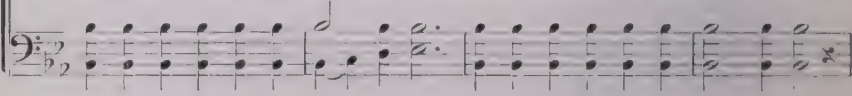
1. What does the Mas - ter ex - pect of me? I would know His will;
2. Is it a high or a low - ly place? What is that to me?
3. O that Thy love may to oth - ers flow Thru this heart of mine;



Is there a place where I ought to be? I that place would fill;
Just for the smil - ing of Thy dear face An - y - where I'd be;
Help me to live that the world may know Of Thy love di - vine;



Lead me, O Mas - ter, from day to day, Pa - tient - ly teach me Thy will, I pray,
When I re - mem - ber the cru - el cross, Think of the anguish, the pain and loss,
Thou who in pit - y our lot didst share, Help me to lighten earth's grief and care,



All on the al - tar just now I lay; What is Thy will for me?
Hon - ors of earth I can count but dross; What is Thy will for me?
Help me the bur - dens of men to bear; What is Thy will for me?



What does the Master expect of me.

REFRAIN,

What is Thy will, Thy will for me, Help me to clear - ly see;

Help me to do it, what - ev - er it be, On - ly Thy will for me

177 O the joy to feel and know.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

LOUIS LE SAINT.

1. O the joy to feel and know, Eyes di-vine are heed-ing; Sweetest bless-ings
 2. O the love that saves and keeps Wayward souls from fall-ing; O the love that
 3. O the hope I feel to-day, O the peace of know-ing; He will lead me

CHORUS.

to be-stow, When His help I'm need-ing.
 nev - er sleeps, Hears His chil - dren call - ing. O the joy to feel Him near,
 all the way, For I'm no - bler grow - ing.

True and constant ev - er; What have I to doubt or fear? Je - sus fails me nev - er.

HORATIUS BONAR.

MARYTON.

HENRY P. SMITH.

1. Go, la - bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa - ther's will,
 2. Go, la - bor on; 'tis not for naught, Thine earthly loss is heaven - ly gain;
 3. Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray; Be wise the err - ing soul to win;
 4. Toil on, and in thy toil re-joice; For toil comes rest, for ex - ile home;

It is the way the Mas - ter went; Should not the ser - vant tread it still?
 Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not; The Mas - ter prais - es; what are men?
 Go forth in - to the world's highway, Com - pel the wan - derer to come in.
 Soon shalt thou hear the Bride-groom's voice, The midnight peal, "Behold I come!"

MRS. ANNIE L. COGHILL.

WORK SONG.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thru the morning hours; Work while the
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thru the sun - ny noon; Fill bright - est
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies; While their bright

dew is spar - kling; Work mid springing flowers; Work when the day grows bright - er,
 hours with la - bor—Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev - ery fly - ing mo - ment
 tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies. Work till the last beam fad - eth,

Work for the night is coming.

Work in the glow-ing sun; Work, for the night is com ing, When man's work is done.
 Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more.
 Fad- eth to shine no more; Work while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.

180

We are not here to play.

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK.

BE STRONG O MEN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

Not too fast.

1. We are not here to play, to dream, to drift; We have hard work to
 2. Say not the days are e - vil, who's to blame? And fold the hands and
 3. It mat-ters not how deep en-trenched the wrong; How hard the bat-tle

do, and loads to lift; Shun not the strug-gle! face it! 'tis God's gift!
 ac - qui - esce—O shame! Stand up, speak out, and brave-ly in God's name,
 goes, the day how long; Faint not, fight on! to-mor-row comes the song:

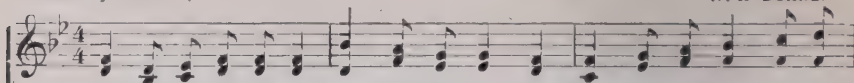
Be strong, O men, be strong! be strong!
 Be strong, O men, be strong!

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Rescue the perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY,

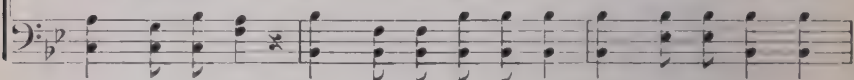
W. H. DOANE.



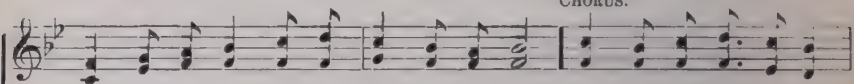
1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crushed by the tempt - er, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de - mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the



sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
 child to re - ceive, Plead with them earn - est - ly, Plead with them gen - tly,
 grace can re - store: Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness,
 Lord will pro - vide: Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;



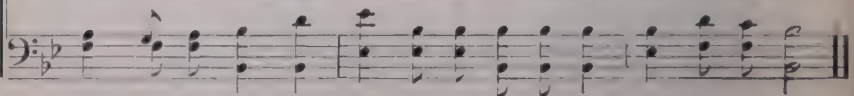
CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
 He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
 Chords that were bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
 Tell the poor wan - derer a Sav - iour has died.



Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

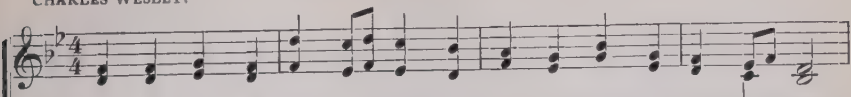


182 Love divine, all loves excelling.

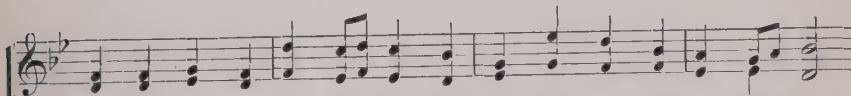
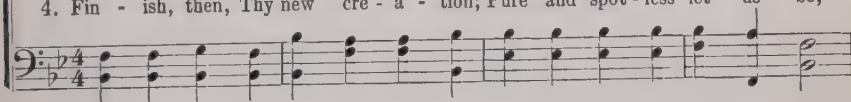
CHARLES WESLEY.

BEECHER.

JOHN ZUNDEL.



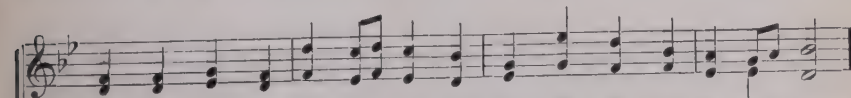
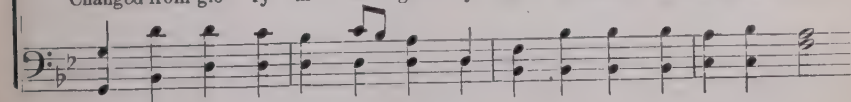
1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub - led breast;
3. Come, al - might - y to de - liv - er; Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish, then, Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be;



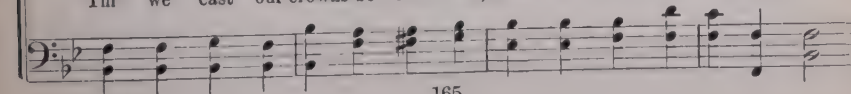
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
 Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom - ised rest;
 Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more Thy tem - ples leave.
 Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee;



Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;
 Take a - way the love of sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
 Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
 Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry Till in heav'n we take our place,



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry tremb - ling heart.
 End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
 Pray, and praise Thee with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
 Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.



ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

J. E. FILLMORE.

Duet or Two-part Chorus.

1. If I could but tell all the glo-ry That shines in my soul day by day;
 2. If I could but tell of His goodness, His love, and His in-fi-nite care;
 3. If I could but tell you of Je-sus, Of how He can save by His grace;

Or if I could tell of the Sav-iour, Till ech-oes would ring it for aye;
 Or if I could show you the vis-ion, I see when I meet Him in pray'r;
 Or if I could paint the compassion I see in the dear Master's face;

I'd shout it a-loud from the mountain, I'd sing it o'er val-ley and plain;
 Or if I could tell the old sto-ry Till 'oth-ers would feel He was near;
 I'd sing till the far-a-way ech-oes, Would ring from the earth to the sky,

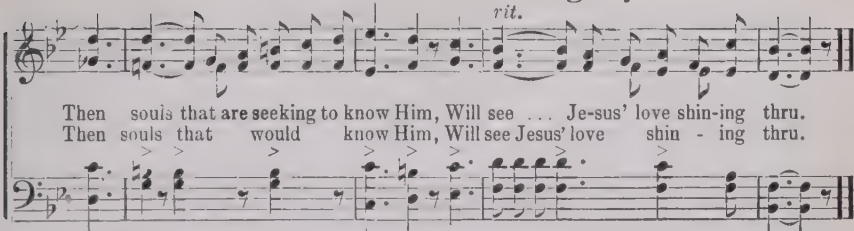
I'd tell it and tell it and tell it, Till mil-lions would hear the re-frain.
 I'd tell it and tell it and tell it, All na-tions His prais-es would hear.
 I'd tell it and tell it and tell it, In prais-es that nev-er would die.

REFRAIN.

But bet-ter than tell-ing is liv-ing A life ev-er faith-ful and true;
 But bet-ter is liv-ing A life that is true;

If I could but tell all the glory.

rit.



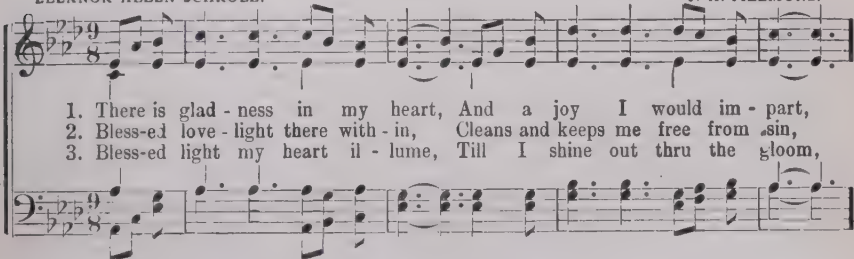
Then souls that are seeking to know Him, Will see . . . Je-sus' love shin-ing thru.
Then souls that would know Him, Will see Jesus' love shin - ing thru.

184

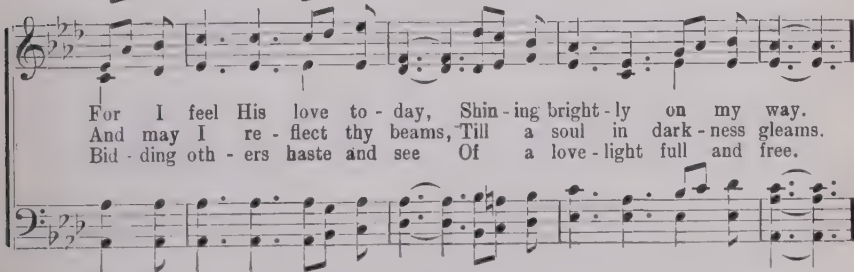
Blessed sunshine of His love.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

J. H. FILLMORE.

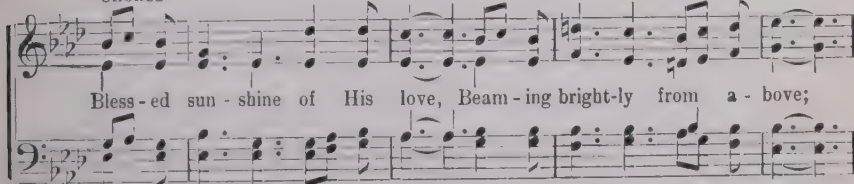


1. There is glad - ness in my heart, And a joy I would im - part,
2. Bless-ed love - light there with - in, Cleans and keeps me free from sin,
3. Bless-ed light my heart il - lume, Till I shine out thru the gloom,

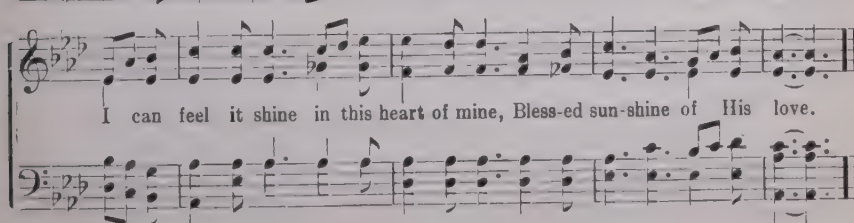


For I feel His love to - day, Shin-ing bright - ly on my way.
And may I re - flect thy beams, Till a soul in dark - ness gleams.
Bid - ding oth - ers haste and see Of a love - light full and free.

CHORUS



Bless - ed sun - shine of His love, Beam - ing bright - ly from a - bove;



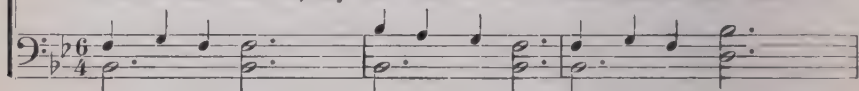
I can feel it shine in this heart of mine, Bless-ed sun-shine of His love.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

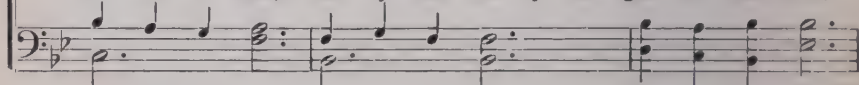
J. H. FILLMORE.

Duet.

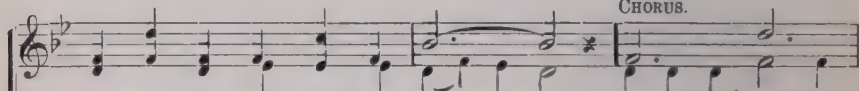
1. Bring me not gifts that are cost - ly and grand, Give me not jew - els or
 2. Some sim - ple flower from the friend that is true, Some gen - tle word from the
 3. Sweet - er and dear - er, my Sav - iour a - bove Sends blest as - sur - ance of



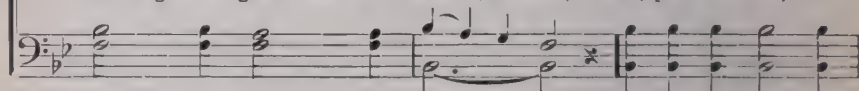
splen - did ar - ray; Some ten - der to - ken will love un - der - stand,
 lips that are kind; These will the joys of af - fec - tion re - new,
 fa - vor di - vine; Dai - ly and hour - ly are gifts of His love,



CHORUS.



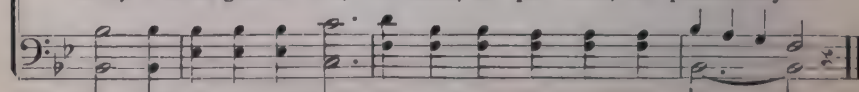
Dear - er is this far than they. (than they.) Love, love,
 Clos - er the chords of love bind. (love bind.)
 Fill - ing this glad heart of mine. (of mine.) Love, pur - est love, O



sweet gifts of love, Cher - ished and treasured by friends sun - dered far; Love,
 sweet gifts of love, Love, pur - est



love, sweet gifts of love, Pre - cious, so pre - cious they are! . . .
 love, O sweet gifts of love, Pre - cious, so pre - cious, how precious they are!



JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

From "America's Easter Guest."

Risolto.

1. Be true.... to the best you know; Be true to the dreams with-in;
 2. Be true.... to your soul's best light; Be true to your life's best good;
 3. Be true.... to the best you know, For hon - or is more than fame;

Keep hon - or as clean as snow, Untouched by the stain of sin.
 Look up to the cross-marked height, And stand as the brave have stood.
 Tho on - ward a - lone you go, Be true to the heart's re - frain.

REFRAIN.

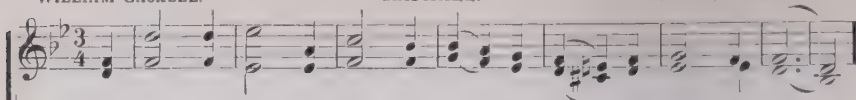
Be true,.... be true, (be true,) He los - es who stoops to win! to win!

Be true,.... be true, (be true,) Be true to the dreams with - in! ...

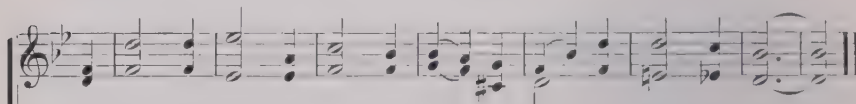
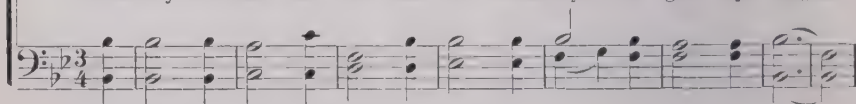
WILLIAM GASKELL.

RAPHAEL.

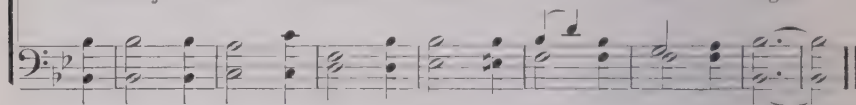
From G. DONIZETTI.



1. Tho low - ly here our lot may be, High work have we to do,
2. Our lives, en-riched with gen - tle thots And lov - ing deeds, may be
3. To du - ty firm, to con-science true, How-ev - er tried and pressed,
4. Thus may we make the low - liest lot With rays of glo - ry bright;



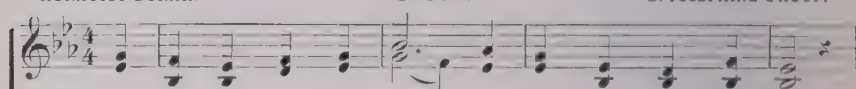
In faith and trust to fol - low Him Whose lot was low - ly too.
 A stream that still the no - bler grows, The near - er to the sea.
 In God's clear sight high work we do, If we but do our best.
 Thus may we turn a crown of thorns In - to a crown of light.



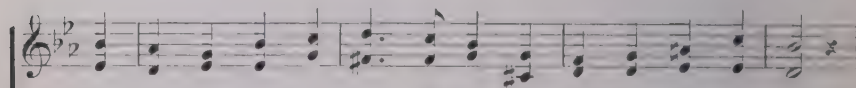
HORATIUS BONAR.

TRUTH.

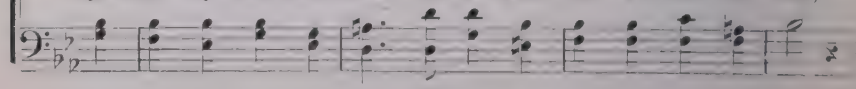
E. JOSEPHINE TROUP.



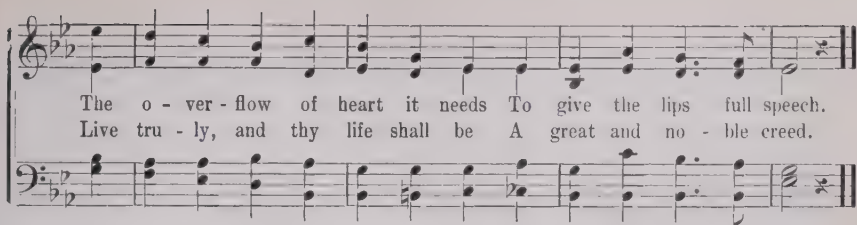
1. Thou must be true thy - self If thou the true wouldst teach;
2. Think tru - ly, and thy thots Shall the world's fam - ine feed;



Thy soul must o - ver - flow if thou An - oth - er's soul wouldst reach:
 Speak tru - ly, and each word of thine Shall be a fruit - ful seed;



Thou must be true thyself.



The o - ver - flow of heart it needs To give the lips full speech.
Live tru - ly, and thy life shall be A great and no - ble creed.

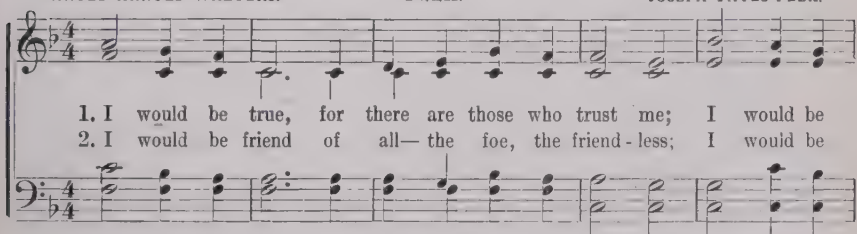
189

I would be true.

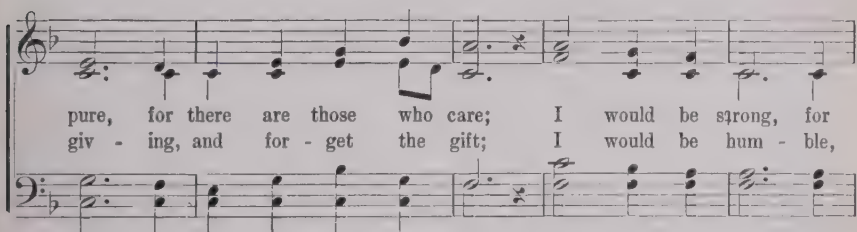
HAROLD ARNOLD WALTERS.

PEEK.

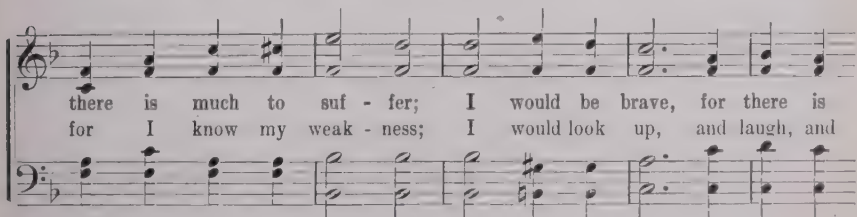
JOSEPH YATES PEEK.



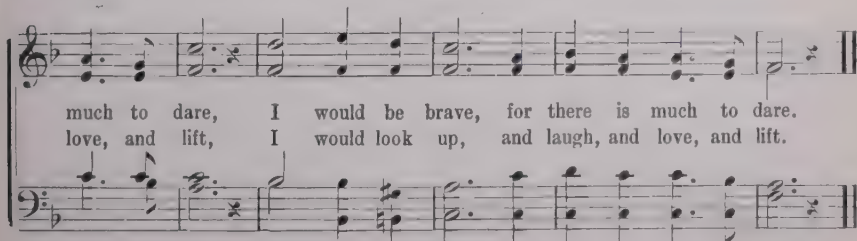
1. I would be true, for there are those who trust me; I would be
2. I would be friend of all—the foe, the friend-less; I would be



pure, for there are those who care; I would be strong, for
giv - ing, and for - get the gift; I would be hum - ble,



there is much to suf - fer; I would be brave, for there is
for I know my weak - ness; I would look up, and laugh, and



much to dare, I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
love, and lift, I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.

IDA. M. BUDD.
Alla Marcia.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We are loy - al Chris - tian sol - diers 'neath the ban - ner of our Lord,
2. Ev - ery tri - al that He sends us, ev - ery cross He bids us bear,
3. So wher - e'er His ban - ner beck - ons we will fol - low all the way,

As we're march - - ing, stead - i - ly march - - ing,
As we're march - ing, march - ing on, stead - i - ly march - ing, march - ing on,

For we fol - low where He leads us, and we trust His faith - ful word,
Will be ma - ny times re - ward - ed in the pleas - ures we shall share,
He will give us strength to con - quer, if we watch, and fight, and pray,

As we're march - ing, march - ing on, stead - i - ly on, (stead - i - ly on.)

CHORUS.

March - ing on - - ward, stead - i - ly on - - ward, While His
Marching onward, stead - i - ly on, march - ing onward, stead - i - ly on,

Loyal Christian Soldiers.

ban-ner floats a-bove us, still our joy - ful song shall ring! We are loy - al Chris-tian

sol-diers, and we trust in Christ our King, As we're marching on, stead-i-ly on.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. There are triplets indicated by a '3' over the notes in the second system.

191

Saviour teach me.

JANE E. LEESON.

C. M. VON WEBER.

1. Sav - iour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;
 2. With a child-like heart of love, At Thy bid - ding may I move;
 3. Teach me all Thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low in Thy grace;
 4. Love in lov - ing finds em - ploy— In o - be - dience all her joy;

Sweet - er les - son can - not be— Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
 Prompt to serve and fol - low Thee— Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
 Learn - ing how to love from Thee— Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
 Ev - er new that joy will be— Lov - ing Him who first loved me.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass. The key signature has one flat (Bb), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The lyrics are written below the Treble staff.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

THE HEART'S SONG.

HENRY FILLMORE.

Unison.

1. Of all loft-y prais-es that heavenward wing To Christ the King, to Christ the King,
2. In sweet, peace-ful val-ley, or bus-y mart, 'Twill joy im part, 'twill joy im-part,

There's noth-ing so sweet as the songs that ring From wak-ing hearts that sing.....
That ec-sta-sy of rap-ture that seems to start With mu-sic from the heart...

CHORUS.

Love is o'er us; Light be-fore us,

In sweet cho-rus We His praise pro-long;

Heaven-ward wend-ing, Voi-ces blend-ing,

Of all lofty praises.

Up - ward send - ing the heart's glad song. . .

193 Forward Christ's Battalions.

LEVI GILBERT, D. D., Litt. D.

GOING INTO ACTION.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. For-ward, Christ's bat-tal-ions, Quit yourselves like men; Wielding Gos-pel weap - ons,
2. Might-y re - in-force-ments Thrill the church with cheer; Fresh-ly press the vet - erans,
3. Trust-ing in your prow - ess, Home and na - tion rest; Fu - ture a - ges sig - nal

Force the fight a - gain; Yours the strength and dar - ing, Con - fi - dent and free,
Not a sign of fear; Thinned by age and death-stroke, Ranks fill up with youth;
Each to do His best. What are toils and dan - gers, March-es, wounds, or pain?

CHORUS.

Rouse to splen-did ac - tion, Fer - vid loy - al - ty! -
Sons in fath - ers' pla - ces Stand de-fend - ing truth! Forward, Christ's bat-tal-ions,
Christ is near His tri - umph, You with Him shall reign.

Con - fi - dent and free; Rouse to splen-did ac - tion, Fer - vid loy - al - ty!

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. In the bat - tle's din, With the hosts of sin, Will you
 2. When the fields a - wait, When the work is great, When the
 3. Should He call to - day, Would you glad - ly say Here am

bear His ban - ner thru? When the foe is strong, When the
 la - bor - ers are few, When the eas - y way, Leads the
 I Thy work to do? Then thru good or ill Will you

strife is long, Can the Mas - ter count on you?
 crowd a - stray, Can the Mas - ter count on you?
 do His will? Can the Mas - ter count on you?

f CHORUS. *cres.*
 Will you then be true? Can He count on you? In the cause of right,

cres. *ril.*
 Will you brave - ly fight? Can He count, Can He count on you?

Marching to victory.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Arm for the bat - tle, Sol-diers of right! Send the word of our Lord
 2. Read - y for bat - tle, Sol-diers all stand! Nev - er fail, nev - er quail,
 3. On to the bat - tle, On-ward to win! God and right give the might

Down the left and right. Arm for the bat - tle! Tri - umph we see;
 Wait your Lord's com - mand. Read - y for bat - tle! Tri - umph we see;
 O'er the hosts of sin. On to the bat - tle! Tri - umph we see;

CHORUS.
 March - ing to vic - to - ry— To vic - to - ry. On - ward, one and all,

Shout - ing the vic - to - ry; For - ward, heed the call that leads to vic - to - ry.

Je - sus is lead - ing on, Faith - ful is He. Shout, shout the vic - to - ry! the vic - to - ry!

GEORGE O. WEBSTER.

J. H. FILLMORE.

*Unison.**Parts.*

*D. C. 1. A - rise, a - rise, for lo! the night is past, In yon - der skies the day - star
D. C. 2. The hosts of youth are march - ing in - to light, "For God and truth" up-on their

shines at last, Soon day will break in splen - dor o'er the hills, O youth a -
ban - ners bright, Ex - ult - ant song rings out up-on the air, A host so

wake, (a - wake,) Your part to take, (to take,) Till earth with glo - ry fills.
strong, (so strong,) That sin and wrong (and wrong) Are vanquished ev - ery - where.

CHORUS.

With fac - es to the light, With ban - ners gleam - ing bright, The
We face the light, With ban - ners bright, The

hosts of youth shall tri - umph in the fight; The dark - ness melts a -
hosts shall tri - umph in the fight; The dark a -

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*Repeat verse 1 first time and verse 2 second time.

Our new day.

rit. *D. C.*

way, Be - hold the dawning day When earth shall own Mes - si - ah's sway.
 way, Be - hold the day

197 We are living we are dwelling.

A. C. COXE.

To Charles Clark Shedd, Hankow, China.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. We are liv - ing, we are dwell - ing, In a grand and aw - ful time,
 2. Worlds are charging, heav'n be - hold - ing, Thou hast but an hour to fight;

In an age on a - ges tell - ing; To be liv - ing is sub - lime.
 Now, the bla - zoned cross un - fold - ing, On, right on - ward, for the right!

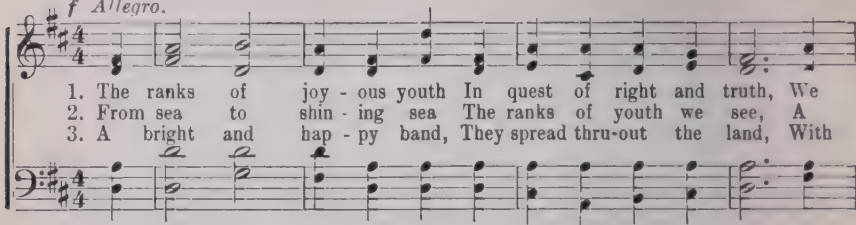
Hark! the wak - ing up of na - tions, Gog and Ma - gog to the fray;
 On! let all the soul with - in you For the truth's sake go a - broad;

rit.

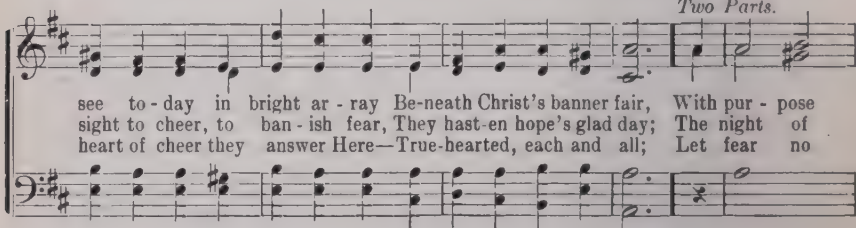
Hark! what sound-eth is cre - a - tions Groan-ing for the lat - ter day.
 Strike! let ev - ery nerve and sin - ew Tell on a - ges, tell for God!

GEORGE O. WEBSTER.

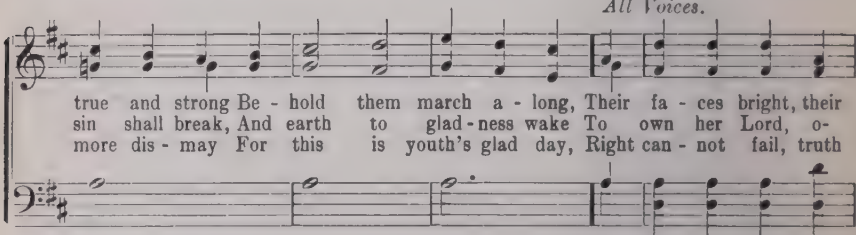
J. H. FILLMORE.

f Allegro.


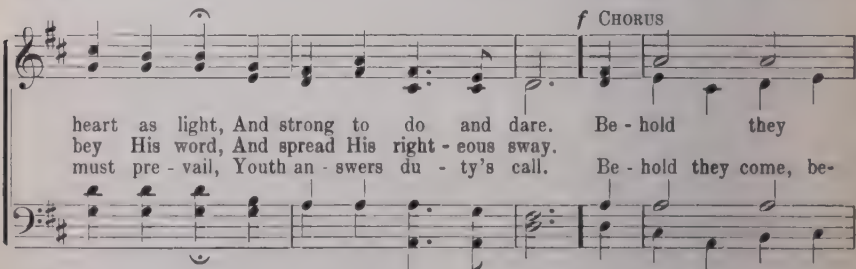
1. The ranks of joy - ous youth In quest of right and truth, We
 2. From sea to shin - ing sea The ranks of youth we see, A
 3. A bright and hap - py band, They spread thru-out the land, With

Two Parts.


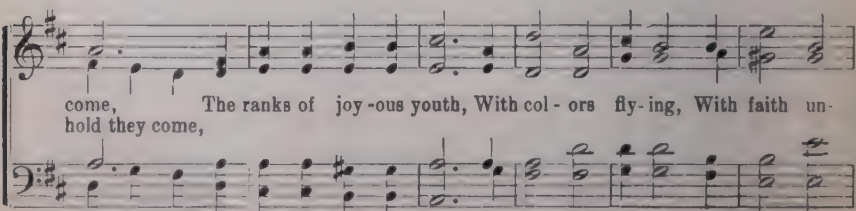
see to - day in bright ar - ray Be - neath Christ's banner fair, With pur - pose
 sight to cheer, to ban - ish fear, They hast - en hope's glad day; The night of
 heart of cheer they answer Here—True-hearted, each and all; Let fear no

All Voices.


true and strong Be - hold them march a - long, Their fa - ces bright, their
 sin shall break, And earth to glad - ness wake To own her Lord, o -
 more dis - may For this is youth's glad day, Right can - not fail, truth

f CHORUS


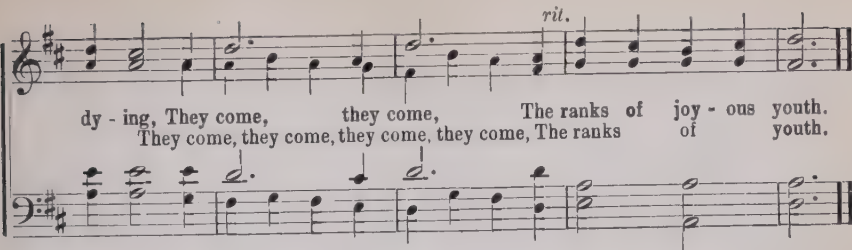
heart as light, And strong to do and dare. Be - hold they
 bey His word, And spread His right - eous sway.
 must pre - vail, Youth an - swers du - ty's call. Be - hold they come, be -



come, The ranks of joy - ous youth, With col - ors fly - ing, With faith un -
 hold they come,

The ranks of joyous youth.

rit.



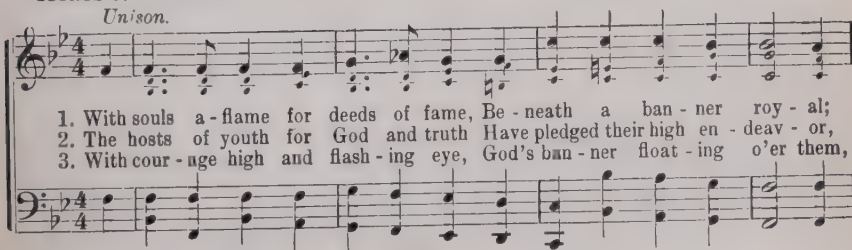
dy - ing, They come, they come, The ranks of joy - ous youth.
They come, they come, they come, they come, The ranks of youth.

199

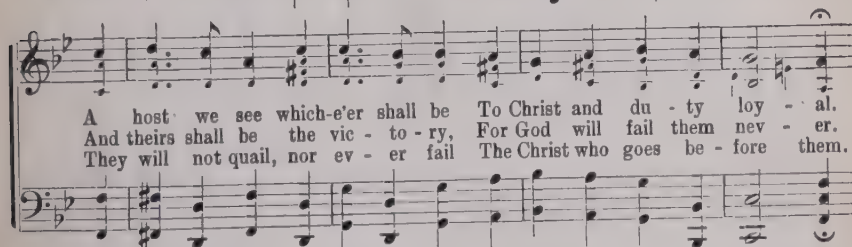
With souls aflame.

GEORGE O. WEBSTER.
Unison.

J. H. FILLMORE.

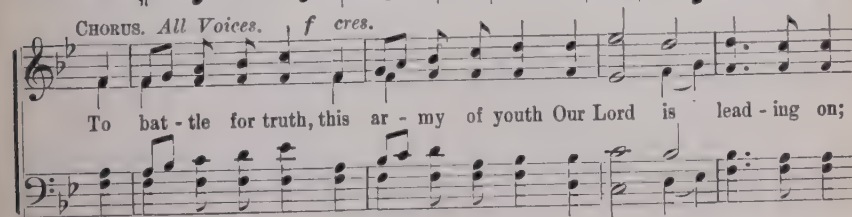


1. With souls a - flame for deeds of fame, Be - neath a ban - ner roy - al;
2. The hosts of youth for God and truth Have pledged their high en - deav - or,
3. With cour - age high and flash - ing eye, God's ban - ner float - ing o'er them,

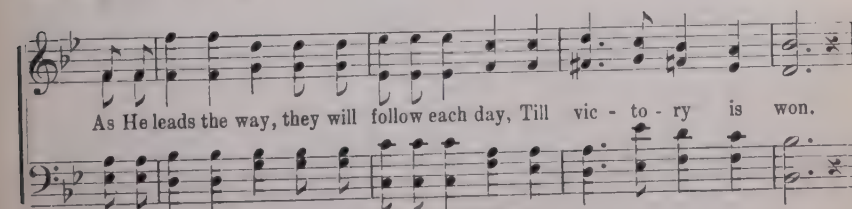


A host we see which - e'er shall be To Christ and du - ty loy - al.
And theirs shall be the vic - to - ry, For God will fail them nev - er.
They will not quail, nor ev - er fail The Christ who goes be - fore them.

CHORUS. *All Voices. f cres.*



To bat - tle for truth, this ar - my of youth Our Lord is lead - ing on;



As He leads the way, they will follow each day, Till vic - to - ry is won.

GEORGE O. WEBSTER.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. We are com-rades of the cross, And the strength of youth we bring; We are
 2. We will brave-ly take our stand For the cause of truth and right, We will
 3. He will lead us in the fray, And His power can nev-er fail; If our

count - ing all but loss In the serv-ice of the King. 'Neath our ban - ner,
 prove a loy - al band, In our Saviour's conquering might: Lo, our Lead - er's
 Cap - tain we o - bey, Then we sure-ly shall pre - vail; So we bring the

gleam-ing bright, We shall press the hosts of sin, O - ver all the powers of
 call we hear Far a - bove the bat - tle's din, And His crown-ing day is
 strength of youth, 'Gainst the ban-nered hosts of sin; As we fight for God and

CHORUS

night We shall the vic - t'ry win.
 near, We shall the vic - t'ry win. We are com-rades, loy - al com-rades, And our
 Truth, We shall the vic - t'ry win.

all to Christ we bring; We are com-rades in the serv-ice Of our Sav - iour King.

W. F. S.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Sound the bat - tle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the stand - ard high
 2. Strong to meet the foe, March - ing on we go, While our cause, we know,
 3. O Thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us one and all

For the Lord; Gird your ar - mor on, Stand firm, ev - ery one; Rest your
 Must pre - vail; Shield and ban - ner bright Gleam - ing in the light; Bat - tling
 By Thy grace, When the bat - tle's done, And the vic - tory won, May we

CHORUS.
 cause up - on His ho - ly word.
 for the right We ne'er can fail. Rouse, then, sol - diers, ral - ly round the
 wear the crown Be - fore Thy face.

ban - ner, Read - y, stead - y, pass the word a - long; On - ward, for - ward,

shout a - loud ho - san - na! Christ is Cap - tain of the might - y throng.

1. Go forth in this thy might, Thy Mas - ter send - eth thee;
 2. What if the storms of sin Rage 'round thy life's frail bark,
 3. Up - held by hands di - vine, Thou shalt a vic - tor be,

Re - ly on Him a - lone To keep thee strong and free.
 The Lord is at the helm, And guides thee thru the dark!
 So go in - to the fray, Thy Mas - ter send - eth thee!

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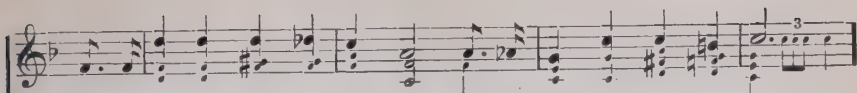
Unison.

1. Hear the trum - pet call that's sound - ing To the loy - al hosts to - day,
 2. Cour - age, then, my com - rade broth - er, Keep the step in brave ac - cord,

Far and wide its tones re - sound - ing, And it bids us march a - way;
 In the world there is no oth - er Like the ser - vice of the Lord;

For the foe, in proud de - fi - ance, Hath His stand - ard dark un - furled,
 Nev - er field so bright in glo - ry As the bat - tle ground with sin;

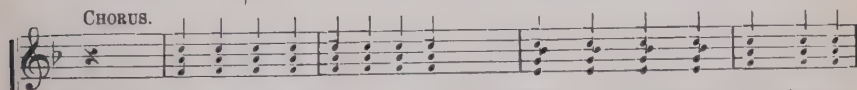
Hear the trumpet call.



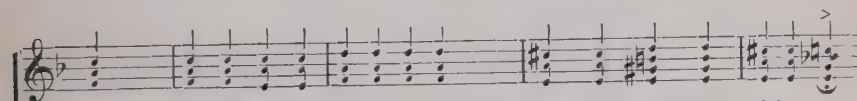
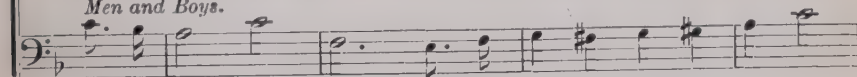
But in God is our re - li - ance, And He bids us save the world.
Nev - er deed so great in sto - ry As the vic - t'ry we shall win.



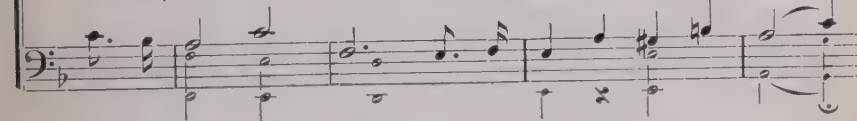
CHORUS.



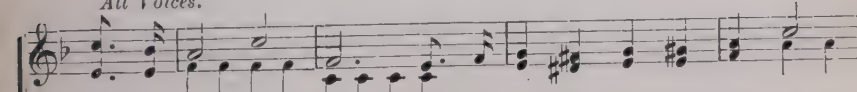
Hear the trum - pet call, For - ward march, ye con - q'ring le - gions,
Men and Boys.



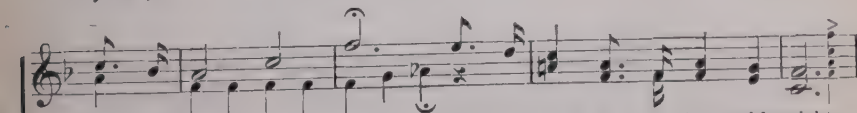
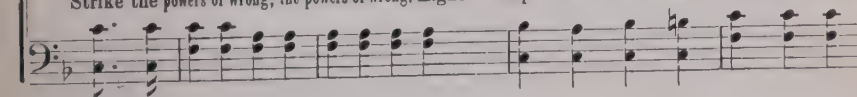
For - ward, one and all! In the cause of truth and right...



All Voices.



Strike the powers of wrong, Light - en up the dark - ened re - gions,
Strike the powers of wrong, the powers of wrong. Light up the dark - ened re - gions, And



And with joy and song, For - ward march in Je - ho - vah's might.
with joy and song, with joy and song March in Je - ho - vah's might.

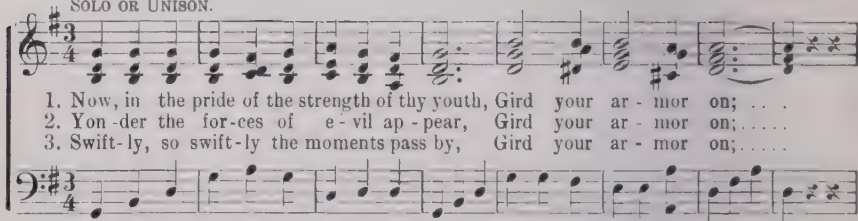


Gird your armor on.

GEORGE O. WEBSTER.

J. H. FILLMORE.

SOLO OR UNISON.



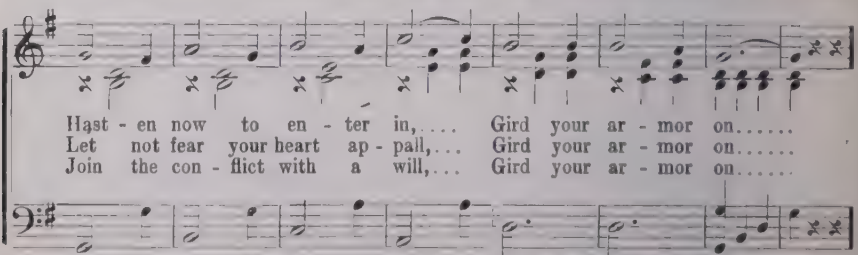
1. Now, in the pride of the strength of thy youth, Gird your ar - mor on; ...
 2. Yon - der the for - ces of e - vil ap - pear, Gird your ar - mor on; ...
 3. Swift - ly, so swift - ly the moments pass by, Gird your ar - mor on; ...



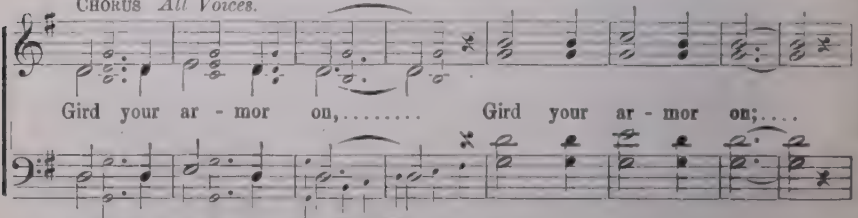
Forth to the bat - tle for God and truth, Gird your ar - mor on;
 FORTH to the con - flict with nev - er a fear, Gird your ar - mor on;
 Who is so faith - less his God will de - ny, Gird your ar - mor on;



Know that God will sure - ly win, Love must tri - umph o - ver sin,
 Lis - ten now! the Cap - tain's call, In - to line, and for - ward all,
 There's a place which you can fill In the ranks, 'tis wait - ing still,



Hast - en now to en - ter in, ... Gird your ar - mor on;
 Let not fear your heart ap - pall, ... Gird your ar - mor on;
 Join the con - flict with a will, ... Gird your ar - mor on;

CHORUS *All Voices.*


Gird your ar - mor on, Gird your ar - mor on;

Gird your armor on.

Now is the time, life's morn-ing prime; Gird your ar - mor on

205 We're soldiers in a holy war.

LEVI GILBERT, D. D., Litt. D.

CUTLER.

HENRY S. CUTLER.

1. We're sol - diers in a ho - ly war, We're bat - tling for the right;
2. A - gainst all vul - gar things and mean, The fraud, the sham, the lie,
3. Each day the con - quest near - er draws The o - ver - throw of wrong;

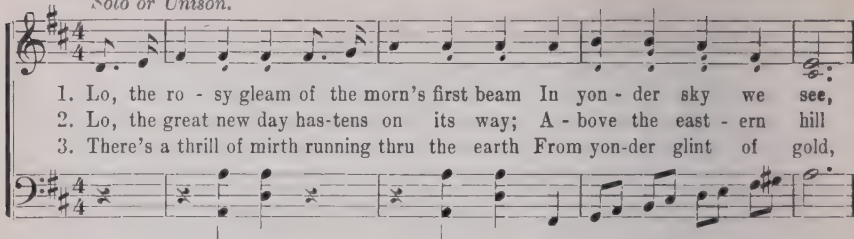
Tho' fierce the com - bat, ev - er - more Ad - vanc - ing for the fight.
 And for the no - ble, hon - est, clean, We'll strug - gle till we die.
 The tri - umph of Im - man - uel's cause, The vic - tor's shout and song!

In vain the ranks of hell may boast, We'll drive them from the field;
 O Lord, in - spire us to be brave, True he - roes help us be;
 For God and truth who'll dare to live? Who's read - y for the fray?

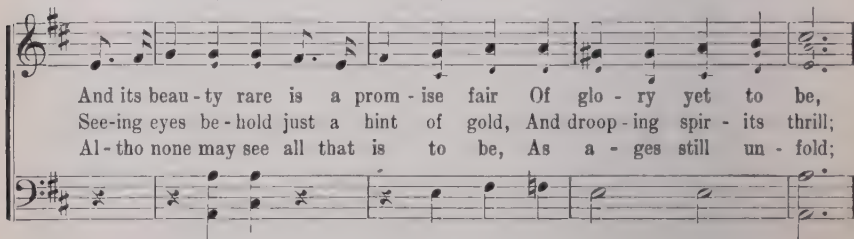
The Cap - tain of Je - ho - vah's host Will ne'er to Sa - tan yield!
 From cow - ard - ly sur - ren - der save, Firm may we stand for Thee!
 His name to Christ who'll glad - ly give, Who'll vol - un - teer to - day?

GEORGE O. WEBSTER.
Solo or Unison.

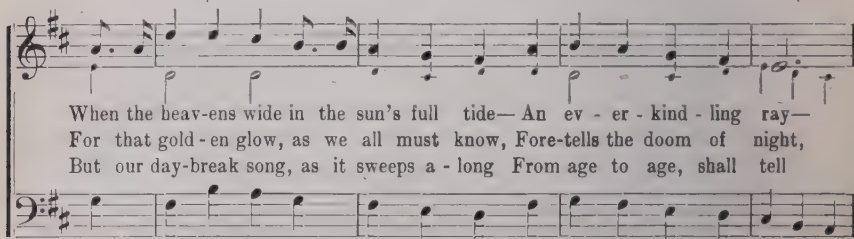
J. H. FILLMORE.



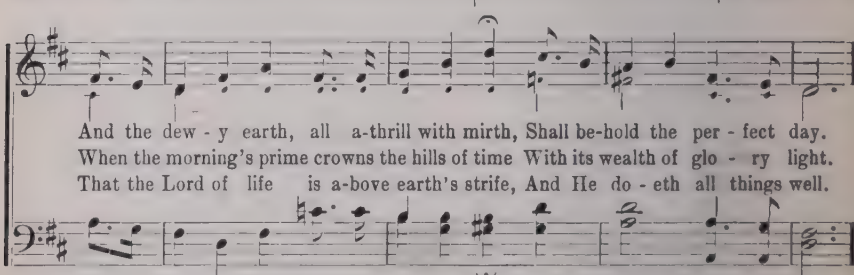
1. Lo, the ro - sy gleam of the morn's first beam In yon - der sky we see,
2. Lo, the great new day has-tens on its way; A - bove the east - ern hill
3. There's a thrill of mirth running thru the earth From yon-der glint of gold,



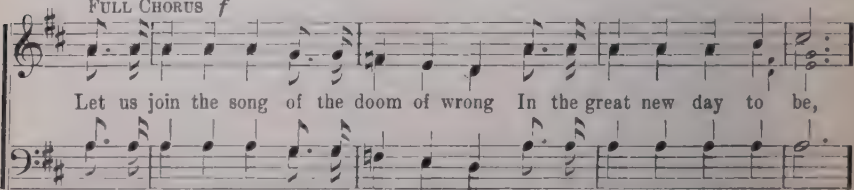
And its beau - ty rare is a prom - ise fair Of glo - ry yet to be,
See-ing eyes be - hold just a hint of gold, And droop - ing spir - its thrill;
Al - tho none may see all that is to be, As a - ges still un - fold;



When the heav - ens wide in the sun's full tide— An ev - er - kind - ling ray—
For that gold - en glow, as we all must know, Fore - tells the doom of night,
But our day-break song, as it sweeps a - long From age to age, shall tell

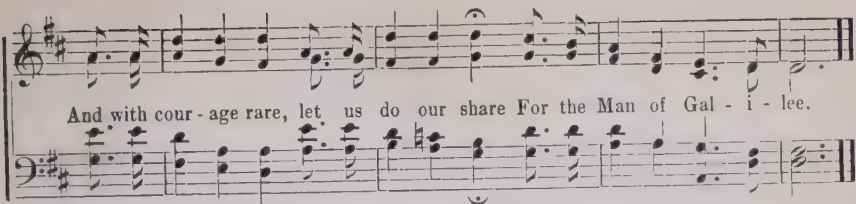


And the dew - y earth, all a - thrill with mirth, Shall be - hold the per - fect day.
When the morning's prime crowns the hills of time With its wealth of glo - ry light.
That the Lord of life is a - bove earth's strife, And He do - eth all things well.

FULL CHORUS *f*


Let us join the song of the doom of wrong In the great new day to be,

A song of the morning.



And with cour-age rare, let us do our share For the Man of Gal-i-lee.

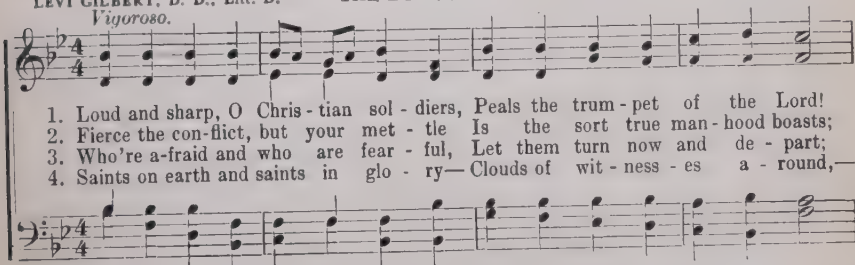
207 Loud and sharp O Christian soldiers.

LEVI GILBERT, D. D., Litt. D.

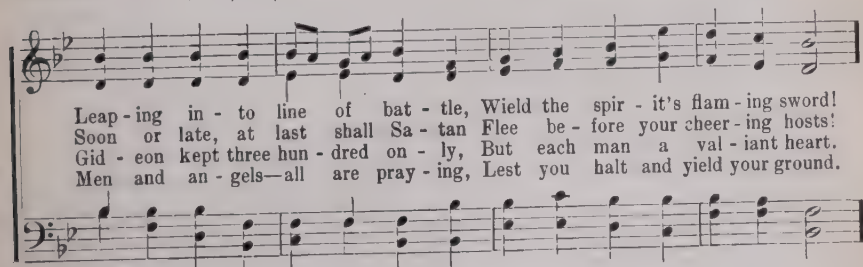
THE BUGLE CALL.

J. H. FILLMORE.

Vigorous.

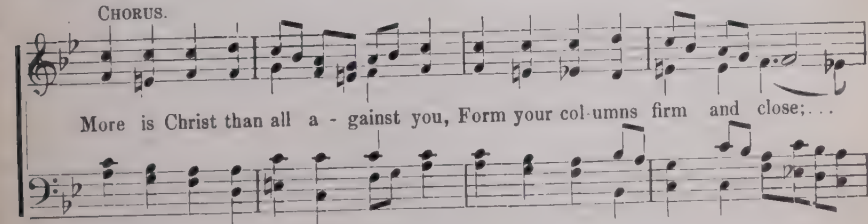


1. Loud and sharp, O Chris-tian sol-diers, Peals the trum-pet of the Lord!
2. Fierce the con-flict, but your met-tle Is the sort true man-hood boasts;
3. Who're a-fraid and who are fear-ful, Let them turn now and de-part;
4. Saints on earth and saints in glo-ry—Clouds of wit-ness-es a-round,—

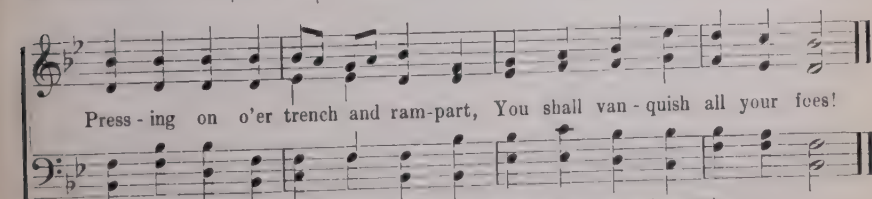


Leap-ing in-to line of bat-tle, Wield the spir-it's flam-ing sword!
 Soon or late, at last shall Sa-tan Flee be-fore your cheer-ing hosts!
 Gid-eon kept three hun-dred on-ly, But each man a val-iant heart.
 Men and an-gels—all are pray-ing, Lest you halt and yield your ground.

CHORUS.



More is Christ than all a-gainst you, Form your col-umns firm and close;...



Press-ing on o'er trench and ram-part, You shall van-quish all your foes!

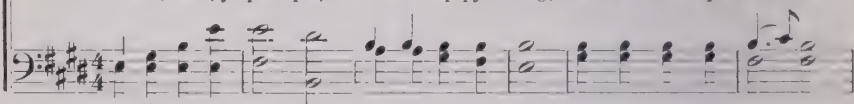
Copyright, 1920, by The Fillmore Bros. Co., in "Hymns for Today." International copyright.

SABINE BARING-GOULD,

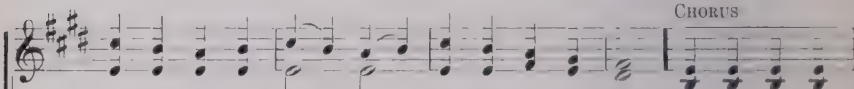
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN,



1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are tread-ing
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
4. On-ward, then, ye peo-ple, Join our hap-py throng; Blend with ours your voi-ces

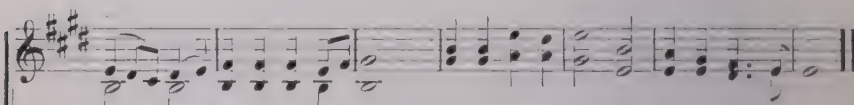
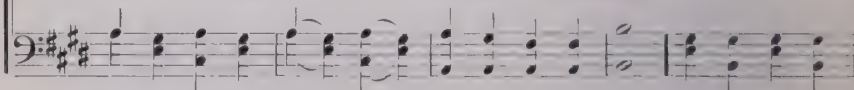


Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre - vail;
In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or, Un - to Christ, the King,



CHORUS

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ner go!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. On - ward, Chris - tian
We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.
This thru count - less a - ges Men and an - gels sing.



sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.



GEORGE O. WEBSTER.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. An ar - my with ban - ners is march - ing a - long, They're sing - ing the
 2. An ar - my with ban - ners, the youth of our land, No pow - ers of
 3. An ar - my with ban - ners, their lead - er a King Whose prais - es the

strains of a ju - bi - lant song, They march to the con - flict of right a - gainst
 e - vil a - gainst them can stand, They fight un - der - neath the great Cap - tain's com -
 earth and the heav - ens now sing, And soon shall the joy - notes of tri - umph out -

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

- wrong, And vic - to - ry theirs shall be, shall be.
 mand, And vic - to - ry theirs shall be, shall be. Vic - to - ry theirs shall
 ring, For vic - to - ry theirs shall be, shall be.

be, the vic - to - ry, Vic - to - ry theirs shall be, shall be; The

ar - my of youth, In bat - tle for truth, The vic - to - ry theirs shall be!

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum - pet call o - bey;
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a - lone;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
 Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day;
 The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your - own;

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
 "Ye that are men now serve Him," A - gainst un - num - bered foes;
 Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with pray'r;

Till ev - ery foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
 Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

Stand up, (stand up), for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;.. Lift

Stand up stand up for Jesus.

high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not, it must not suf - fer loss.

211 Once to every man and nation.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Once to ev - ery man and na - tion Comes the mo - ment to de - cide,
2. Then to side with truth is no - ble, When we share her wretch - ed crust,
3. Tho the cause of e - vil pros - per, Yet 'tis truth a - lone is strong;

In the strife of truth with false-hood, For the good or e - vil side;
Ere her cause bring fame and prof - it, And 'tis pros - perous to be just;
Truth for - ev - er on the scaf - fold, Wrong for - ev - er on the throne,

Some great cause, God's new Mes - si - ah, Of - fer - ing each the bloom or blight—
Then it is the brave man choos - es, While the cow - ard stands a - side,
Yet that scaf - fold sways the fu - ture, And, be - hind the dim un - known,

And the choice goes by for - ev - er 'Twixt that dark - ness and that light.
Till the mul - ti - tude make vir - tue Of the faith they had de - nied.
Stand - eth God with - in the shad - ow, Keep - ing watch a - bove His own.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

Girls and Women.

1. There's a bat-tle on a - gainst the wrong, Come, ye sons of light, Join ye
 2. O my broth-ers, 'tis a won-drous day, God is in the land, With His
 3. Let no good heart faint at such a time, When the world is stirred By the

in the fight, Brave and true, in line, a might-y throng For God and for the right.
 mighty hand, Thrones and empires, with their haughty sway, Are fall-ing at His command.
 Ho-ly Word We will now go forth to deeds sub-line, For now is the great call heard.

Inst.

In the ranks we're read - y, ev - ery one, For-ward to move at the great Captain's
 See His ban - ner, lift - ed far and wide, See them gath - er, the brave and the
 Lead us on, still on, O might - y King, Lead us on, till the great war shall

Boys and Men.

call; 'Tis Je - ho - vah leads His ar - mies on, And the
 free, See the hosts ad - vance on ev - ery side, — O the
 cease, Till the glo - rious tri - umph we shall sing, And o'er

There's a battle on.

CHORUS. All Voices.

king - dom of Sa - tan will fall.
vic - t'ry by faith we can see, There's a bat - tle on a -
all Thou shalt reign Prince of Peace!

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). Both staves feature a melody with triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over the notes) and chords. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of the chorus starting on the second line of the top staff.

gainst the wrong, Come, ye sons of light, Join ye in the fight, Brave and

This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff continues the melody from the first system, with triplet markings. The bottom staff provides harmonic support with chords. The lyrics continue below the staves.

true, in line, a might-y throng, Valiant for God, strong in the right.
might - y throng, Valiant for God,

This system contains the final two staves of music. The top staff concludes the melody with a triplet and a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking. The bottom staff continues with chords and a triplet. The lyrics conclude below the staves.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. In the name of Christ, fling your ban - ners out, Let them fly, let them
 2. That the ti - dings blest may be borne a - broad, Give your hand, give your

fly, All ye val - iant ones, let your ral - lying shout Rend the sky,
 hand, That your place be filled in the ranks of God, Take your stand,

rend the sky; Now we see the brightness of His word, And we hail the ris - ing dawn,
 take your stand, And no ill thy soul un-moved shall see, In the bat - tle's din and shock,

rit.
 Now Je - ho-vah takes His conquering sword, And His cause goes march - ing on.
 For the Lord Him-self thy strength shall be, And thine ev - er - last - ing Rock.

CHORUS. *A tempo.*
 In the name of Christ, fling your ban-ners out, Let them fly, let them fly,
 Let them fly, let them fly,

Fly your banners.

Lift, ye valiant ones, your rallying shout: To do or die; In the name of Christ, let them

fly, In the name of Christ, let them fly, O let your banners fly, Let your banners fly.

215

Rise up O youth of God.

WILLIAM P. MERRILL.

SAM MASON.

1. Rise up, O youth of God! Have done with lesser things;
 2. Rise up, O youth of God! His kingdom tarries long;
 3. Rise up, O youth of God! The church for you doth wait;
 4. Lift high the cross of Christ! Tread where His feet have trod;

Give heart and soul and mind and strength To serve the King of kings,
 Bring in the day of brotherhood And end the night of wrong,
 Her strength shall make your spirit strong, Her service make you great,
 As brothers of the Son of Man, Rise up, O youth of God!

Give heart and soul and mind and strength To serve the King of kings.
 Bring in the day of brotherhood And end the night of wrong.
 Her strength shall make your spirit strong, Her service make you great.
 As brothers of the Son of Man, Rise up, O youth of God.

1. March bold - ly on, march bold - ly on, And
2. This glo - rious war a - gainst the wrong Shall

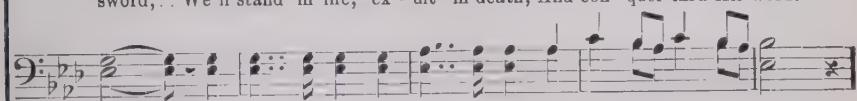
smite the powers of sin;... In Je - sus' name, in Je - sus' name, Go
all our powers em - ploy;... The tow - ering holds of sin so strong Our

forth thy crown to win; A sol - dier true, go take thy stand And bat - tle for the
Lord will yet de - stroy; All ar - mored with the shield of faith, And gird - ed with His

March boldly on.



right, . . . Hear now thy Captain's blest command, Go con - quer in His might.
sword, . . . We'll stand in life, ex - ult in death, And con - quer thru His word.



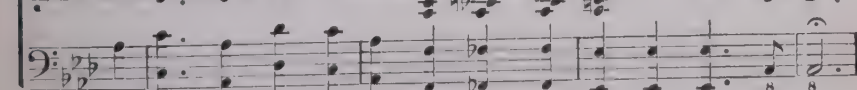
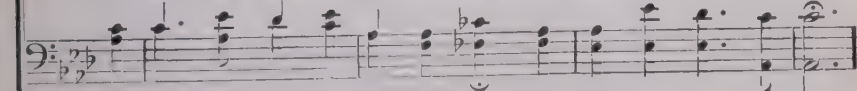
CHORUS.



March bold - ly on, march bold - ly on, And smite the powers of sin; . . .



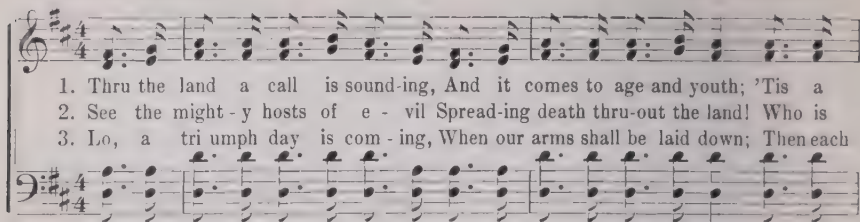
In Je - sus' name, in Je - sus' name, Go forth thy crown to win.



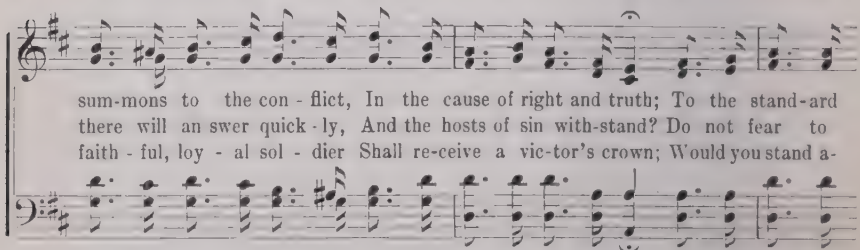
217 The victory may depend on you.

GEORGE O. WEBSTER.

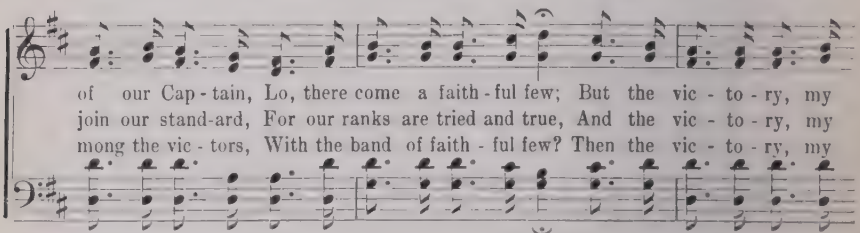
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Thru the land a call is sound-ing, And it comes to age and youth; 'Tis a
 2. See the might-y hosts of e-vil Spread-ing death thru-out the land! Who is
 3. Lo, a tri-umph day is com-ing, When our arms shall be laid down; Then each

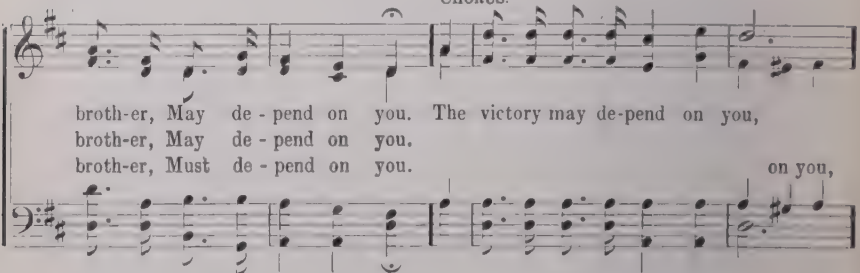


sum-mons to the con-flict, In the cause of right and truth; To the stand-ard
 there will an swer quick-ly, And the hosts of sin with-stand? Do not fear to
 faith-ful, loy-al sol-dier Shall re-ceive a vic-tor's crown; Would you stand a-

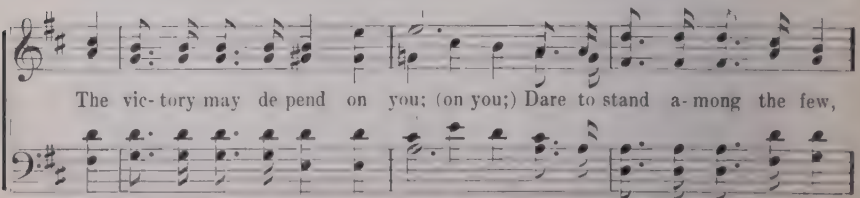


of our Cap-tain, Lo, there come a faith-ful few; But the vic-to-ry, my
 join our stand-ard, For our ranks are tried and true, And the vic-to-ry, my
 mong the vic-tors, With the band of faith-ful few? Then the vic-to-ry, my

CHORUS.



broth-er, May de-pend on you. The victory may de-pend on you,
 broth-er, May de-pend on you.
 broth-er, Must de-pend on you. on you,



The vic-tory may de-pend on you; (on you;) Dare to stand a-mong the few,

The victory may depend on you.

With the faith - ful tried and true, For the vic-tory may de-pend on you.

218 We march with the Lord our King.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.
UNISON.

S. B. STAMBAUGH.

1. We march, we march with the Lord our King, Our joy - ful songs up - rais - ing;
2. We march, we march to His serv - ice true, He crowns each small en - deav - or,

We fol - low on where He leads the way, His name e - ter - nal prais - ing,
We bring good news to the sons of men, His love will fail us nev - er,

CHORUS
His name e - ter - nal prais - ing. Joy, joy is the song we sing, Marching, forward
His love will fail us nev - er.

march-ing, Hail, hail to the Lord our King. While marching, forward march - ing.

Fling out the banner.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

WALTHAM.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

1. Fling out the ban - ner; let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide—
 2. Fling out the ban - ner, an - gels bend, In anx - ious si - lence, o'er the sign,
 3. Fling out the ban - ner; let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide—
 4. Fling out the ban - ner, wide and high, Sea-ward and sky-ward, let it shine;

The sun, that lights its shin - ing folds; The cross on which the Sav - iour died.
 And vain - ly seek to com - pre - hend The won - der of the love di - vine.
 Our glo - ry, on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope, the Cru - ci - fied.
 Nor skill, nor might, nor mer - it, ours: We con - quer on - ly in that sign.

220 From Greenland's icy mountains.

REGINALD HEBER.

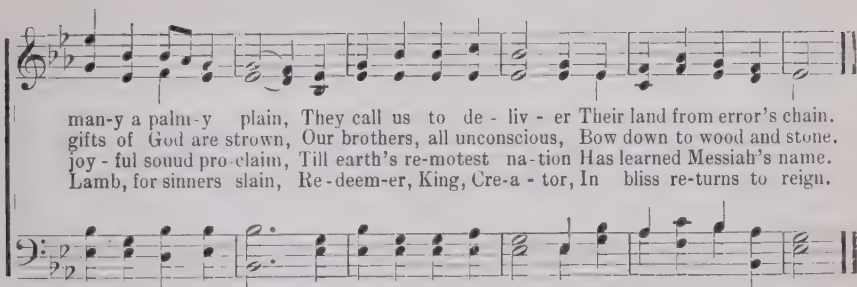
MISSIONARY HYMN.

LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From India's cor - al strand; Where Afric's sun - ny
 2. What tho the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle— Tho ev - ery prospect
 3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted By wis - dom from on high— Shall we, to man be -
 4. Waft—waft, ye winds, His story; And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till like a sea of

foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand; From man - y an an - cient riv - er, From
 pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile! In vain, with lav - ish kind - ness. The
 night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The
 glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till, o'er our ransomed na - ture, The

From Greenland's icy mountains.



man-y a palmy plain, They call us to de-liv-er Their land from error's chain.
 gifts of God are strown, Our brothers, all unconscious, Bow down to wood and stone.
 joy-ful sound pro-claim, Till earth's re-motest na-tion Has learned Messiah's name.
 Lamb, for sinners slain, Re-deem-er, King, Cre-a-tor, In bliss re-turns to reign.

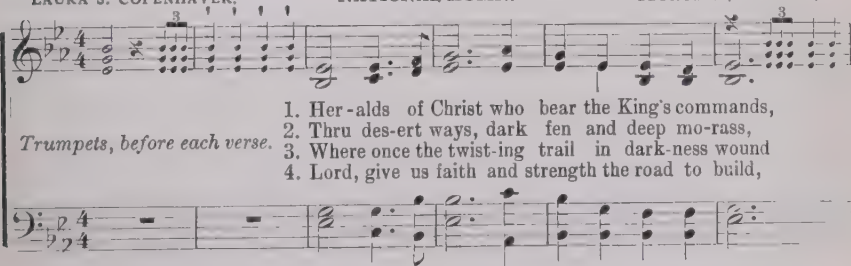
221

Heralds of Christ.

LAURA S. COPENHAVER,

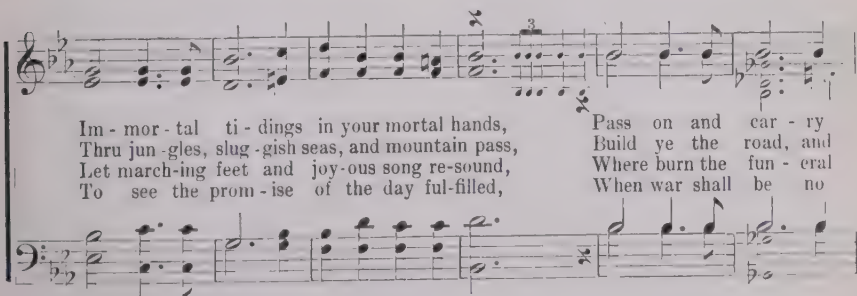
NATIONAL HYMN.

GEORGE W. WARREN,

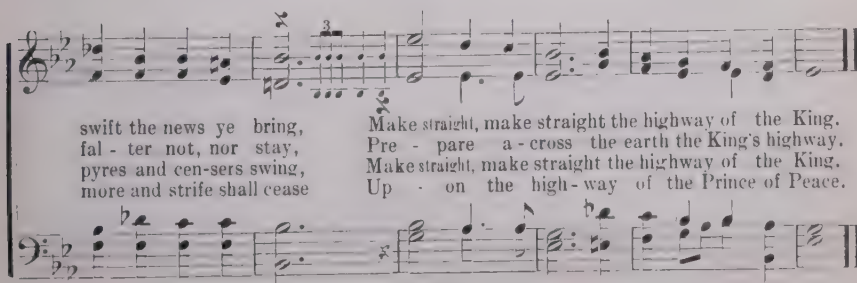


1. Her-alds of Christ who bear the King's commands,
 2. Thru des-ert ways, dark fen and deep mo-rass,
 3. Where once the twist-ing trail in dark-ness wound
 4. Lord, give us faith and strength the road to build,

Trumpets, before each verse.



Im-mor-tal ti-dings in your mortal hands, Pass on and car-ry
 Thru jun-gles, slug-gish seas, and mountain pass, Build ye the road, and
 Let march-ing feet and joy-ous song re-sound, Where burn the fun-eral
 To see the prom-ise of the day ful-filled, When war shall be no



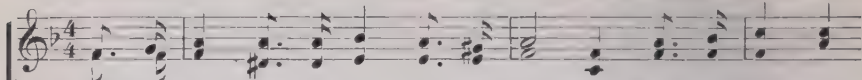
swift the news ye bring, Make straight, make straight the highway of the King.
 fal-ter not, nor stay, Pre-pare a-cross the earth the King's highway.
 pyres and cen-sers swing, Make straight, make straight the highway of the King.
 more and strife shall cease Up-on the high-way of the Prince of Peace.

222 We've a story to tell to the nations.

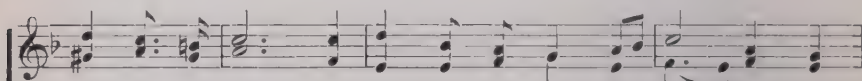
COLIN STERNE.

MESSAGE.


Adapted from H. ERNEST NICHOL.



1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their
 2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their
 3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord who
 4. We've a Sav - iour to show to the na - tions, Who the path of




hearts to the right, A sto - ry of truth and mer - cy, A
 hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con - quer e - vil And
 reign - eth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us, And
 sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ples Might



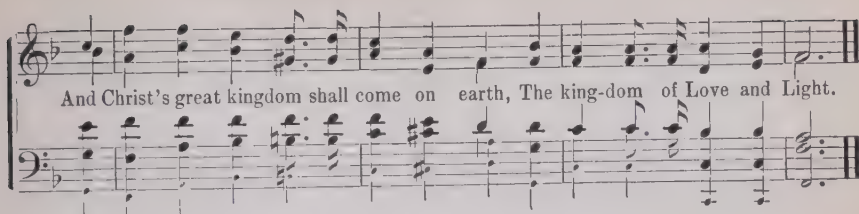
sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
 shat - ter the spear and sword, And shat - ter the spear and sword.
 show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
 come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God!

REFRAIN.



For the dark-ness shall turn to dawn - ing, And the dawn-ing to noon-day bright,

We've a story to tell to the nations.



And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The king-dom of Love and Light.

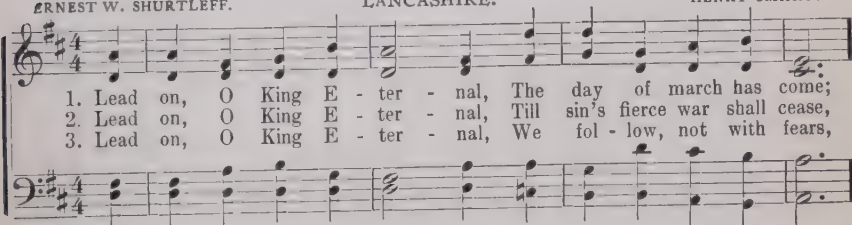
223

Lead on O King Eternal.

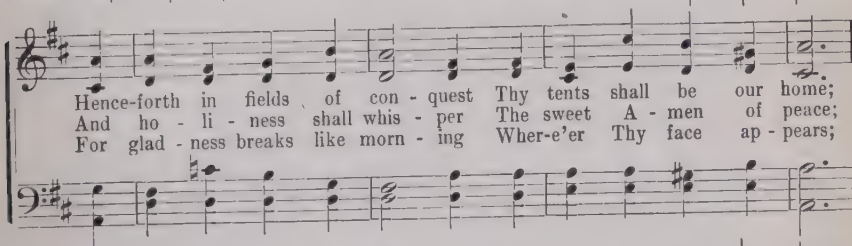
ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF.

LANCASHIRE.

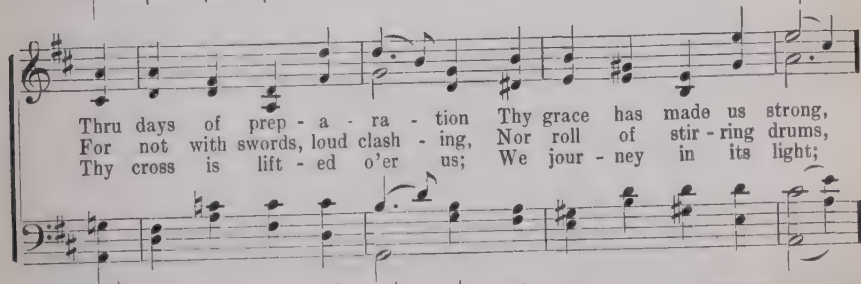
HENRY SMART.



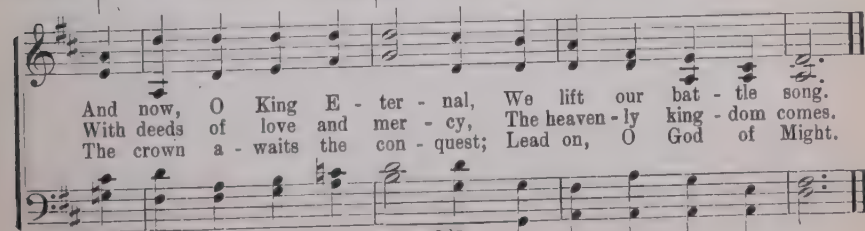
1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come;
2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, We fol - low, not with fears,



Hence-forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home;
And ho - li - ness shall whis - per The sweet A - men of peace;
For glad - ness breaks like morn - ing Wher-e'er Thy face ap - pears;



Thru days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong,
For not with swords, loud clash - ing, Nor roll of stir - ring drums,
Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us; We jour - ney in its light;

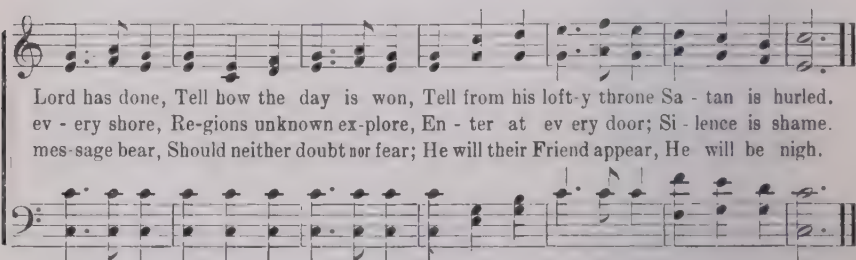
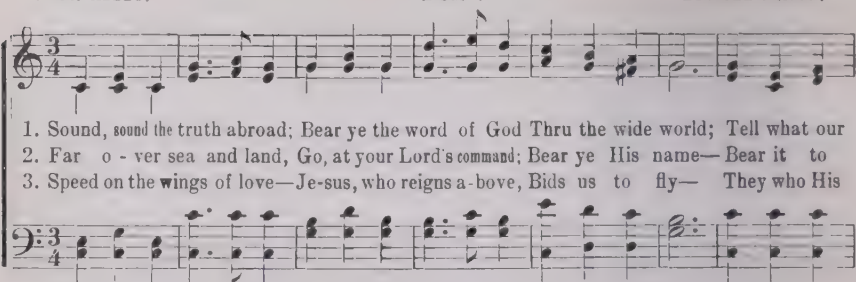


And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.
With deeds of love and mer - cy, The heav - en - ly king - dom comes.
The crown a - waits the con - quest; Lead on, O God of Might.

THOS. KELLY,

DORT.

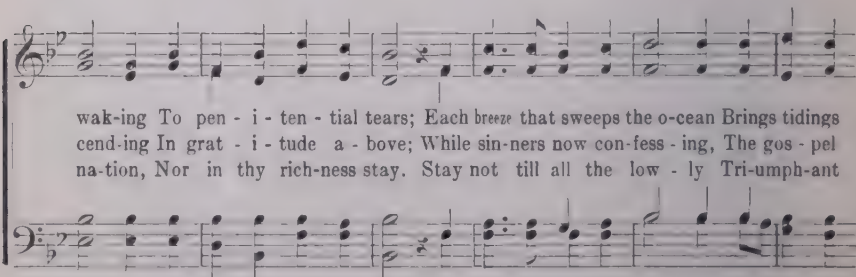
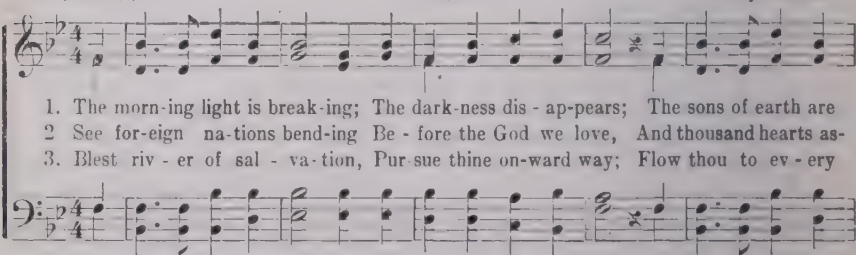
LOWELL MASON.



S. F. SMITH,

WEBB.

G. J. WEBB.



The morning light is breaking.

from a - far, Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre-pared for Zi-on's war.
call o - bey, And seek the Sav-iour's bless-ing, A na - tion in a day.
reach their home: Stay not till all the ho - ly Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

226

Lo the army of our King.

A. P. COBB.

THE WORLD FOR CHRIST.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Lo! the ar - my of our King, March-ing on from sea to sea!
2. Hear the march-ing or - der: "Go, Preach the word in ev - 'ry clime,
3. Seel the ban - ner is un - furled! Seel it floats up - on the breeze!

Loud their hal - le - lu - jahs ring With the joy of vic - to - ry.
Un - til all the earth be - low, Ech - o with the strain sub - lime."
O'er the king - doms of the world, O'er the is - lands of the seas!

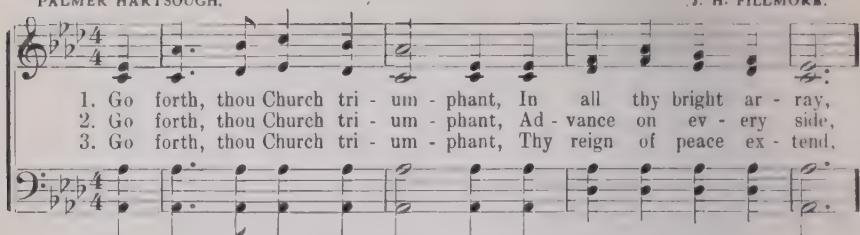
CHORUS.
"The world for Christ, Christ for the world!" We shout with glad ac - claim,

Till ev - 'ry soul, From pole to pole, Con - fess that glo - rious name.

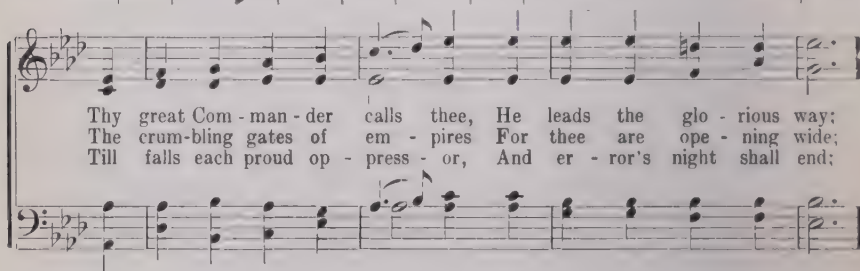
227 Go forth, thou Church triumphant.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

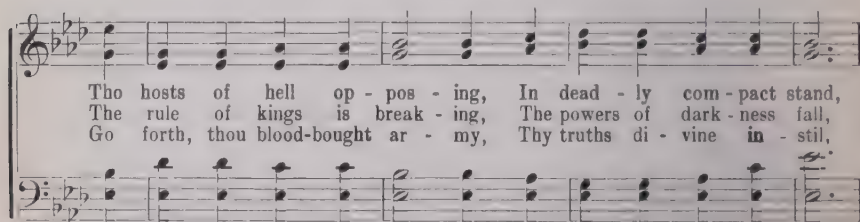
J. H. FILLMORE.



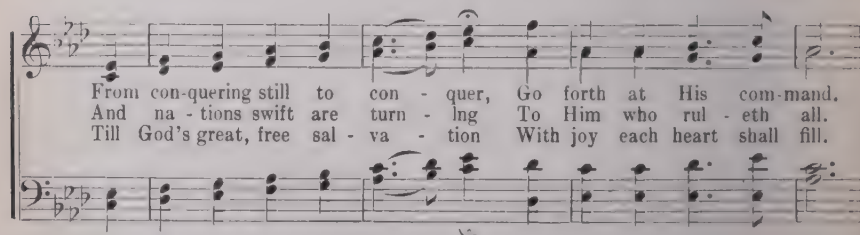
1. Go forth, thou Church tri - um - phant, In all thy bright ar - ray,
 2. Go forth, thou Church tri - um - phant, Ad - vance on ev - ery side,
 3. Go forth, thou Church tri - um - phant, Thy reign of peace ex - tend,



Thy great Com - man - der calls thee, He leads the glo - rious way;
 The crum - bling gates of em - pires, For thee are ope - ning wide;
 Till falls each proud op - press - or, And er - ror's night shall end;

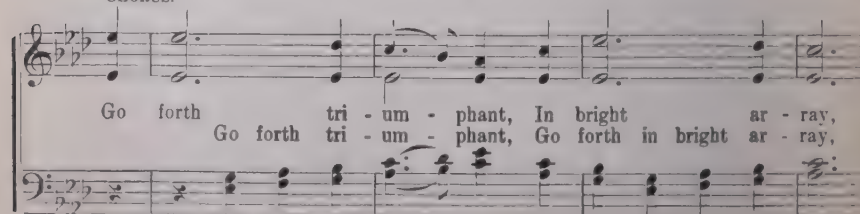


Tho hosts of hell op - pos - ing, In dead - ly com - pact stand,
 The rule of kings is break - ing, The powers of dark - ness fall,
 Go forth, thou blood - bought ar - my, Thy truths di - vine in - stil,



From con - quering still to con - quer, Go forth at His com - mand,
 And na - tions swift are turn - ing To Him who rul - eth all.
 Till God's great, free sal - va - tion With joy each heart shall fill.

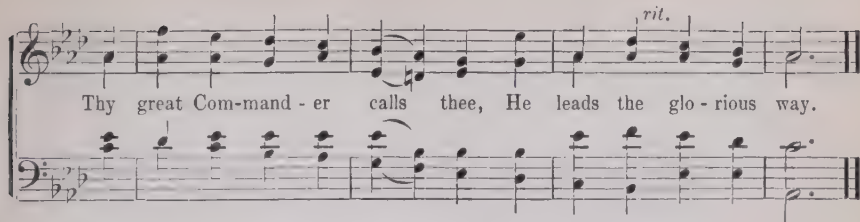
CHORUS.



Go forth tri - um - phant, In bright ar - ray,
 Go forth tri - um - phant, Go forth in bright ar - ray,

Go forth, thy Church triumphant.

rit.



Thy great Com-mand - er calls thee, He leads the glo - rious way.

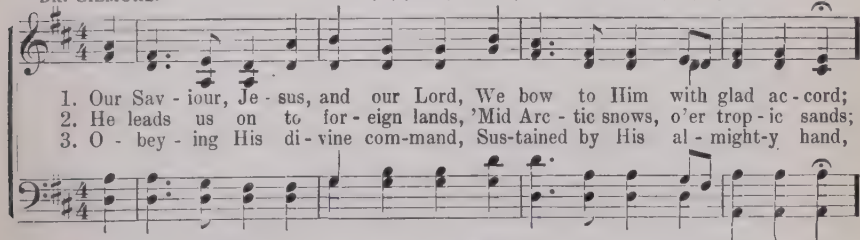
228 Our Saviour, Jesus, and our Lord.

NOTE.—In the summer of 1914 Dr. Gilmore, author of "He Leadeth Me," wrote a missionary hymn adapted to the Bradbury music, which we believe the Church will sing with fervor and good results.

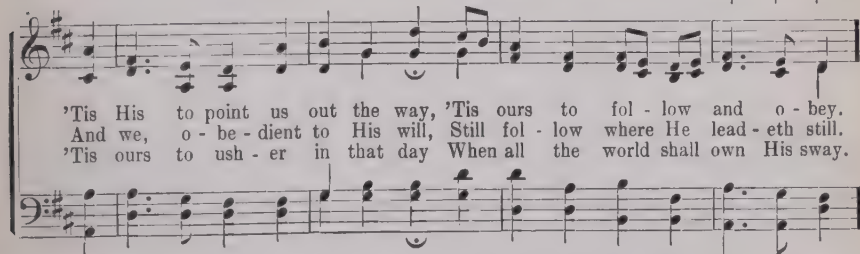
DR. GILMORE.

HE LEADETH ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

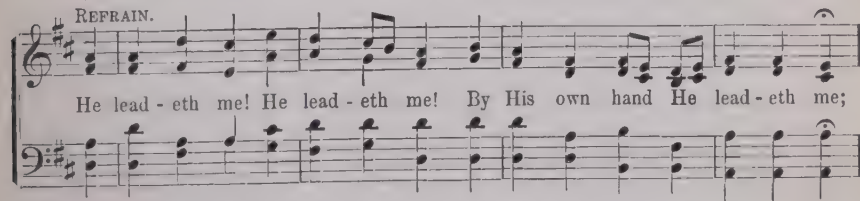


1. Our Sav - iour, Je - sus, and our Lord, We bow to Him with glad ac - cord;
2. He leads us on to for - eign lands, 'Mid Arc - tic snows, o'er trop - ic sands;
3. O - bey - ing His di - vine com-mand, Sus-tained by His al - might-y hand,

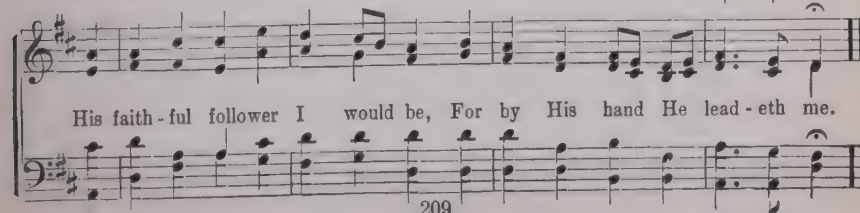


'Tis His to point us out the way, 'Tis ours to fol - low and o - bey.
And we, o - be - dient to His will, Still fol - low where He lead - eth still.
'Tis ours to ush - er in that day When all the world shall own His sway.

REFRAIN.



He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me;



His faith - ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

Hasten Lord the glorious time.

HARRIET AUBER,

PLEYEL'S HYMN.

IGNAZ J. PLEYEL.

1. Has - ten, Lord, the glo - rious time When, be - neath Mes - si - ah's sway,
 2. Might - iest kings His power shall own, For - eign tribes His name a - dore;
 3. Then shall wars and tu - mul'ts cease, Then be ban - ished grief and pain;
 4. Bless we, then, our gra - cious Lord; Ev - er praise His glo - rious name;

Ev - ery na - tion, ev - ery clime, Shall the gos - pel call o - bey.
 Sa - tan and his host o'er - thrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
 Right - eous - ness and joy and peace, Un - dis - turbed shall ev - er reign.
 All His might - y acts re - cord; All His won - drous love pro - claim.

Hail to the brightness.

THOS. HASTINGS,

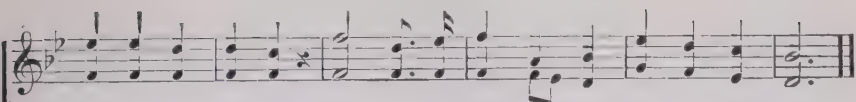
WESLEY.

LOWELL MASON.

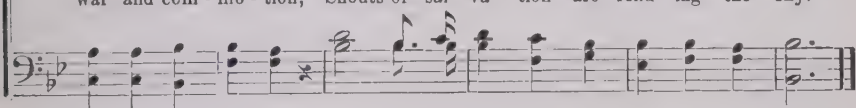
1. Hail to the bright - ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing! Joy to the
 2. Hail to the bright - ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing, Long by the
 3. Lo! in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring - ing; Streams ev - er
 4. See from all lands—from the isles of the o - cean—Praise to Je -

lands that in dark - ness have lain! Hushed be the ac - cents of
 proph - ets of Is - rael fore - told! Hail to the mil - lions from
 co - pious are glid - ing a - long; Loud from the moun - tain - tops
 ho - vah as - cend - ing on high; Fallen are the en - gines of

Hail to the brightness.



sor - row and mourn - ing: Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her mild reign.
 bond - age re - turn - ing! Gen - tiles and Jews, the blest vi - sion be - hold.
 ech - oes are ring - ing; Wastes rise in ver - dure and min - gle in song.
 war and com - mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the sky.



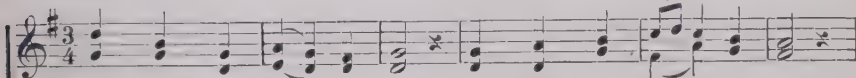
231

Christ for the world we sing.

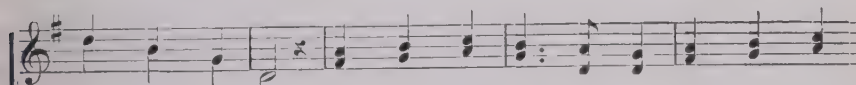
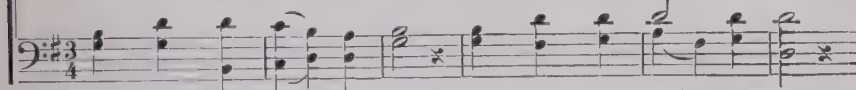
Anonymous.

ITALIAN HYMN.

FELICE DE GIARDINI.



1. Christ for the world! we sing; The world to Christ we bring,
 2. Christ for the world! we sing; The world to Christ we bring,
 3. Christ for the world! we sing; The world to Christ we bring,
 4. Christ for the world! we sing; The world to Christ we bring,



With lov - ing zeal; The poor and them that mourn, The faint and
 With fer - vent prayer; The way - ward and the lost, By rest - less
 With one ac - cord, With us the work to share, With us re -
 With joy - ful song; The new - born souls whose days, Re - claimed from



o - ver - borne, Sin - sick and sor - row - worn, Whom Christ doth heal.
 pas - sions tossed, Re - deemed at count - less cost, From dark de - spair.
 proach to dare, With us the cross to bear, For Christ our Lord.
 er - ror's ways, In - spired with hope and praise, To Christ be - long.



PALMER HARTSOUGH

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Give as the Lord hath prospered thee, Give, give to the Lord;
 2. Give to the poor a - long the way, Give, give to the Lord;
 3. Give, tho so poor thy gift may seem, Give, give to the Lord;

Give with a will - ing mind and free, Give, give to the Lord;
 Give to His peo - ple far a - way, Give, give to the Lord;
 Give but the cup in Je - sus' name, Give, give to the Lord;

He hath sup - plied thee o'er and o'er, Blest thee in bas - ket
 Give to His need - y as they cry, Give to His peo - ple
 Cheer - ful then give the good thou hast, Fear - less thy bread on

and in store, Promised to fill thee more and more, Thy gra - cious Lord.
 ere they die, Give to His gos - pel that it fly, O give, give, give.
 wa - ters cast, It will re - turn to thee at last In har - vests great.

CHORUS.

Give, give with a will - ing hand, Give, give with a lib - eral hand,

Give to the Lord.

Give, give at His blest command, Who prospered thee, prospered thee.

The musical score is for a two-part setting of 'Give to the Lord.' It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a repeat sign and first/second endings. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

233 Lord Thou lovest the cheerful giver.

ROBERT MURRAY.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Lord, Thou lov'st the cheer-ful giv - er Who with o - pen heart and hand
2. Blest by Thee with gifts and gra - ces, May we heed Thy Church's call;

The musical score is for a two-part setting of 'Lord Thou lovest the cheerful giver.' It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a repeat sign and first/second endings. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

Bless - es free - ly, as a riv - er That re-fresh - es all the land;
Glad - ly in all times and pla - ces Give to Thee who giv - est all.

The musical score continues with a treble and bass staff, maintaining the key signature of one flat (B-flat) and 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a repeat sign and first/second endings. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

Grant us then the grace of giv - ing With a spir - it large and free,
Thou hast bought us, and no lon - ger Can we claim to be our own;

The musical score continues with a treble and bass staff, maintaining the key signature of one flat (B-flat) and 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a repeat sign and first/second endings. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

That our life and all our liv - ing We may con-se-crate to Thee.
Ev - er free and ev - er stron - ger, We shall serve Thee, Lord, a-lone.

The musical score concludes with a treble and bass staff, maintaining the key signature of one flat (B-flat) and 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a repeat sign and first/second endings. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.
Andante.

GIVING TO OTHERS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. On this day of days, to His courts with praise, Come we with
2. Scat-ter joy to-day; light the dark-ened way; In hearts now

glad-ness our of-ferings to bring; Be they large or small, He will bless them
si-lent the hap-py bells ring; Give with cheer-ful-ness, He will sure-ly

all, Giv-ing to oth-ers we give to the King.
bless, Giv-ing to oth-ers we give to the King.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Joy be-yond meas-ure, From the heart's treas-ure, When we are

giv-ing, Makes life worth the liv-ing; Love a-maz-ing, free,
Love a-maz-ing, free,

On this day of days.

in His words we see, Do - ing for oth - ers, ye do un - to Me,
in His words we see,

235 O Jesus dear Saviour beloved.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

GIVING.

S. B. STAMBAUGH.

Girls and Women.

Boys and Men.

1. O Je-sus, dear Sav-iour be-lov - ed, We come with our of-fering to - day,
2. Our Saviour, our Friend and our Helper, We're thankful for bless-ings so free,
3. O Je-sus, dear Sav-iour be-lov - ed, Thy hand ev-er yields us the best,

Girls and Women.

Boys and Men.

Self, ser-vice and substance we're bringing With joy on thine al-tar to lay.
We sing as our gifts we are bring-ing, Thine own are we giv-ing to Thee.
And in the sweet mis-sion of shar - ing, Our lives will be hap-py and blest.

CHORUS

We praise Thee, we bless Thee, While joy - ful ho - san - nas we sing; glad-ly sing;

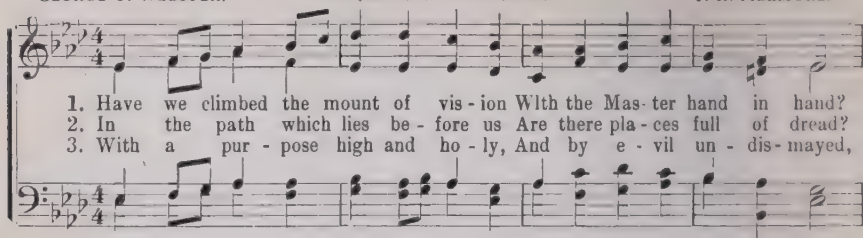
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, As trib - ute to Thee we bring.

236 Have we climbed the mount of vision?

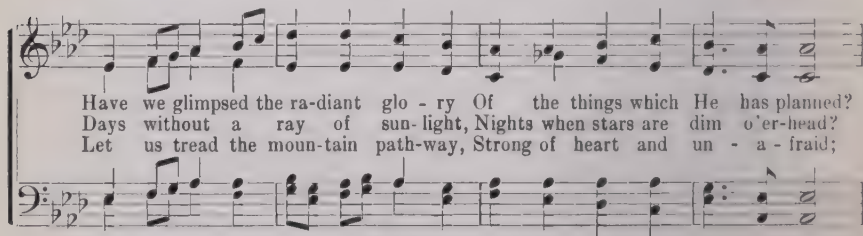
GEORGE O. WEBSTER.

THE MOUNT OF VISION.

J. H. FILLMORE.

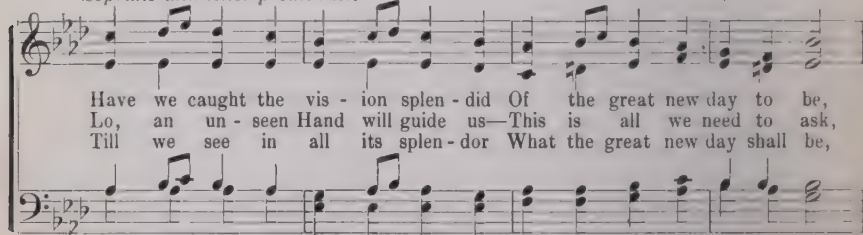


1. Have we climbed the mount of vis-ion With the Mas-ter hand in hand?
 2. In the path which lies be-fore us Are there pla-ces full of dread?
 3. With a pur- pose high and ho-ly, And by e-vil un-dis-mayed,

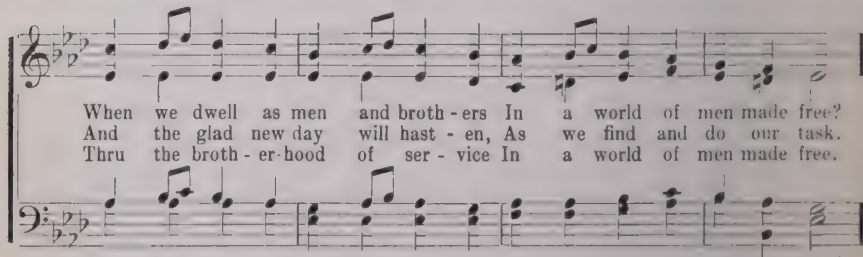


Have we glimpsed the ra-diant glo-ry Of the things which He has planned?
 Days without a ray of sun-light, Nights when stars are dim o'er-head?
 Let us tread the moun-tain path-way, Strong of heart and un-a-fraid;

Soprano and tenor prominent.

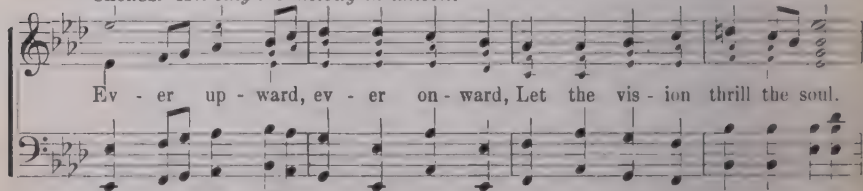


Have we caught the vis-ion splen-did Of the great new day to be,
 Lo, an un-seen Hand will guide us—This is all we need to ask,
 Till we see in all its splen-dor What the great new day shall be,



When we dwell as men and broth-ers In a world of men made free?
 And the glad new day will hast-en, As we find and do our task.
 Thru the broth-er-hood of ser-vice In a world of men made free.

CHORUS. *All sing the melody in unison.*



Ev-er up-ward, ev-er on-ward, Let the vis-ion thrill the soul.

Have we climbed the mount of vision?

Ev - er up - ward, ev - er on - ward, Till we reach the shin - ing goal.

237

By love serve one another.

E. E. HEWITT.

SERVING BY LOVE.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. By love serve one an - oth - er, The ho - ly word o - bey;
 2. Yes, bear some oth - er's bur - den, And yours will light - er be;
 3. By love serv - ice be - stow - ing, The hun - gry shall be fed;

By help serv - ing the oth - er A - long life's rug - ged way.
 Give self, give will - ing serv - ice, Where on - ly God can see.
 To sweet rap - ture in know - ing, Of Christ, the liv - ing Bread.

CHORUS.

Serv - ing by love, tru - ly serv - ing by love, This is the best way of liv - ing;

Scant tho your fare, it will grow as you share, Lov - ing, and lift - ing, and giv - ing.

238

O blessed Son of God.

HARRY L. CRAIN.

ST. THOMAS.

AARON WILLIAMS.

1. O bless - ed Son of God, In love and faith we plead,
 2. Our Eld - er Broth - er Thou, Whose her - i - tage we share,
 3. Thou didst the will of Him Who sent Thee from a - bove;
 4. To serve Thy king - dom, Lord, To qui - et sin's tur - moil,
 5. Thou Man of Gal - i - lee, O wilt Thou live a - gain,

That Thou wouldst bind our minds and hearts In Broth - er - hood of need.
 Our kin - dred lives we of - fer Thee, In Broth - er - hood of prayer.
 Thou send - est us, as He sent Thee, In Broth - er - hood of love.
 Do Thou or - dain and con - se - crate Our Broth - er - hood of toil.
 A - bide with - in, con - trol, in - spire Our Broth - er - hood of men.

239

O brother man.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. O broth - er man, fold to thy heart thy broth - er; Where pit - y
 2. For one whom Je - sus loved has tru - ly spo - ken, The ho - lier
 3. Fol - low with rev - erent steps the great ex - am - ple Of Him whose

dwells, the peace of God is there; To wor - ship right - ly is to love each
 wor - ship which He deigns to bless Re - stores the lost, and binds the spir - it
 ho - ly work was "do - ing good;" So shall the wide earth seem our Father's

O brother man.

oth - er, Each smile a hymn, each kind - ly deed a prayer.
bro - ken, And feeds the wid - ow and the fa - ther - less.
tem - ple, Each lov - ing life a psalm of grat - i - tude.

240 In Christ there is no East or West.

JOHN OXENHAM.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. In Christ there is no East or West, In Him no South or North;
2. Join hands then, broth-ers of the faith, What-e'er your race may be,

But one great fe - low - ship of Love Thru - out the whole wide earth.
Who serves my Fa - ther as a son Is sure - ly kin - to me.

In Him shall true hearts ev - 'ry-where Their high com - mun - ion find;
In Christ now meet both East and West, In Him meet South and North;

rit.
His serv - ice is the gold - en cord Close bind - ing all man - kind.
All Christ - ly souls are one in Him Thru - out the whole wide earth.

Anon.

O WHAT A HAPPY WORLD,

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

Unison.

1. If ev - ery one were wise and sweet, And ev - ery one were jol - ly; If
2. And if, per-haps, we all would try That glo-rious time to hur - ry; If

ev - ery heart with glad-ness beat, And none were mel-an - chol - y; If none should
you and I, just you and I, Would laugh in-stead of wor - ry; If we would

grum - ble and com-plain, And no one ev - er la - bor At e - vil work, but
grow, just you and I, More sweet and kind-er-heart ed, Per-haps in some near

CHORUS.

each were fair, To love and help his neigh-bor. O what a hap - py world
by and by, That good time might get started.

this would be For you and me, For you and me, For you, for you and me.

242 When thy heart with joy o'erflowing.

THEODORE C. WILLIAMS.

BULLINGER.

ETHELBERT W. BULLINGER.

1. When thy heart with joy o'er-flow-ing, Sings a thank-ful pray'r,
 2. When the har-vest sheaves in-gath-ered Fill thy barns with store,
 3. If thy soul, with pow'r up-lift-ed, Yearn for glo-rious deed,
 4. Share with Him thy bread of bless-ing, Sor-rows' bur-den share;

In thy joy, O let thy broth-er With..... thee share.
 To thy God, and to thy broth-er Give..... the more.
 Give the strength to serve thy broth-er In..... his need.
 When thy heart en-folds a broth-er God..... is there.

243 Where cross the crowded ways.

F. MASON NORTH.

GERMANY.

BEETHOVEN.

1. Where cross the crowd-ed ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan,
 2. In haunts of wretch-ed-ness and need, On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
 3. The cup of wa-ter giv'n for Thee, Still holds the fresh-ness of Thy grace;
 4. Till sons of men shall learn Thy love And fol-low where Thy feet have trod:

A-bove the noise of self-ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!
 From paths where hide the lures of greed, We catch the vis-ion of Thy tears.
 Yet long these mul-ti-tudes to see The sweet com-pas-sion of Thy face.
 Till glo-rious from Thy heav'n a-bove Shall come the cit-y of our God.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Broth-ers are we in Christ the Lord, We're guid-ed by His chart,
 2. Broth-ers are we, to work, to glean, To give to oth-er's needs,
 3. Broth-ers are we, and God's great mind Thru us makes liv-ing sweet;

Work-ing in peace and sweet ac-cord, We're one (we're one) in heart.
 Trust-ing and bless-ing, tho un-seen, The hand (the hand) that leads.
 Ev-ery i-deal of life we find, In Him (in Him) com-plete.

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GEORGE T. COSTER.

ARTHUR'S SEAT.

Arranged from JOHN GOSS.

1. March on, O soul, with strength, Like those strong men of old
 2. March on, O soul, with strength, As strong the bat-tle rolls;
 3. Not long the con-flict: soon The ho-ly war shall cease,

Who 'gainst en-thron-ed wrong Stood con-fi-dent and bold;
 'Gainst lies and lusts and wrongs, Let cour-age rule our souls;
 Faith's war-fare end-ed, — won The home of end-less peace.

March on O soul.

Who, thrust in prison or cast to flame, Still made their glo - ry in the name.
In keen-est strife, Lord, may we stand, Up-held and strengthened by Thy hand.
Look up, the victor's crown at length; March on, O soul, march on, with strength.

246

Somebody.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Some-bod-y did a gold en deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-bod-y thot 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing-ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Some-bod-y made a lov-ing gift, Cheer-ful-ly tried a load to lift;
4. Some-bod-y filled the days with light, Con-stant-ly chased a-way the night;

Some-bod-y sang a cheerful song, Bright'ning the sky the whole day long,—
Some-bod-y fought a val-iant fight, Brave-ly he lived to shield the right,—
Some-bod-y told the love of Christ, Told how His will was sac-ri-ficed,—
Some-body's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev-er cease,—

rit.
Was that some-bod-y you? Was that some-bod-y you?

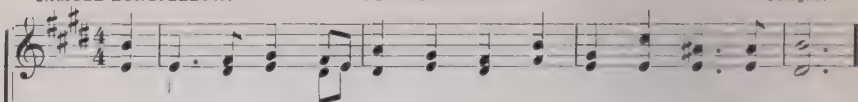
Words and music copyright, 1901, by W. S. Weedon, E. O. Excell, owner.

247 God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world.

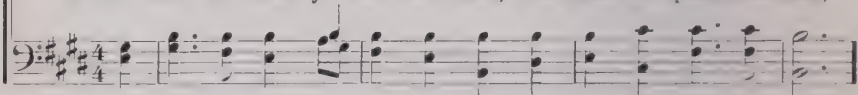
SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

ST. BERNARD.

Cologne.



1. God's trum - pet wakes the slum-bering world: Now each man to his post!
2. He who in feal - ty to the truth, And count-ing all the cost,
3. He who, no an - ger on his tongue, Nor an - y i - dle boast,
4. He who, with calm, un - daunt-ed will, Ne'er counts the bat - tle lost,
5. He who is read - y for the cross, The cause de - spised loves most,



The red cross ban - ner is un - furled: Who joins the glo - rious host?
 Doth con - se - crate his gener - ous youth, He joins the no - ble host.
 Bears stead-fast wit - ness 'gainst the wrong, He joins the sa - cred host.
 But, tho de - feat - ed, bat - tles still, He joins the faith - ful host.
 And shuns not pain, or shame, or loss, He joins the mar - tyr host.

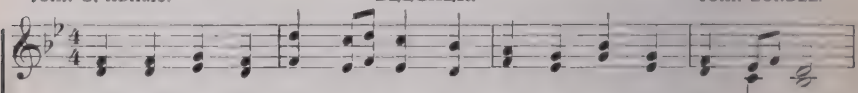


248 Heaven is here where hymns of gladness.

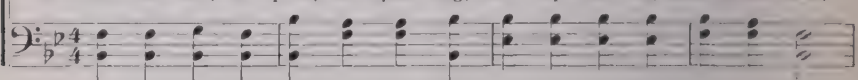
JOHN G. ADAMS.

BEECHER.

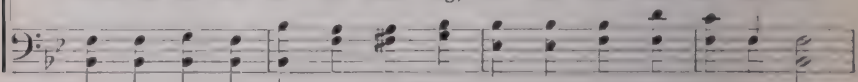
JOHN ZUNDEL.



1. Heaven is here, where hymns of glad - ness Cheer the toil - er's rug - ged way,
2. Where the sad, the poor, de - spair - ing, Are up - lift - ed, cheered and blest,



In this world, where clouds of sad - ness Oft - en change our night to day;
 Where in oth - ers' la - bor shar - ing, We can find our sur - est rest:



Heaven is here where hymns of gladness.

Heaven is here, where mis - ery light - ened Of its heav - y load is seen,
Where we heed the voice of du - ty, Tread the path that Je - sus trod -

Where the face of sor - row, bright - ened By the deeds of love hath been.
This is heaven, its peace, its beau - ty, Ra - dant with the love of God.

249

Now let us all arise and sing.

EMILY GREENE BALCH.

SAM MASON.

1. Now let us all a - rise and sing The com - ing king - dom of our King,
2. O when shall dawn the glo - rious day For which we hope and work and pray?

The time when all shall broth - ers be, Each lov - ing each, all lov - ing Thee.
Dear Fa - ther, use what means Thou wilt To cleanse our lives from greed and guilt;

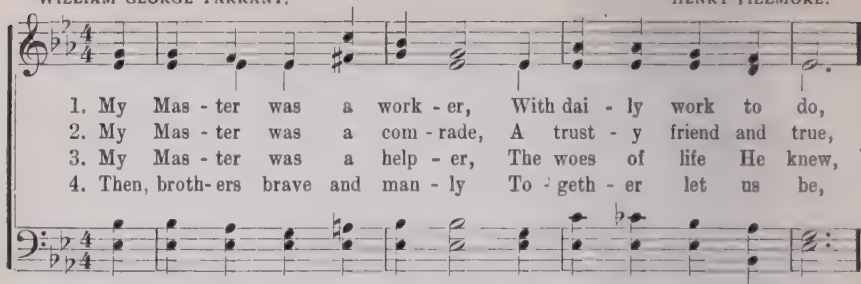
How long, O Lord, O Lord, how long Shall these Thy weak ones suf - fer wrong?
Help us to put a - way our sin And learn to bring Thy king - dom in.

Words copyright, 1914, by Survey Associates.

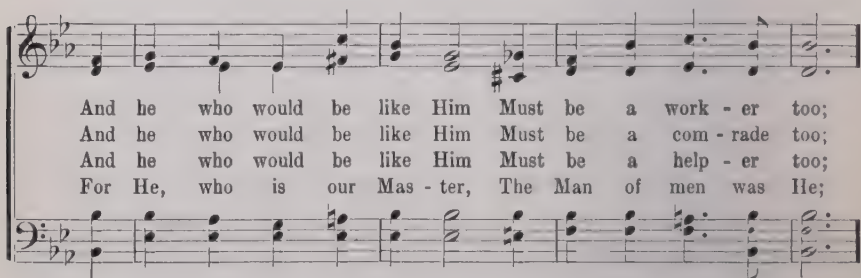
Music copyright, 1927, by The Fillmore Bros. Co. in "The New Praise Hymnal Revised."

WILLIAM GEORGE TARRANT.

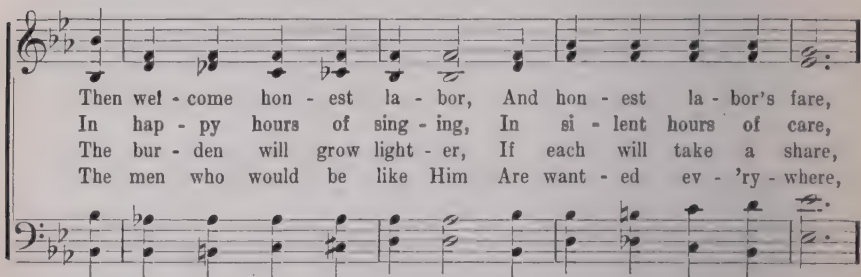
HENRY FILLMORE.



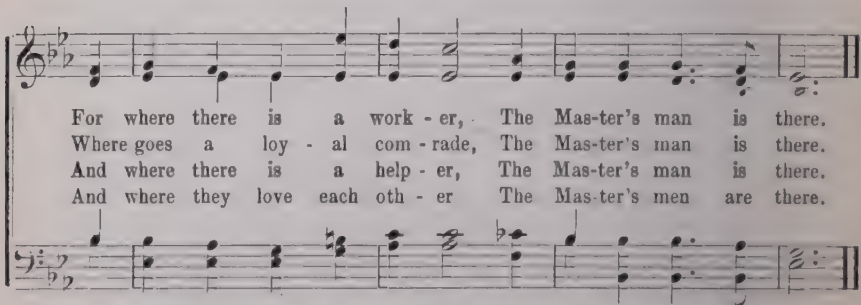
1. My Mas - ter was a work - er, With dai - ly work to do,
 2. My Mas - ter was a com - rade, A trust - y friend and true,
 3. My Mas - ter was a help - er, The woes of life He knew,
 4. Then, broth - ers brave and man - ly To geth - er let us be,



And he who would be like Him Must be a work - er too;
 And he who would be like Him Must be a com - rade too;
 And he who would be like Him Must be a help - er too;
 For He, who is our Mas - ter, The Man of men was He;



Then wel - come hon - est la - bor, And hon - est la - bor's fare,
 In hap - py hours of sing - ing, In si - lent hours of care,
 The bur - den will grow light - er, If each will take a share,
 The men who would be like Him Are want - ed ev - 'ry - where,

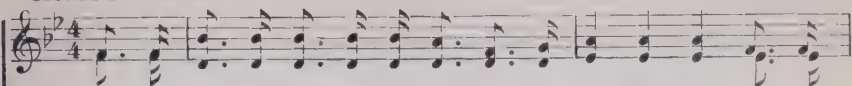


For where there is a work - er, The Mas - ter's man is there.
 Where goes a loy - al com - rade, The Mas - ter's man is there.
 And where there is a help - er, The Mas - ter's man is there.
 And where they love each oth - er The Mas - ter's men are there.

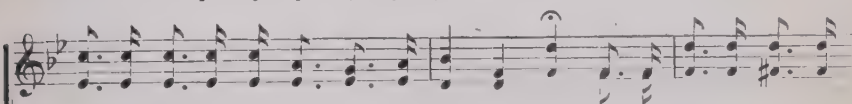
251 Let us cheer and help each other.

GEORGE O. WEBSTER.

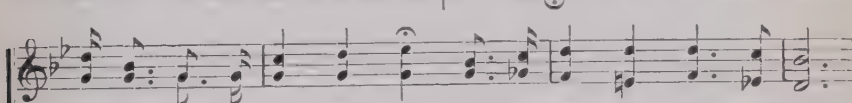
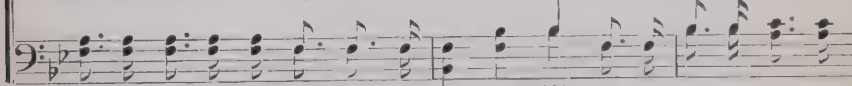
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Let us cheer and help each oth-er, On our pil-grim way; Let us
2. There are those who sit in sor-row, Sing a song of cheer; Those who
3. Let us go where du-ty leads us, Be it far or near; Know-ing



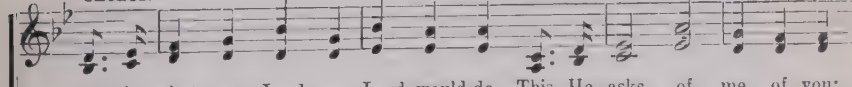
heart-en one an-oth-er, Thru the toil-some day. Let us prove a friend or
grief and troub-le bor-row, Drive a-way their fear. Tell them clouds will lift to-
that the Fa-ther heeds us, Neith-er doubt nor fear. When or where-so-e'er He



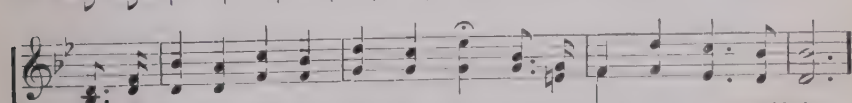
broth-er Where-so-e'er we may, It is what our Lord would do.
mor-row, And the skies will clear; It is what our Lord would do.
needs us, Let us an-swer: "Here;" It is what our Lord would do.



CHORUS.



It is what our Lord, our Lord would do, This He asks of me, of you;



Let us each to each be true, be true, As our Lord, our Lord would do.

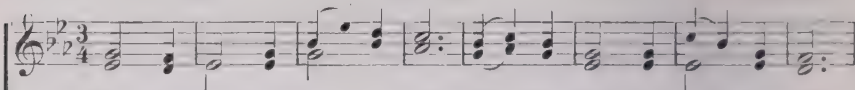


252 Prince of Peace control my will

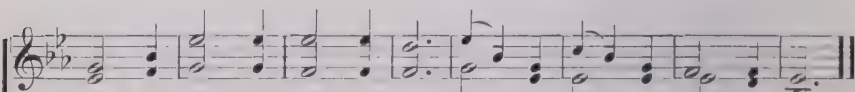
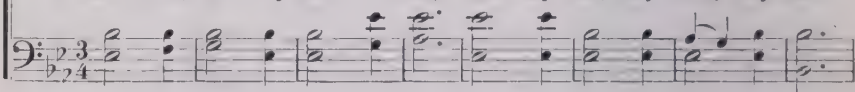
MARY A. S. BARBER.

HATFIELD.

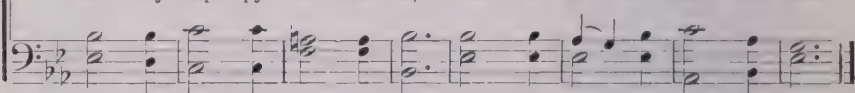
W. T. PORTER.



1. Prince of Peace con-trol my will; Bid this strug-gling heart be still;
2. May Thy will, not mine, be done; May Thy will and mine be one;
3. Sav - iour, at Thy feet I fall; Thou my life, my God, my all.



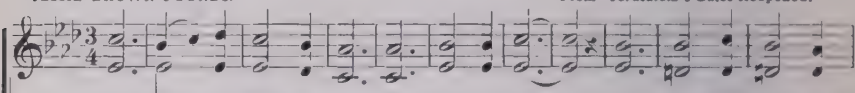
Bid my fears and doubt-ings cease; Hush my spir - it in - to peace.
Chase these doubt-ings from my heart—Now Thy per - fect peace im - part.
Let Thy hap - py ser - vant be, One for ev - er - more with Thee.



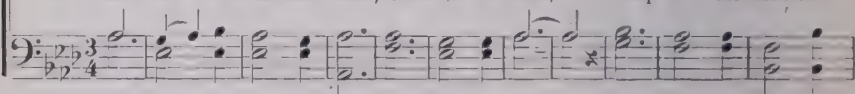
253 Peace thru the cross shall come.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

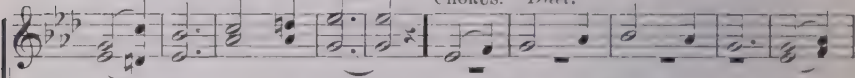
From "Jerusalem's Gates Reopened."



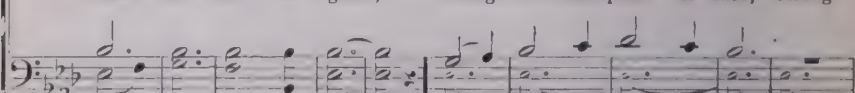
1. Peace thru the cross shall come, His peace to men; As He has giv - en
2. Peace thru the cross shall come, Come to a - bide; Deep in the hearts of



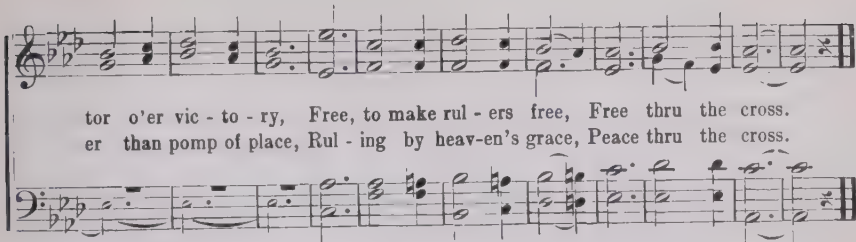
CHORUS. *Duet.*



it, Give ye a - gain; Peace, that our Christ may be Vic -
men Hid - den to guide; Strong - er than pride of race, Strong -



Peace thru the cross shall come.



tor o'er vic - to - ry, Free, to make rul - ers free, Free thru the cross.
er than pomp of place, Rul - ing by heav-en's grace, Peace thru the cross.

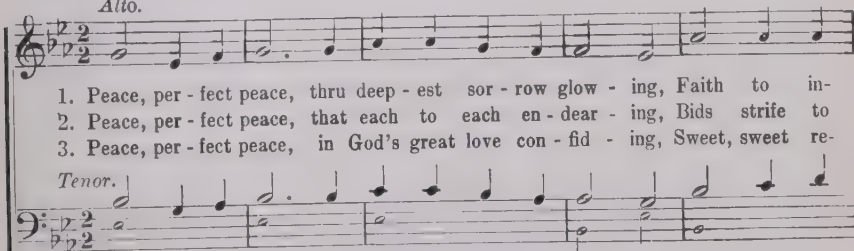
254

Peace perfect peace.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

J. H. FILLMORE.

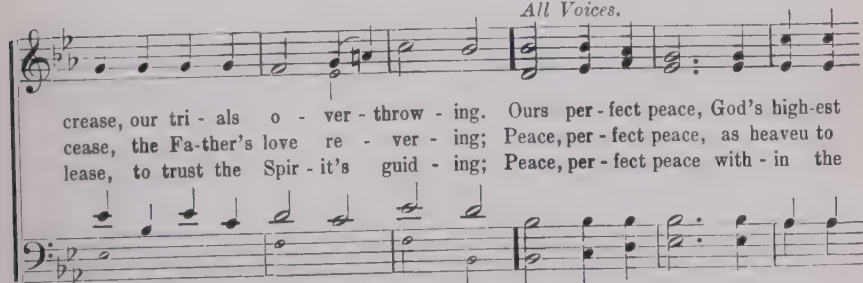
Alto.



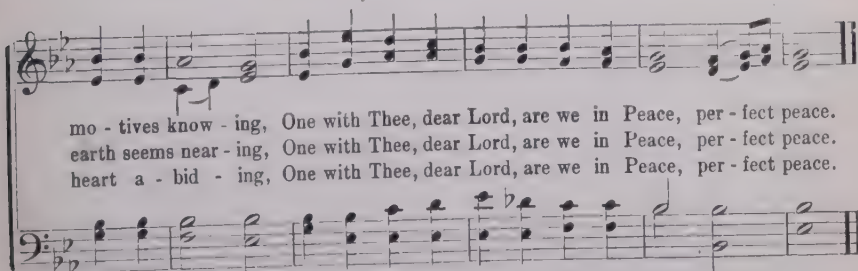
1. Peace, per - fect peace, thru deep - est sor - row glow - ing, Faith to in -
2. Peace, per - fect peace, that each to each en - dear - ing, Bids strife to
3. Peace, per - fect peace, in God's great love con - fid - ing, Sweet, sweet re -

Tenor.

All Voices.



crease, our tri - als o - ver - throw - ing. Ours per - fect peace, God's high - est
cease, the Fa - ther's love re - ver - ing; Peace, per - fect peace, as heav - en to
lease, to trust the Spir - it's guid - ing; Peace, per - fect peace with - in the



mo - tives know - ing, One with Thee, dear Lord, are we in Peace, per - fect peace.
earth seems near - ing, One with Thee, dear Lord, are we in Peace, per - fect peace.
heart a - bid - ing, One with Thee, dear Lord, are we in Peace, per - fect peace.

255 O God of love O King of peace.

HENRY W. BAKER.

HESPERUS.

HENRY W. BAKER.

1. O God of love, O King of peace, Make wars thru-out the world to cease;
 2. Re-mem-ber, Lord, Thy works of old, The won-ders that our fa - thers told;
 3. Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord? Where rest but on Thy faith - ful word?
 4. Where saints and an-gels dwell a-bove, All hearts are knit in ho - ly love;

The wrath of sin - ful man re-strain, Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain!
 Re - mem-ber not our sin's dark stain, Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain!
 None ev - er called on Thee in vain, Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain!
 O bind us in that heaven-ly chain! Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain!

256 Lord God of hosts.

SHEPPARD KNAPP.

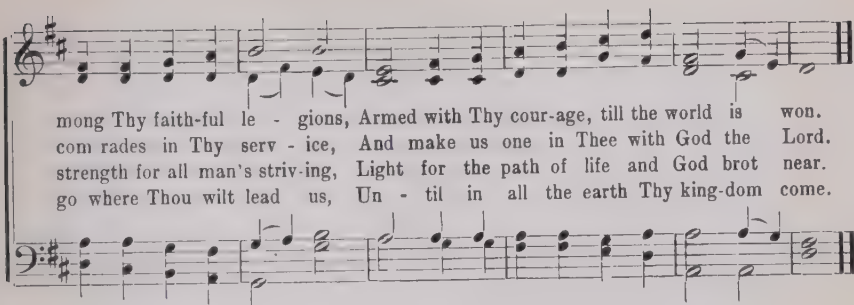
STRENGTH AND STAY.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lord God of hosts, whose pur-pose, nev-er swerv - ing, Leads toward the
 2. Strong Son of God, whose work was His that sent Thee, One with the
 3. O Prince of Peace, Thou bring-er of good ti - dings, Teach us to
 4. Lord God, whose grace has called us to Thy serv - ice, How good Thy

day of Je - sus Christ Thy Son; Grant us to march a -
 Fa - ther, thot and deed and word, One make us all, true
 speak Thy word of hope and cheer, Rest for the soul, and
 thots towards us, how great their sum! We work with Thee, we

Lord God of hosts.



mong Thy faith-ful le - gions, Armed with Thy cour-age, till the world is won.
comrades in Thy serv - ice, And make us one in Thee with God the Lord.
strength for all man's striv-ing, Light for the path of life and God brot near.
go where Thou wilt lead us, Un - til in all the earth Thy king-dom come.

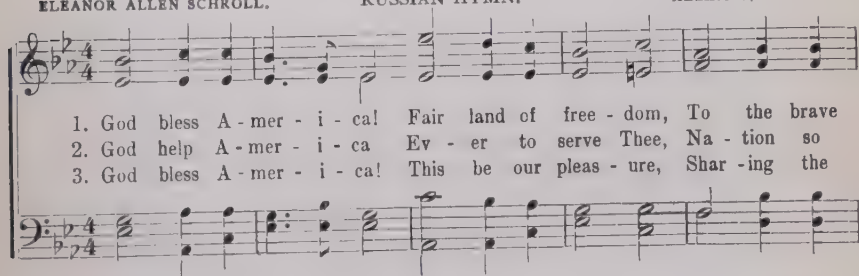
257

God bless America.

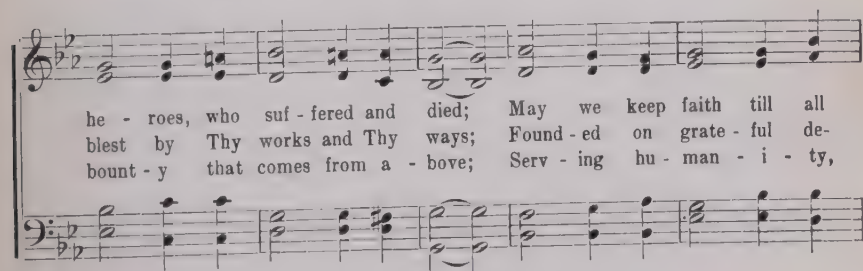
ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

RUSSIAN HYMN.

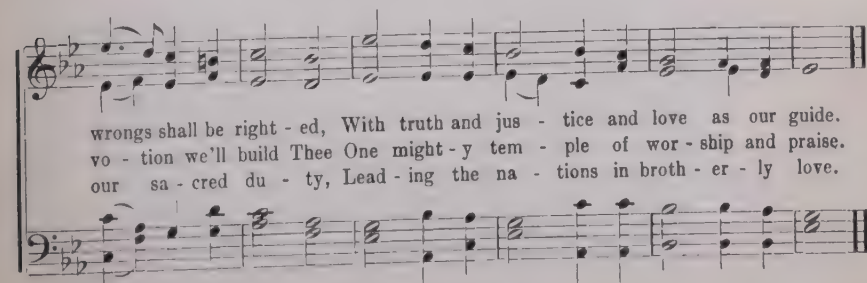
ALEXIS T. LWOFF.



1. God bless A - mer - i - ca! Fair land of free - dom, To the brave
2. God help A - mer - i - ca Ev - er to serve Thee, Na - tion so
3. God bless A - mer - i - ca! This be our pleas - ure, Shar - ing the



he - roes, who suf - fered and died; May we keep faith till all
blest by Thy works and Thy ways; Found - ed on grate - ful de -
bount - y that comes from a - bove; Serv - ing hu - man - i - ty,



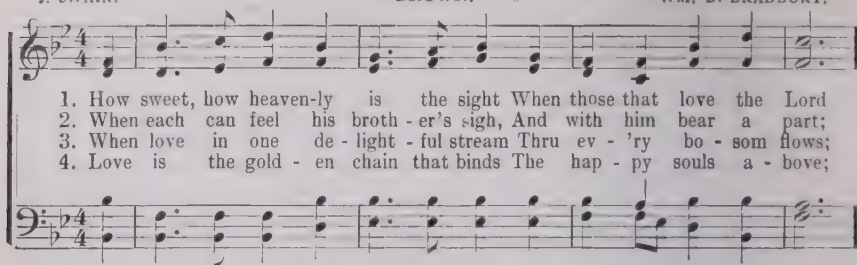
wrongs shall be right - ed, With truth and jus - tice and love as our guide.
vo - tion we'll build Thee One might - y tem - ple of wor - ship and praise.
our sa - cred du - ty, Lead - ing the na - tions in broth - er - ly love.

258 How sweet how heavenly is the sight.

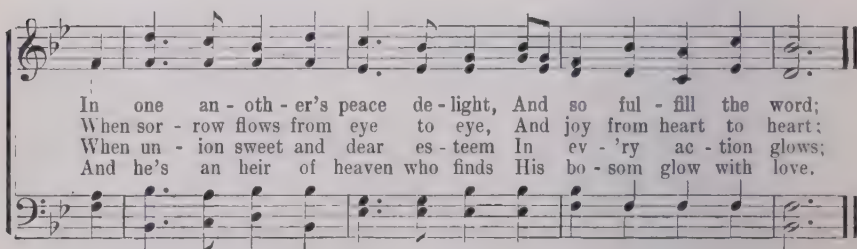
J. SWAIN.

BROWN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. How sweet, how heaven-ly is the sight When those that love the Lord
2. When each can feel his broth - er's sigh, And with him bear a part;
3. When love in one de - light - ful stream Thru ev - 'ry bo - som flows;
4. Love is the gold - en chain that binds The hap - py souls a - bove;



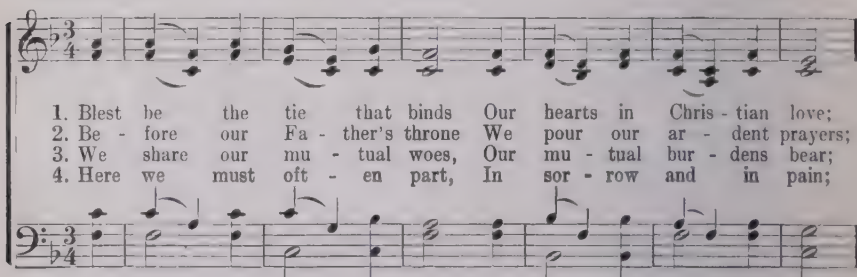
In one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And so ful - fill the word;
When sor - row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart;
When un - ion sweet and dear es - teem In ev - 'ry ac - tion glows;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds His bo - som glow with love.

259 Blest be the tie that binds.


JOHN FAWCETT.

DENNIS.

H. G. NAGELL.



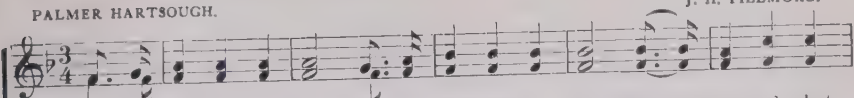
1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. Here we must oft - en part, In sor - row and in pain;




The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

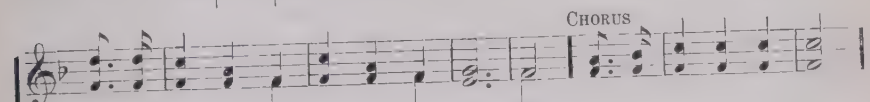


1. In the light of God's truth, What a full-ness of joy! What a peace and what
 2. In the light of God's truth, If we fol-low Him still, We will walk side by
 3. In the light of God's truth, We may see what is right, And e-vil de-




com fort and bless-ing! As we do His sweet will, O how blest the em-ploy!
 side with our broth-er; By the same Spir-it led, Can there come aught of ill,
 ceiv-eth us nev-er; 'Tis the light of God's truth, That the Church will u-nite,

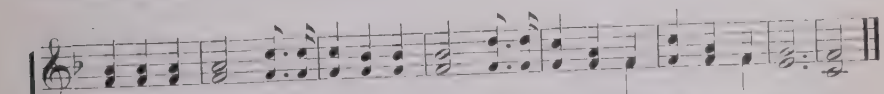
CHORUS



O how great is the good we're pos-sess-ing!
 To our fel-low-ship one with the oth-er? If we walk in the light,
 In His work and in wor-ship for-ev-er.



As He dwells in the light, In the beau-ti-ful light God has giv-en; We will



live in ac-cord With the church and her Lord, In a fel-low ship like un-to heav-en.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

MARYTON.

HENRY P. SMITH.

1. Her-alds of truth, sound ye a-broad, Praise un-to Him the tri-une God;
 2. Chil-dren of God while here be-low, Yours'tis such u-ni-ty to know;
 3. Church of our God u-nit-ed all, Power from on high on thee would fall;

Mor-tals a-dore the Ho-ly Three Throned in their blessed u-ni-ty.
 One-ness with each in sweet ac-cord, As one in Christ your head and Lord.
 Hosts now estranged be one in love, And earth made glad like heaven a-bove.

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O Lord we pray the blessing.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. O Lord, we pray the bless-ing Of that glad time fore-told, When all men
 2. Just one great tem-ple glow-ing With love and peace and prayer, Just one great
 3. Not creed, nor form, nor fast-ing, But hearts in sweet ac-cord, Will build, for

CHORUS.
 join, con-fess-ing One Shepherd and one fold.
 peo-ple, knowing That God is al-ways there. Lead us till wrongs are righted,
 ev-er-last-ing, The Church of Christ the Lord.

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O Lord we pray the blessing.

Lead, till Thy will be done. Lead, till all names u - nit - ed In Thee, dear Lord, are one.

263

Faith of our fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

ST. CATHERINE.

Arr. by J. G. WALTON.

1. Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon fire and sword,
 2. Faith of our fa - thers, we will strive To win all na - tions un - to Thee;
 3. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,

O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word.
 And thru the truth that comes from God Man-kind shall then in - deed be free.
 And preach Thee, too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life.

REFRAIN.

Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death.

Father pleads Thy Son.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

MERCY.

Arr. from L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Fa - ther, pleads Thy Son in prayer For Thy peo - ple ev - ery - where,
 2. One, as We, their word shall sound All the spa - cious earth a - round;
 3. One, as We, their song of peace All shall join, and wars shall cease;

That as We, they may be one, Thus Thy will on earth be done.
 In their bless - ed u - ni - ty All the world Thy love shall see.
 E - vils throned be - fore them fall, One, as We, they con - quer ail.

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These things shall be.

JOHN A. SYMONDS.

TRURO.

CHARLES BURNEY.

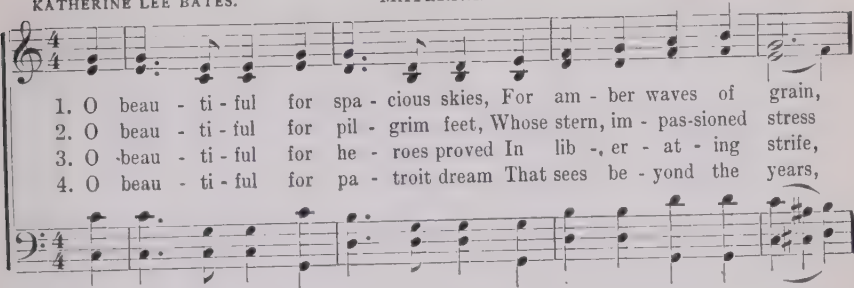
1. These things shall be, — a loft - ier race Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
 2. They shall be gen - tle, brave and strong To spill no drop of blood, but dare
 3. Na - tion with na - tion, land with land, Un-armed shall live as com - rades free;
 4. New arts shall bloom of loft - ier mould, And might - ier mu - sic thrill the skies,

With flame of free - dom in their souls, And light of knowl - edge in their eyes:
 All that may plant man's lord - ship firm On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.
 In ev - ery heart and brain shall throb The pulse of one fra - ter - ni - ty.
 And ev - ery life shall be a song, When all the earth is par - a - dise.

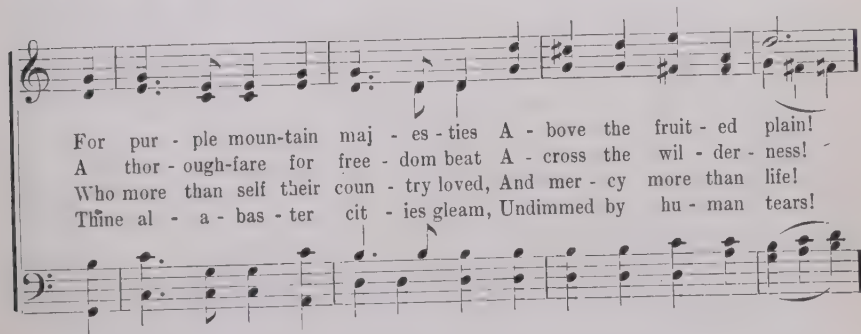
KATHERINE LEE BATES.

MATERNA.

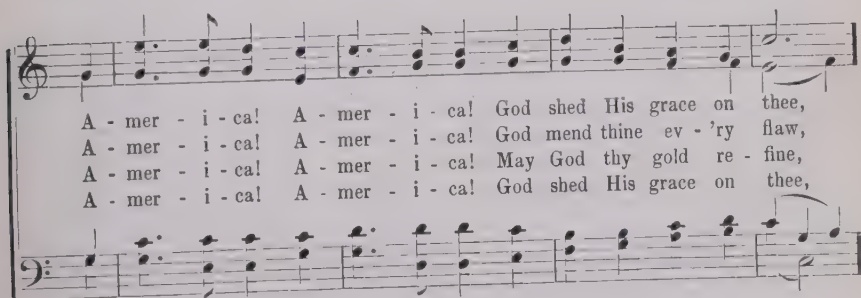
SAMUEL A. WARD.



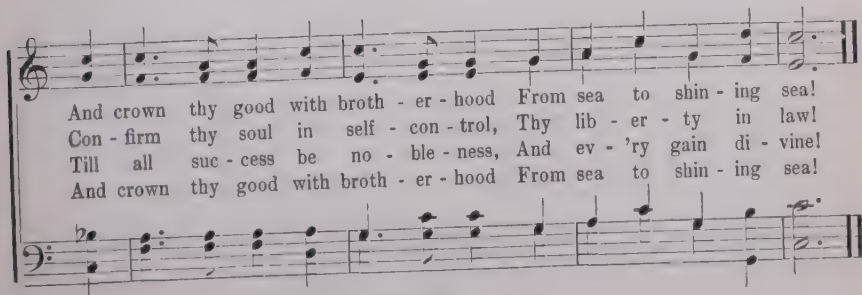
1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
 2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas - sioned stress
 3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
 4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - troit dream That sees be - yond the years,



For pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
 A thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
 Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
 Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, Undimmed by hu - man tears!



A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,



And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
 Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
 Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
 And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.
Duet or Two Parts.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. A - mer - i - ca be - lov - ed, prize of the pilgrims' quest; A - mer - i -
 2. A - mer - i - ca be - lov - ed, thy day is yet to be; Be - yond our
 3. A - mer - i - ca be - lov - ed, let not thy faith grow dim; Thru all the

ca be - lov - ed, in thee our hearts have rest; Un - count - ed ships sail
 proudest dream - ing thy God has place for thee; Front no - bly toward the
 gen - er - a - tions, God keep thee true to Him; For those who shall come

toward thee, uncounted wealth is thine; A - mer - i - ca be - lov - ed, thou
 fu - ture, keep clear-eyed, free to choose, In trade with greed and cun - ning thy
 aft - er, God keep thee true to - day; A - mer - i - ca be - lov - ed, for

REFRAIN.
 dost our love en - shrine.
 birth-right nev - er lose. A - mer - i - ca be - lov - ed, thine an - cient faith re -
 thee, for thee we pray!

new; A - mer - i - ca be - lov - ed, May God pre - serve thee true.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Sing ev-ery clime and tongue, O hap - py world, O'er thee a gold-en day is
 2. Might shall for sin and wrong no more as - sail, No more the poor and weak op-
 3. Rise, na-tions in your might, as strikes the hour, Join ye, this high-est best en-

break - ing; Peace hath her col - ors o'er the sky un - furled, War, na-tions
 press - ing; Jus - tice for truth and right shall now pre - vail, Crown-ing the
 deav - or; Cast out the de - mon war, break now his power—On earth be

CHORUS.

now are fast for - sak - ing.
 joy - ful world with bless - ing.
 peace henceforth for-ev - er.

Hail! dawn of joy and peace, Bright-ly un-furled,

Hail! reign of right-eous-ness, Bless - ing the world; Hail! earth in friend-ly mood,

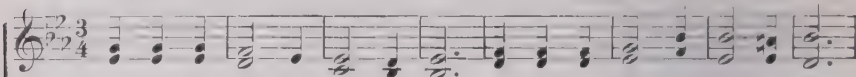
rall.
 Hail! man in broth-er-hood, Hail! Him, the Fa-ther, good, O hap - py world!

269 O God beneath Thy guiding hand.

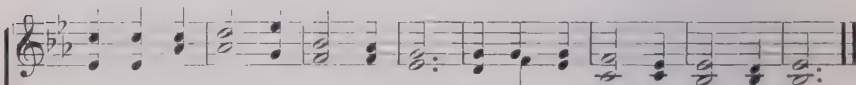
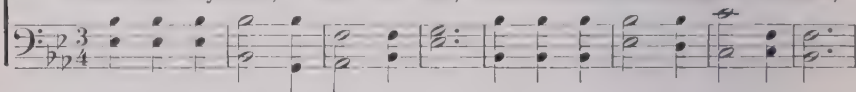
LEONARD BACON.

SAXBY.

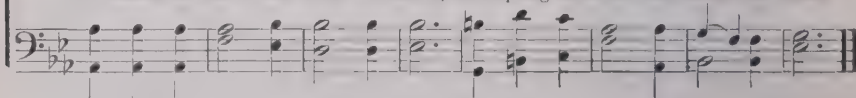
TIMOTHY R. MATTHEWS.



1. O God, be-neath Thy guid - ing hand Our ex - iled fa - thers crossed the sea;
2. Thou heard'st, well-pleased, the song, the prayer: Thy bless-ing came; and still its power
3. Laws, freedom, truth and faith in God Came with those ex - iles o'er the waves:
4. And here Thy name, O God of love, Their children's chil-dren shall a - dore,



And when they trod the win - try strand, With prayer and psalm they worshiped Thee.
 Shall on-ward, thru all a - ges, bear The mem'-ry of that ho - ly hour.
 And where their pil - grim feet have trod, The God they trust - ed guards their graves.
 Till these e - ter - nal hills re - move, And spring a-dorns the earth no more.

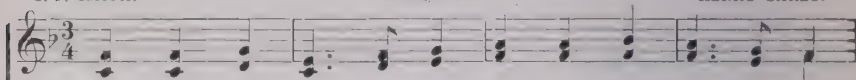


270 My country 'tis of thee.

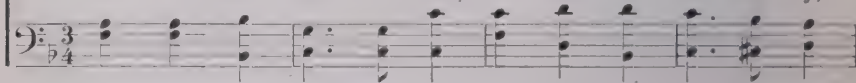
S. F. SMITH.

AMERICA.

HENRY CAREY.



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free—
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - ther's God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
 To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's



My country 'tis of thee.

pil - grims' pride, From ev - ery moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
 tem - pled hills: My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 breathe par-take, Let rocks their si - lence break—The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

271

God of our fathers.

DANIEL C. ROBERTS.

GEORGE WILLIAM WARREN.

Voices alone.

ff (Trumpets before each verse.)

1. God of our fa - thers, whose al-might-y hand
2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the past;
3. From war's a-larms, from dead-ly pest - i - lence,
4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil-some way,

With organ.

Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band
 In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
 Be Thy strong arm our ev - er sure de - fence;
 Lead us from night to nev - er - end - ing day;

Of shin ing worlds in
 Be Thou our ru - ler,
 Thy true re - lig - ion
 Fill all our lives with

splen - dor thru the skies,
 guardian, guide and stay,
 in our hearts in - crease,
 love and grace di - vine,

Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.
 Thy word our law, Thy paths our chos - en way.
 Thy bounteous good - ness nour - ish us in peace.
 And glo - ry, laud and praise be ev - er Thine.

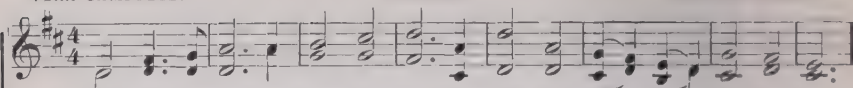
272

God of the nations.

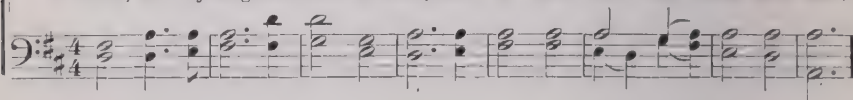
VERA CAMPBELL.

TRURO.

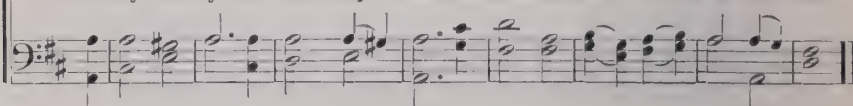
CHARLES BURNEY.



1. God of the na-tions, hear our call; Thou who art Fa - ther of us all,
2. May we a na-tion blessed with light. Be ev - er tru - er to the right,
3. Thus, as Thy kingdom com - eth here, Shall it thru - out the world draw near;



Show us our part in Thy great plan For the vast broth - er - hood of man.
 That na-tions in our life may see The power which we de - rive from Thee.
 And loy - al - ty to coun - try then Shall reach out to in - clude all men.



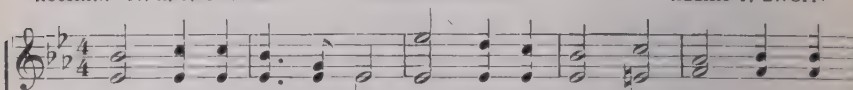
273

God the All-Merciful.

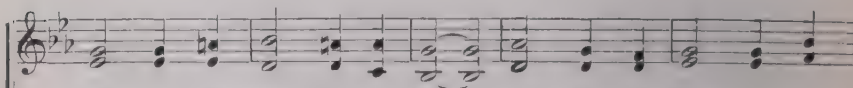
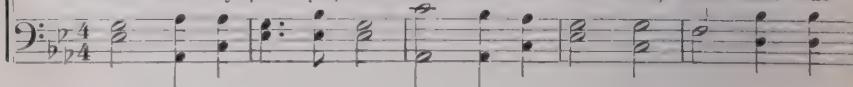
RUSSIAN. Tr. H. F. CHORLEY.

RUSSIAN HYMN.

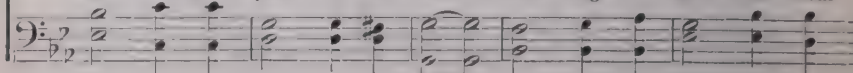
ALEXIS T. LWOFF.



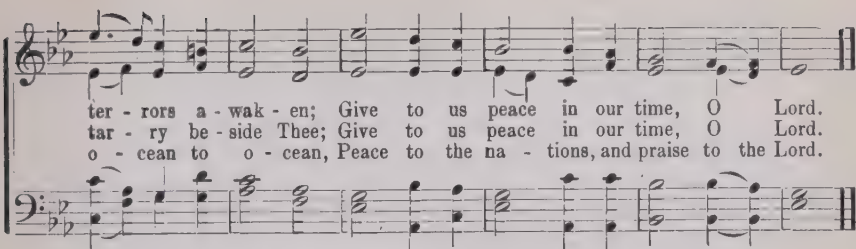
1. God the All-Mer - ci - ful! earth hath for - sak - en Thy ways of
2. God the All-Right-eous One! man hath de - fied Thee; Yet to e -
3. So will Thy peo - ple, with thank - ful de - vo - tion, Praise Him who



bles - ed - ness, slight - ed Thy word; Bid not Thy wrath in its
 ter - ni - ty stand - eth Thy word, False - hood and wrong shall not
 saved them from per - il and sword, Shout - ing in cho - rus from



God the All-Merciful.



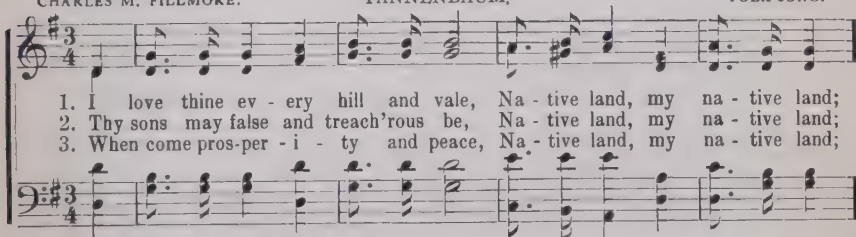
ter - rors a - wak - en; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
tar - ry be - side Thee; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
o - cean to o - cean, Peace to the na - tions, and praise to the Lord.

274 I love thine every hill and vale.

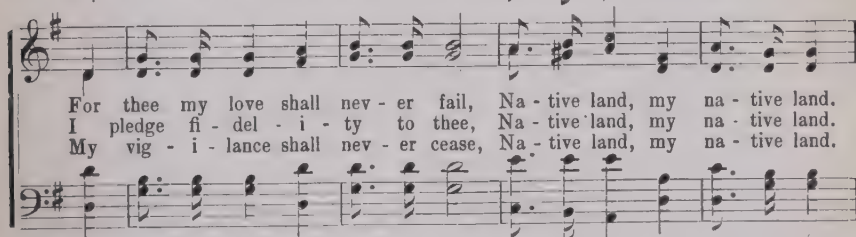
CHARLES M. FILLMORE.

TANNENBAUM,

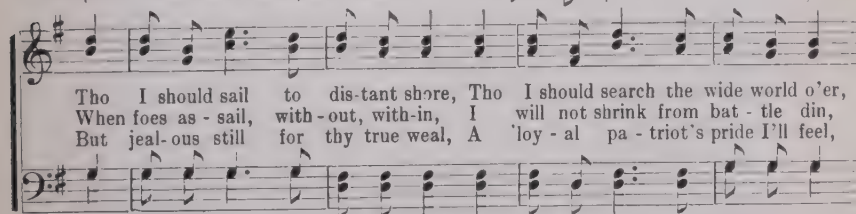
FOLK-SONG.



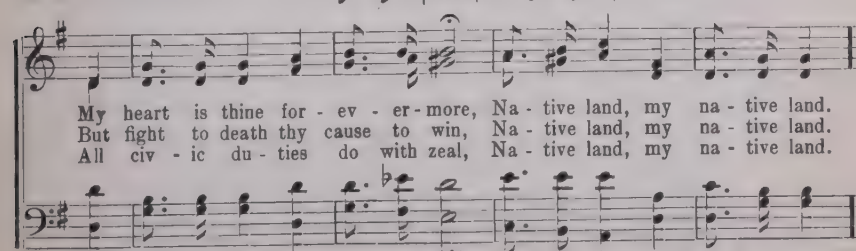
1. I love thine ev - ery hill and vale, Na - tive land, my na - tive land;
2. Thy sons may false and treach'rous be, Na - tive land, my na - tive land;
3. When come pros - per - i - ty and peace, Na - tive land, my na - tive land;



For thee my love shall nev - er fail, Na - tive land, my na - tive land.
I pledge fi - del - i - ty to thee, Na - tive land, my na - tive land.
My vig - i - lance shall nev - er cease, Na - tive land, my na - tive land.



Tho I should sail to dis - tant shore, Tho I should search the wide world o'er,
When foes as - sail, with - out, with - in, I will not shrink from bat - tle din,
But jeal - ous still for thy true weal, A 'loy - al pa - triot's pride I'll feel,



My heart is thine for - ev - er - more, Na - tive land, my na - tive land.
But fight to death thy cause to win, Na - tive land, my na - tive land.
All civ - ic du - ties do with zeal, Na - tive land, my na - tive land.

The star-spangled banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

JOHN STAFFORD SMITH.

1. O say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud ly we
 2. On the shore dim-ly seen thru the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
 3. O thus be it ev-er when free-men shall stand Be-tween their loved

hailed at the twi-light's last gleam-ing, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thru the
 host in dread si-lence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
 home and foul war's des-o-la-tion; Blest with vic-tory and peace, may the

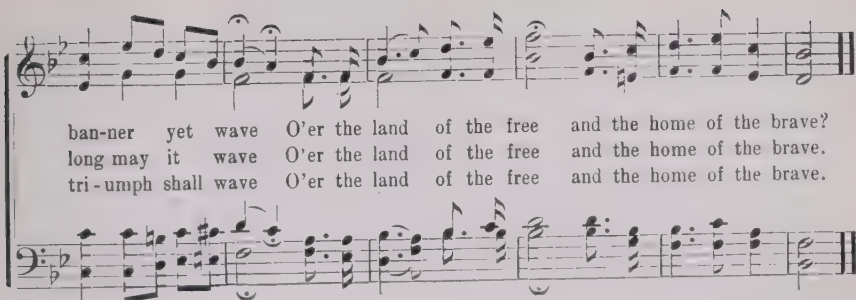
per-il-ous fight, O'er the ram-parts we watched, were so gal-lant-ly
 tow-er-ing steep, As it fit-ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-
 heaven-res-cued land Praise the Power that hath made and pre-served us a

stream-ing? And the rocket's red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave
 clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full
 na-tion! Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just, And

CHORUS.

proof thru the night that our flag was still there. O say, does that star-span gled
 glo-ry re-flect-ed now shines on the stream. 'Tis the star-span gled ban-ner; O
 this be our mot to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-span-gled ban-ner in

The star-spangled banner.



ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
 long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
 tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

276

God bless our native land.

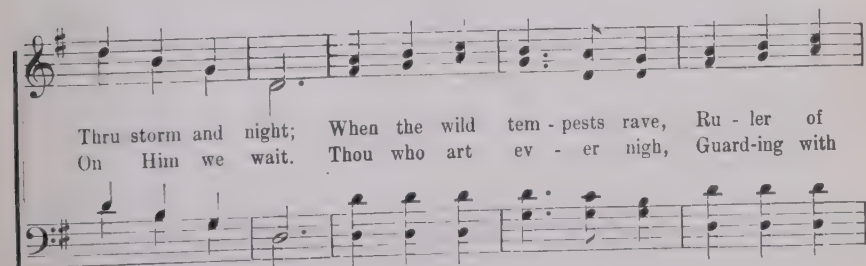
J. S. DWIGHT.

ITALIAN HYMN.

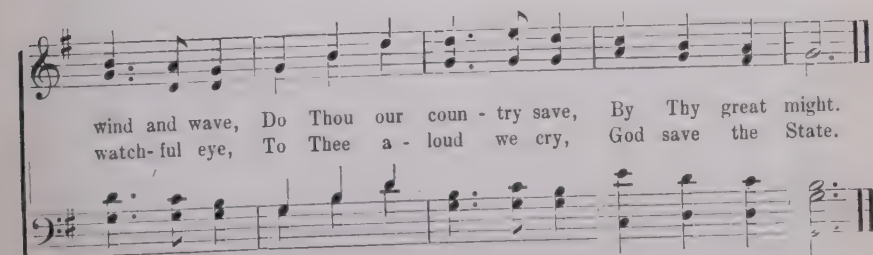
F. GIARDINI.



1. God bless our na - tive land, Firm may she ev - er stand
 2. For her our prayer shall rise To God a - bove the skies;



Thru storm and night; When the wild tem - pests rave, Ru - ler of
 On Him we wait. Thou who art ev - er nigh, Guard-ing with



wind and wave, Do Thou our coun - try save, By Thy great might.
 watch-ful eye, To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the State.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

Calore.

1. Beau-ti-ful flag of lib - er-ty, beau-ti-ful flag we love, Float a - far . . . o'er the
 2. Beau-ti-ful flag of lib - er-ty, beau-ti-ful flag we love, O'er the free . . . thou for-
 Float a-far
 O'er the free

land and the sea, Proud-ly wave . . . in col-ors bright; Thou
 ev - er shalt wave; Fall, ye crowns, . . . ye thrones, de-cay; 'Twas
 o'er land and sea. Proud-ly wave, col-ors bright: Thou
 for - ev - er wave; Fall, ye crowns, thrones. de-cay; 'Twas

star - ry stand-ard of the no - ble free; Thou beam - est the glo - ry of
 God to thee thy hues e - ter - nal gave; Float on, . . . O thou ban - ner of
 stand - ard of the no - ble free; Thou glo - ry of Co -
 God thy hues e - ter - nal gave; Float on, thou ban - ner

fair Co-lum-bia's home, Thou shin - est the light of the lands be-yond the foam;
 free-dom wide un-furled, Float on, . . . O thou sym-bol of jus-tice, o'er the world.
 lum - bia's home, Thou light of lands be - yond the foam.
 wide un - furled, Float on, thou sym - bol, o'er the world.

Con fuoco.

O flag so free, We stand for
 O flag, beau-ti-ful flag, so free, float-ing so free, We stand, brave-ly we stand for

Beautiful flag of liberty.

thee, Till peace o'er all the world shall dawn in joy and light.
thee, brave-ly for thee.

Thou beam - est the glo-ry of fair Co-lum-bia's home, Thou shin - est the
Float on,.... O thou banner of free-dom wide un-furled, Float on,.... O thou
Thou glo - ry of Co - lum - bia's home, Thou light of lands
Float on, thou ban ner wide un - furled, Float on, thou sym-

light of the lands be-yond the foam; For thee we stand, thou en - sign fair of
sym-bol of jus - tice, o'er the world; For thee we stand, thou en - sign fair of
be - yond the foam;
bol, o'er the world;

Coda for last verse.
truth and right. Beau - ti - ful flag of lib - er - ty,
O flag..... of lib - er - ty, float on, O

rit.
Beau - ti - ful flag of lib - er - ty, Beau ti-ful flag of lib - er - ty.
flag..... of lib - er - ty,

JULIA WARD HOWE.

WILLIAM STEFFÉ.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
 2. He has sound-ed forth the trum-pet that shall nev - er call re-treat; He is
 3. In the beau-ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

trampling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He bath
 sif - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment-seat; O, be
 glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-fig - ures you and me; As he

loosed the faithful lightning of His ter - ri-ble, swift sword! His truth is marching on.
 swift, my soul, to answer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
 lived to make men ho - ly, let us live to make men free, While God is marching on.

REFRAIN.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march-ing on.

Jerusalem the golden.

BERNARD of Cluny.

EWING.

ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care re - leased,
 4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!

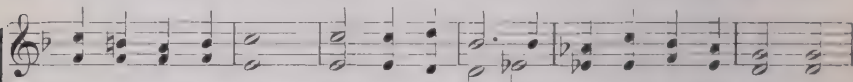
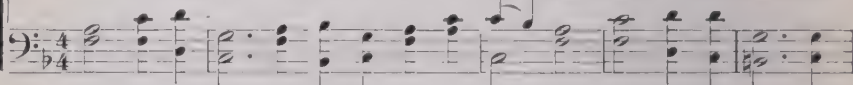
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed:
 And bright with man - y an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng;
 The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;
 O sweet and bless - ed coun - try That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!

I know not, O I know not What so - cial joys are there;
 The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
 And they who with their Lead - er, Have con - quered in the fight,
 Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest;

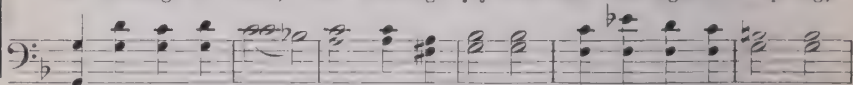
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare.
 The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
 For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
 Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.



1. Hark, hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing: Come, wea - ry souls, for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at even-ing peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. An - gels, sing on, your faith-ful watch-es keep - ing, Sing us sweet frag-ments



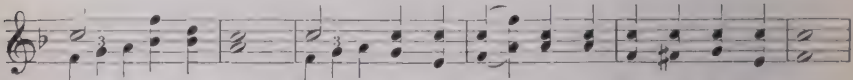
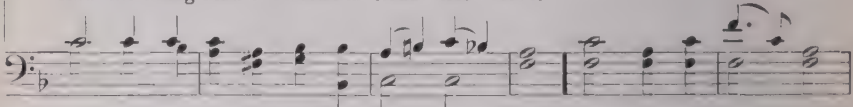
o-cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing,
 Je - sus bids you come; And thru the dark its ech - oes sweet-ly ring - ing,
 sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls, by thou-sands meek-ly steal - ing,
 of the songs a - bove; Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,



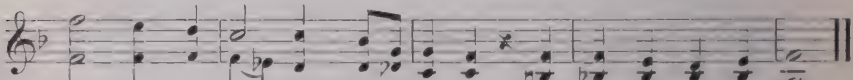
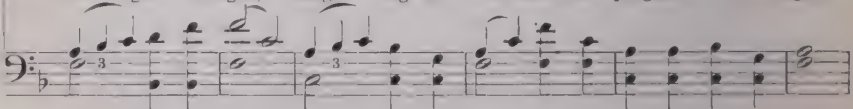
REFRAIN.



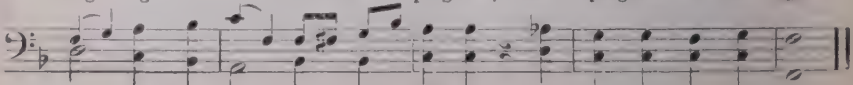
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus,
 Kind Shep - herd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee.
 And life's long shad - ows break in cloud - less love.



An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night,



Sing ing to wel - come the pil - grims, the pil - grims of the night.



EDNA L. PARK.

W. H. DOANE.

1. We shall reach the sum-mer land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
 2. At the crys-tal riv-er's brink, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
 3. O these part-ing scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall

press the gold-en strand, Some sweet day, by and by; O the loved ones
 find each bro-ken link, Some sweet day, by and by; Then the star that,
 gath-er, friend with friend, Some sweet day, by and by; There be-fore our

watch-ing there, By the tree of life so fair, Till we come their joy to
 fad-ing here, Left our hearts and homes so dear, We shall see more bright and
 Father's throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall know as we are

CHORUS

share, Some sweet day, by and by. By and by, Some sweet
 clear, Some sweet day, by and by. By and by, yes, by and by,
 known, Some sweet day, by and by.

day, We shall meet our loved ones gone, Some sweet day, by and by.

282 They that believe in the Lord shall live.

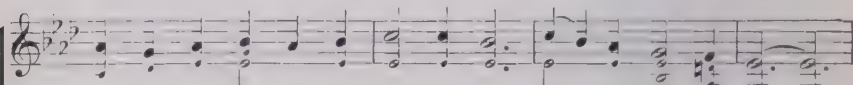
GEORGE O. WEBSTER.

J. H. FILLMORE.

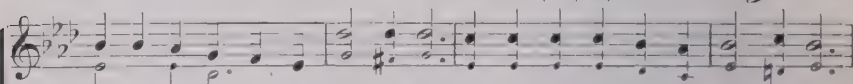
Solo or Unison with Chorus.



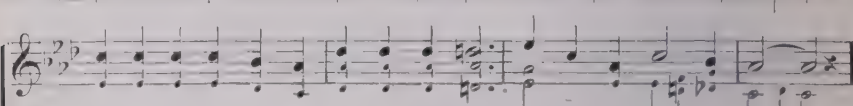
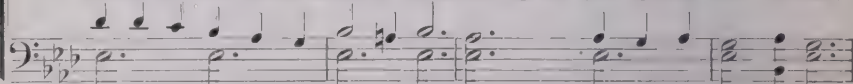
1. They that be-lieve in the Lord shall live, Live with Him al - way,
2. They that be-lieve in the Lord can sing When the way is dim;
3. They that be-lieve in the Lord shall rest, Rest at e - ven - tide;



This the as - sur - ance His word doth give, Bless - ed hope for aye,
Storm-clouds may gath - er, but glad notes ring As they walk with Him.
And thru the a - ges, with all the blest, In His love a - bide.



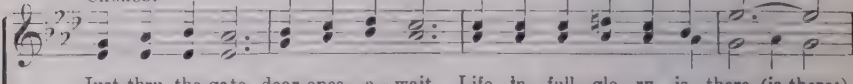
O'er ev - ery tri - al we'll dai - ly rise, On - ward we'll go toward the glow - ing skies,
Victors with Him in the toil and strife, Shar - ing the joys of His end - less life;
Victors for - ev - er with Christ the Lord, Shar - ing His glo - ry their full re - ward;



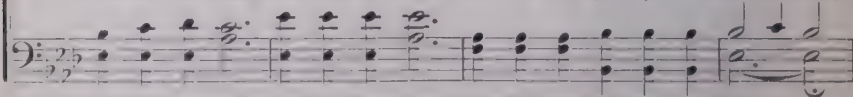
O wondrous sto - ry, His glo - ry we'll share, Mansions a - wait us there.
O wondrous sto - ry, what have we to fear, Knowing that He is near?
O wondrous sto - ry, He waits for us there, Glo - ry be - yond com - pare!



CHORUS.



Just thru the gate, dear ones a - wait, Life in full glo - ry is there, (is there;)



They that believe in the Lord shall live.

The gate will swing wide, With Him we'll abide, The joy of our Lord to share; to share.

283 Safe in the arms of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

CHO 1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

There, by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.
 Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
 Firm on the Rock of A - ges Ev - er my trust shall be.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
 Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
 Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the Jas - per sea.
 On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
 Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

JERUSALEM.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. O cit - y old, in land a - far, I dream.. of thee;
 2. I see Him walk thy streets a - gain, The Friend.. of men;
 3. O heaven - ly cit - y, built a - far, I turn.. to thee;

So dear thy courts and tem - ples are, So dear.. to me;
 I see His touch of help - ful - ness, His power.. to bless;
 More dear thy courts and tem - ples are, More dear.. to me;

Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, Where hum - bly trod The Christ of God,
 Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, Would I had heard His gra - cious word,
 Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, Where Christ shall be E - ter - nal - ly.

REFRAIN.

I dream.. of thee, I dream, Je - ru - sa - lem, of thee; thee;

I dream, I dream of thee, .. of thee,
 Je - ru - sa - lem, of thee,

O city old in land afar.

I dream, I dream of thee, . . . Je - ru - sa - lem, of thee.

285 O light whose beams are everywhere.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. O Light, whose beams are everywhere, With - in, with - out, wher - e'er we roam,
2. O Light, whose beams are nev - er dim, E'en when our err - ing foot - steps roam,
3. O Light, whose ten - der, ra - diant glow, That guides a - right, wher - e'er we roam,

Thru clouds of doubt and deep de - spair, There shines a light to lead us home.
Seek we the path - way back to Him, There shines a light to lead us home.
We rest at eve, con - tent to know, There shines a light to lead us home.

REFRAIN. *cres.* *cres.*
A light to lead us home, A light to lead us home;

His shin - ing ray Il - lumes the way, A light to lead us home.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

MABEL E. NORTH.

Duet.

1. There is a home we have not seen, That time, we know, can-not de-stroy,
 2. There is a home so bright and fair, A place of joy and sweet re- pose,
 3. There is a home, and O how blest! More fair than prophets ev - er told;

The home where mor-tals have not been, Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.
 And there, to dim the ra-diant scene, The tear of sor-row nev - er flows.
 And nev - er did an an - gel guest One half its bless-ed-ness un-fold.

CHORUS.

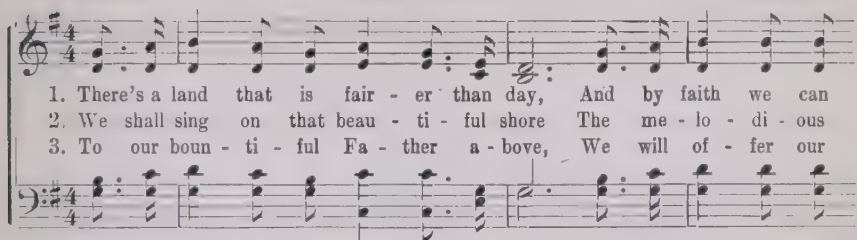
Fair home of joy and sweet delight, Fair home of love and glo - ry bright. The
 shin - ing man - sion of the blest, The ha - ven of e - ter - nal rest.

287 There's a land that is fairer than day.

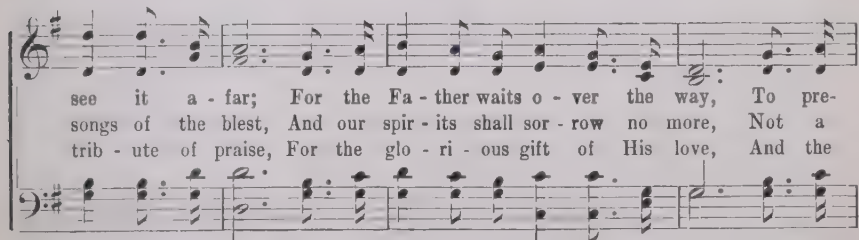
S. F. BENNETT.

SWEET BY AND BY.

J. P. WEBSTER.

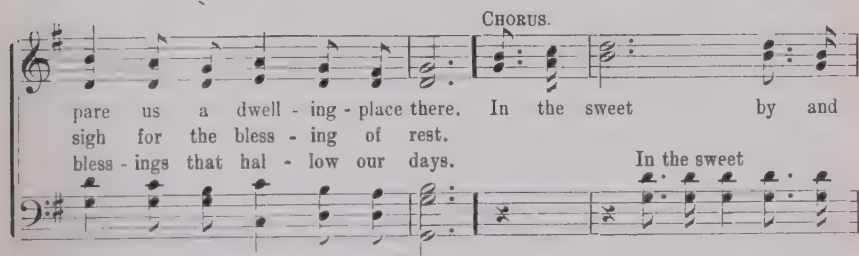


1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The me - lo - di - ous
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our

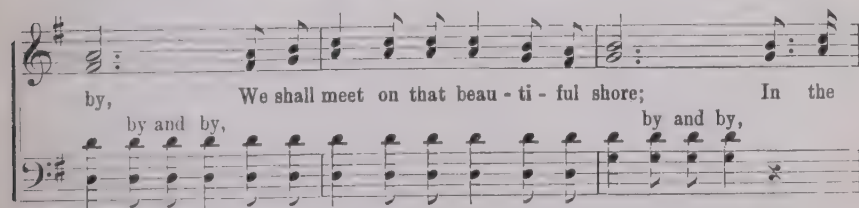


see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre -
 songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
 trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

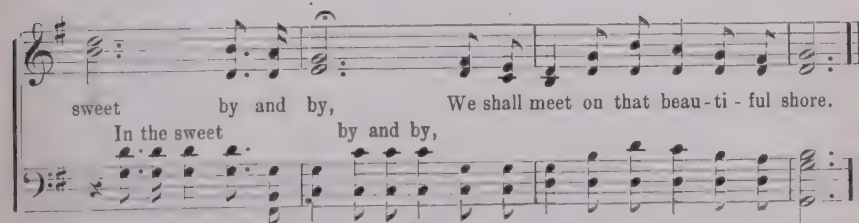
CHORUS.



pare us a dwell - ing - place there. In the sweet by and
 sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
 bless - ings that hal - low our days. In the sweet



by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
 by and by, by and by,



sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
 In the sweet by and by,

E. E. HEWITT.
Duet.

HOUSE OF MANY MANSIONS,

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Hear the words of con-so-la-tion, Float-ing down th- aisles of time,
 2. What a bless-ed rest He giv-eth! Rest from care, and fear, and sin;
 3. Take the pre-cious con-so-la-tion; Come to Him, and there a-bide;

Sound-ing 'mid earth's trib-u-la-tions, Like a sweet ce-les-tial chime.
 Trust in Him who "ev-er liv-eth," Peace, a wel-come guest, with-in.
 O the joy of His sal-va-tion When we tar-ry at His side.

'Tis the ten-der voice of Je-sus Bring-ing com-fort sweet and true:
 Let-ting Je-sus bear our bur-dens, While His prom-ise rings a-new;
 Still a-bove the fleet-ing shad-ows Smiles the ra-diant, change less blue;

"In the house of ma-n-y man-sions I'll pre-pare a place for you."

Hear the words of consolation.

CHORUS.

I'll pre - pare a place for you, I'll pre-
 I'll pre-prepare, I'll pre-prepare a place for you,
 pare a place for you; In the house of many
 Yes, I'll pre-prepare, I'll pre-prepare a place for you, In the house of many mansions, in the
 man - sions, I'll pre - pare, a place for you,
 house of man - y man-sions, I'll pre pare, pre - pare a place for you.

289

No shadows yonder!

HORATIUS BONAR.

HOLY CITY. ALFRED R. GAUL. Arr. H. P. MAIN.

1. No shad - ows yon - der! All light and song! Each day I won - der,
 2. No weep - ing yon - der! All fled a - way! While here I wan - der,
 3. No part - ing yon - der! No space or time Shall hearts e'er sun - der,
 4. None want - ing yon - der! Bought by the Lamb, All gath - ered un - der

And say, "how long Shall time me sun - der From that dear throng?"
 Each wear - y day, I sigh and pon - der My long, long stay.
 In that fair clime, Dear - er and fond - er - In friend ship sub - lime.
 The ev - er - green palm, Loud as night's thun - der Swells out the glad psalm.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. I am dream-ing now of heav - en, Dream-ing of the home be - yond, For I
 2. There are songs I can-not ut - ter, Float-ing on the tide of dreams, And the
 3. There are gold-en mists of glo - ry, 'Round a-bout my soul to - day, And I

hear the dear ones yon - der Call-ing me with voi - ces fond. When a
 world of light and mu - sic Near and ev - er near - er seems, Till I
 know the land im - mor - tal Nev - er can be far a - way; So I

hush is on my spir - it, I can hear them bid me "Come!" And my
 fan - cy I shall fol - low, As the voice doth bid me "Come!" And my
 lis - ten to the voi - ces, As they soft - ly bid me "Come!" And my

heart goes out in ten - der long - ing, Dream-ing, I am dream-ing,

Harmony. *rit.* Dream-ing of my home. I am dream - ing of my home,
 I am dream-ing of my home, heavenly home,

I am dreaming now of heaven.

D. S.

Musical score for the hymn "I am dreaming now of heaven." The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "I am dream - ing of my home; I am dream - ing of my home, heaven-ly home;"

291

Gates of gold are open.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

LIFE BEYOND.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

Musical score for the hymn "Gates of gold are open." The score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "1. The gates of gold are o - pen To realms of light a - bove, 2. The gates of gold are o - pen To that ce - les - tial place, 3. The gates of gold are o - pen, And free from death and sin,"

Musical score for the hymn "Gates of gold are open." The score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "Where peace, and rest, and glad - ness Are bright - ened by His love. Where shin - ing thru the glo - ry, We'll see the Sav - iour's face. With joy - ful songs of glo - ry, The vic - tors en - ter in."

CHORUS.

Musical score for the hymn "Gates of gold are open." The score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "Gates of gold are o - pen To the cit - y fair; cit - y fair;"

Musical score for the hymn "Gates of gold are open." The score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "Songs of tri - umph sing - ing, We shall en - ter there."

MRS. IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Sometime; I can-not tell how soon,
 2. Somewhere, to me it is not known,
 3. Somewhere, sometime, the cares and woes

My Lord to me will say:
 Where that blest place may be;
 That rise like phan-toms grim,

"It is enough, thy task is done,
 I shall be-hold Him on His throne,
 Shall vanish in the light that glows

Come thou from earth a-way."
 And all His beau-ty see.
 Be-yond earth's shadows dim.

Some-
 Some-
 Then

time, I know not when 'twill be,
 where, but where I can-not tell;
 let no doubt or fear molest;

But this, O Lord, I ask of Thee,
 Yet He who do-eth all things well,
 My Fa-ther knoweth what is best;

May
 To
 E-

I, when Thou shalt call for me, Be read-y in that day.
 that fair hav'n where He doth dwell, My faith-ful guide will be.
 nough for me that I shall rest, Somewhere, sometime with Him.

Somewhere sometime.

CHORUS.

Somewhere, sometime, Tho where or when I can-not
 Somewhere, I know not where, Sometime, some happy time, Tho where or when I can-not

tell, I shall in peace for - ev - er dwell,
 tell, I can-not tell, I shall in peace for - ev - er dwell, for - ev - er

With Him, some - where, some - time.
 dwell With Him, some-where, I know not where, some - time, some hap - py time.

293

One sweetly solemn thought.

PHOEBE CARY.

AMBROSE.

ROBERT S. AMBROSE.

Slowly.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;
 2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where man - y man - sions be;
 3. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur - dens are laid down;
 4. Fa - ther, per - fect my trust! Strength-en my power of faith!

Near - er my home to - day am I Than e'er I've been be - fore.
 Near - er, to - day the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea.
 Near - er, to leave the heav - y cross, Near - er to gain the crown.
 Nor let me stand, at last, a - lone Up - on the shore of death.

E. E. HEWITT.

GLORY BY AND BY.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

SOLO OR DUET. *The Alto part may be taken by a Tenor.*

1. A pres - ent help my God will be; All bless-ings at the cross I see;
 2. What tho the skies are sometimes gray, Faith sees a bless-ed gold-en ray;
 3. Thru good and ill, thru sun and shower, I'll trust the Sav-iour's mighty power,

Grace, day by day, He's prom-ised me, And glo - ry, by and by.....
 There's grace suf-fi-cient for to - day, And glo - ry, by and by.....
 For grace for ev - ery com-ing hour, And glo - ry, by and by.....

REFRAIN. *A tempo.*

Glo-ry, by and by, by and by, Glo-ry, by and by, by and by;

Glo - ry, Glo - ry,
 Glo - ry, glo-ry, by and by and by, Glo - ry, glo-ry, by and by and by;
 Glo - ry, by and by, Glo - ry, by and by;

Grace day by day, (and) Grace all the way, And glo - ry, by and by, by and by.

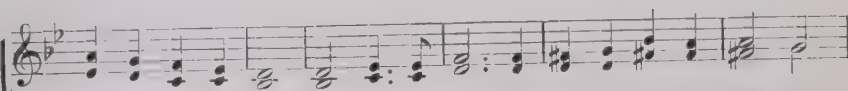
295 O Zion haste thy mission high fulfilling.

MARY ANN THOMSON.

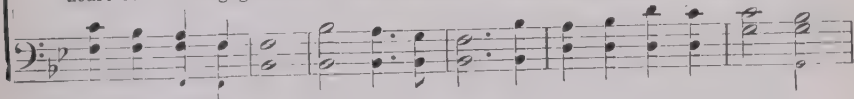
JAMES WALCH.



1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how man - y thou-sands still are ly - ing Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev - ery peo-ple, tongue and na - tion That God, in whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes - sage glo - rious; Give of thy wealth to
5. He comes a - gain: O Zi - on, ere thou meet Him, Make known to ev - ery



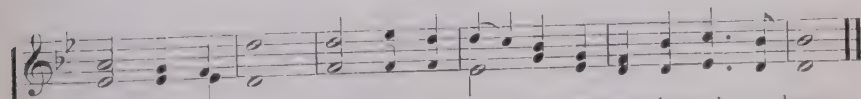
world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will - ing
pris - on-house of sin With none to tell them of the Sav-iour's dy - ing,
live and move, is Love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic - to - rious;
heart His sav-ing grace; Let none whom He hath ran-somed fail to greet Him,



REFRAIN.



One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win.
And died on earth, that man might live a - bove. Pub - lish glad ti - dings,
And all thou spend - est Je - sus will re - pay.
Thru thy neg - lect, un - fit to see His face.



ti - dings of peace, Ti - dings of Je - sus, re-demp-tion and re - lease.



H. R. TRICKETT.

ALFRED POWERS.

1. Bless-ed are they who keep His commandments, They shall claim the
 2. Bless-ed are they who keep His commandments, They shall know His
 3. Bless-ed are they who keep His commandments, They shall stand be

tree of life; In - to the cit - y they shall en - ter,
 love and care; Liv - ing with Him in sweet com - mun - ion,
 fore the throne; In - to the life of joy e - ter - nal,

CHORUS
 They are vic - tors in the strife. Bless - ed, bless -
 They shall all His good - ness share.
 God shall claim them for His own. Bless-ed are they who keep His com -

ed, bless - ed are they, In - to the cit - y
 mandments, blessed are they, bless-ed are they;

they shall en - ter, Bless - ed, bless - ed, bless - ed are they.

Scripture Readings

No. 1. *Words of Wisdom*

(To be read by the young men.)

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee unto judgment.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.

All the ways of a man are clean in his own eyes, but the Lord weigheth the spirits. Commit thy works unto the Lord and thy thoughts shall be established.

Where withal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word. Thy word have I hid in mine heart that I might not sin against thee.

(To be read by the young women.)

Let not mercy and truth forsake thee, bind them upon thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart; so shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and man.

Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and the knowledge of the holy is understanding.

Hear the instruction of, and forsake not the law of thy mother; for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck.

Wisdom is the principle thing, therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting, get understanding; exalt her and she shall promote thee. . . She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace, a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee.

No. 2. *The Days of Youth*

Praise ye the Lord. Praise, O ye servants of the Lord,
 Praise the name of the Lord. Both young men and maidens;
 Come, ye children, hearken unto me:
 I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

What man is he that desireth life,
 And loveth many days, that he may see good?

Keep thy tongue from evil, And thy lips from speaking guile;
 Depart from evil, and do good; Seek peace, and pursue it.

Doth not wisdom cry, And understanding put forth her voice?

I love them that love me; And those that seek me early shall find
 me.

She is more precious than rubies:

And none of the things thou canst desire are to be compared unto
 her.

Length of days is in her right hand; In her left hand are riches and
 honor.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, And all her paths are peace.

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.

Enter not into the path of the wicked, And walk not in the way of
 evil men.

Remember also thy Creator in the days of thy youth,
 Before the evil days come, and the years draw nigh,
 When thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy,
 That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me,

My Father, thou art the guide of my youth?

Show me thy ways, O Lord; Teach me thy paths.

Guide me in thy truth, and teach me;

For thou art the God of my salvation.

May our sons be as plants grown up in their youth,
 And our daughters as corner-stones,
 Polished after the similitude of a palace.

Happy is the people, that is in such a case;

Yea, happy is the people whose God is the Lord.

No. 3. *The Perfect Law of God*

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of scoffers:

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and on his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in its season, whose leaf also doth not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The wicked are not so, but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the wicked shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous;

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the wicked shall perish.

Judge me, O Lord, for I have walked in mine integrity;

I have trusted also in the Lord without wavering.

I hate the assembly of the evil doers, and will not sit with the wicked.

I will wash my hands in innocency: so will I compass thine altar,
O Lord.

The law of the Lord is perfect, restoring the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The precepts of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever; the ordinances of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the droppings of the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can discern his errors? Clear thou me from hidden faults.

Keep back thy servant also from sins of presumption;

Let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright and I shall be clear from great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my rock and my redeemer.

No. 4. *The Word of God*

Blessed are they that are upright in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, that seek him with the whole heart.

Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word.

With my whole heart have I sought thee. Oh let me not wander from thy commandments.

Thy word have I laid up in my heart, that I might not sin against thee. Blessed art thou, O Lord; teach me thy statutes.

Strengthen thou me according to thy word. Remove from me the way of falsehood, and grant me thy law graciously.

Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes, and I shall keep it unto the end.

Make me to go in the path of thy commandments, for therein do I delight. Incline my heart unto thy testimonies.

Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity, and quicken me in thy ways. Confirm unto thy servant thy word.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and light unto my path. Quicken me, O Lord, according to thy word.

Thy testimonies have I taken as a heritage forever; for they are the rejoicing of my heart.

I have inclined my heart to perform thy statutes forever, even unto the end.

Thy law do I love. Thou art my hiding-place and my shield; I hope in thy word. Thy righteousness is an everlasting righteousness, and thy law is truth.

No. 5. *Admonitions to Youth*

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth,

And walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: But know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.

My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother:

For they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck.

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.
Enter not into the path of the wicked,
And walk not in the way of evil men.

For they eat the bread of wickedness, and drink the wine of violence.

But the path of the just is as the shining light,
That shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

Depart from evil, and do good, seek peace and pursue it.

No. 6. *A Heart Without Fear*

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, even then will I be confident.

One thing have I asked of the Lord,—that will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to inquire in his temple.

For in the day of trouble he will keep me secretly in his pavilion: in the covert of his tabernacle will he hide me; he will lift me up upon a rock.

Teach me thy way, O Lord; and lead me in a plain path because of mine enemies.

I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

Wait for the Lord. Be strong, and let thy heart take courage. Yea, wait thou for the Lord.

Blessed be the Lord, because he hath heard the voice of my supplications.

Unison

The Lord is my strength and my shield; my heart hath trusted in him, and I am helped. Therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth, and with my song will I praise him.

No. 7. *The All-Knowing God*

O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me:
 Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising;
 Thou understandest my thought afar off.
 Thou searchest out my path and my lying down,
 And art acquainted with all my ways.
 For there is not a word in my tongue,
 But, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.
 Thou hast beset me behind and before,
 And laid thy hand upon me.
 Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;
 It is high, I cannot attain unto it.
 Whither shall I go from thy Spirit?
 Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
 If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:
 If I make my bed in Sheol, behold, thou art there.
 If I take the wings of the morning, And dwell in the uttermost parts
 of the sea:
 Even there shall thy hand lead me, And thy right hand shall hold
 me.
 If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me,
 And the light about me shall be night;
 Even the darkness hideth not from thee,
 But the night shineth as the day:
 The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.
 I will give thanks unto thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully
 made:
 Wonderful are thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well.
 How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God!
 How great is the sum of them!
 If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand:
 When I awake, I am still with thee.
 Search me, O God, and know my heart:
 Try me, and know my thoughts
 And see if there be any wicked way in me.
 And lead me in the way everlasting.

No. 8. *The Soul's Desire*

Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer. From the end of the earth will I call unto thee, when my heart fainteth.

Lead me to the rock that is higher than I. For thou hast been a refuge for me, a strong tower from the enemy.

My soul, wait thou in silence for God only; for my expectation is from him.

He only is my rock and my salvation:

He is my high tower; I shall not be moved.

With God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength and refuge, is in God.

O God, thou art my God; earnestly will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee, in a dry and weary land, where no water is.

So have I looked upon thee in the sanctuary, to see thy power and thy glory. Because thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

So will I bless thee while I live: I will lift up my hands in thy name.

My soul shall be satisfied, and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips.

As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance. Thou art the God of my strength. Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

Oh send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me. Let them bring me unto thy holy hill and to thy tabernacle.

Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy; and upon the harp will I praise thee, O God, my God.

No. 9. *The Gracious Invitation*

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters;

And he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat;

Yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not bread,

And your labor for that which satisfieth not?

Hearken diligently unto me and eat ye that which is good,

And let your soul delight itself in fatness.

Incline your ear, and come unto me:

Hear, and your soul shall live:

And I will make an everlasting covenant with you,

Even the sure mercies of David.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found;

Call ye upon him while he is near:

Let the wicked forsake his way,

And the unrighteous man his thoughts;

And let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him;

And to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

For my thoughts are not your thoughts,

Neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

For as the heavens are higher than the earth,

So are my ways higher than your ways,

And my thoughts than your thoughts.

For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven,

And returneth not thither, but watereth the earth,

And maketh it bring forth and bud,

And give seed to the sower and bread to the eater,—

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth;

It shall not return unto me void,

But it shall accomplish that which I please,

And it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

For ye shall go out with joy and be led forth with peace:

The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing,

And all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

No. 10. *The Consecrated Life*

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service.

And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind,

That ye may prove what is the good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.

For I say, through the grace that was given me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think;

But to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to each man a measure of faith.

For even as we have many members in one body, and all the members have not the same office:

So we, who are many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.

And having gifts differing according to the grace that was given to us,

Whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of our faith;

Or ministry, let us give ourselves to our ministry;

Or he that teacheth, to his teaching;

Or he that exhorteth, to his exhorting:

He that giveth, let him do it with liberality;

He that ruleth with diligence;

He that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness.

Let love be without dissimulation, abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another;

Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;

Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer;

Distributing to the necessities of the saints; given to hospitality.

Bless them that persecute you: bless, and curse not; rejoice with them that rejoice; weep with them that weep.

If it be possible, as much as in you lieth, be at peace with all men.

No. 11. *Love*

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love,

I am become sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so as to remove mountains,

But have not love, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned,

But have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Love suffereth long and is kind;

Love envieth not, love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own;

Is not provoked, taketh not account of evil;

Rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Love never faileth:

But whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away;

Whether there be tongues, they shall cease;

Whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part;

But when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away.

For now we see through a glass darkly;

But then face to face:

Now I know in part,

But then shall I know even as also I am known.

But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three;

But the greatest of these is love.

Beloved, if God so loved us, we also ought to love one another.

If we love one another, God abideth in us, and his love is perfected in us.

God is love: and he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him.

No. 12. *The Christian Life*

I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh it away;
And every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bear more fruit.

Already ye are clean because of the word which I have spoken unto you.

Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine;

No more can ye, except ye abide in me.

I am the vine, ye are the branches:

He that abideth in me and I in him, the same beareth much fruit: For without me ye can do nothing.

If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered;

And men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; and so shall ye be my disciples.

This is my commandment, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you.

Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Ye are my friends, if ye do the things which I command you.

Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth:

But I have called you friends; for all things that I heard from my Father I have made known unto you.

Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bear fruit, and that your fruit should remain:

That whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you.

And ye also bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning.

These things I command you, that ye may love one another.

No. 13. *Christmas*

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

The same was in the beginning with God.

And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory.

The glory as of the only begotten from the Father, full of grace and truth.

And thou shalt call his name Jesus; for it is he that shall save his people from their sins.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son,

That whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

And she brought forth her first-born son;

And she wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger.

Because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field,

And keeping watch by night over their flock.

And an angel of the Lord stood by them,

And the glory of the Lord shone round about them:

And they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not:

For behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people:

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.

And this is the sign unto you: Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

No. 14. *Easter*

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption:

It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory:

It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power:

It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.

Howbeit that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; then that which is spiritual.

The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven.

Now flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God;

Neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

Behold, I shew you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

But when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality,

Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where is thy sting?

O grave, where is thy victory?

The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law:

But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

Forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

SCRIPTURE READINGS

No. 15. *Risen With Christ*

If then ye were raised with Christ,
Seek the things that are above,

Where Christ is, seated on the right hand of God.
Set your mind on the things that are above,
Not on the things that are upon the earth.

For we died and our life is hid with Christ in God.
That like as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of the
Father,

So we also might walk in newness of life.
For if we have become united with him in the likeness of his death,
We shall be united with him also in the likeness of his resurrection.
If we died with Christ,

We believe that we shall also live with him;
For we know that as Christ was raised from the dead,
He dieth no more; death has no more dominion over him.
For the death that he died, he died unto sin once,
But the life that he liveth he liveth unto God.

Even so let us reckon ourselves to be dead unto sin,

But alive unto God in Christ Jesus.
But if Christ live in us, the body is dead because of sin,
But the spirit is life because of righteousness.

And if the Spirit of him who raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in
us,

He who raised up Christ Jesus from the dead
Shall quicken also our mortal bodies through his Spirit dwelling in
us.

So then, brethren, we are debtors, not to the flesh, to live after the
flesh;

For if we live after the flesh we must die,
But if by the Spirit we put to death the deeds of the body, we shall
live.

Let not sin, then, reign in our mortal body,
That we should obey the lusts thereof;

Neither let us present our members unto sin as instruments of un-
righteousness;

For the wages of sin is death;
But the free gift of God is eternal life
In Jesus Christ, our Lord.

No. 16. *Thanksgiving*

Praise ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises unto our God;

For it is pleasant, and praise is comely.

The Lord doth build up Jerusalem; he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

He telleth the number of the stars; he giveth them all their names.

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving; sing praises upon the harp
unto our God,

Who covereth the heavens with clouds,

Who prepareth rain for the earth, who maketh grass to grow upon
the mountains.

He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.

He maketh peace in thy borders;

He filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

He sendeth out his commandment upon earth: his word runneth
very swiftly.

He giveth snow like wool; he scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his
cold?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth them:

He causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

He sheweth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and his judgments
unto Israel.

He hath not dealt so with any nation; and as for his judgments,
they have not known them. **Praise ye the Lord.**

Blessed be thou, O Lord, the God of our fathers for ever and ever.

Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and
the victory, and the majesty,

Both riches and honor come of thee, and thou rulest over all; and in
thine hand is power and might:

O Lord God of our fathers.

Keep this forever in the thoughts of this thy people,

And prepare their heart unto thee, to keep thy commandments, thy
testimonies, and thy statutes, throughout all generations.

SCRIPTURE READINGS

No. 17. *Life Eternal*

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

The days of our years are three-score years and ten, or even by reason of strength four-score years.

So teach us to number our days that we may get us a heart of wisdom.

O satisfy us in the morning with thy lovingkindness, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us;

And establish thou the work of our hands upon us, yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it.

I have set the Lord always before me. Because he is at my right hand I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall dwell in safety.

For thou wilt not leave my soul in the grave, neither wilt thou suffer thy beloved to see corruption.

Thou wilt show me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore.

Keep me as the apple of the eye; hide me under the shadow of thy wings.

As for me I shall behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters, he restoreth my soul.

He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil;

For thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies. Thou hast anointed my head with oil. My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

SCRIPTURE READINGS

No. 18. *Missions*

The spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek;

He hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;

To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God;

To comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion,

To give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;

That they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.

And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations,

And they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations.

And Jesus came to them and spake unto them, saying, all power is given unto me in heaven and on earth.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you:

And lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed?

And how shall they believe in him whom they have not heard?

And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?

Even as it is written: How beautiful are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of good things!

So belief cometh of hearing, and hearing by the word of Christ.

But I say: Did they not hear? Yea, verily: Their sound went out into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world.

No. 19. *Man's Eternal Destiny*

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth,

Or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,

Even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man again to dust,

And sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past,

And as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood,

They are as a sleep:

In the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up;

In the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed in thine anger,

And in thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee,

Our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten,

Or even by reason of strength fourscore years;

Yet is their pride but labor and sorrow; for it is soon gone, and we fly away.

We bring our years to an end as a tale that is told.

So teach us to number our days, That we may get us an heart of wisdom.

Return, O Lord; how long?

And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O satisfy us in the morning with thy loving kindness,

That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us,

And the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants,

And thy glory upon their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us;

And establish thou the work of our hands upon us;

Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	No.		No.
A Present Help My God Will Be	294	Glad Welcome Happy Morn.....	4
A Song of the Morning.....	206	Glory By and By.....	294
All Hail the Power of Jesus.....	86	God Be With You.....	24
All Nature's Works His Praise.....	48	God Bless Our Native Land.....	276
Along the Ancient Highway.....	73	God Bless America.....	257
America Beloved	267	God of the Earth and Sky.....	38
An Army with Banners.....	209	God of Our Fathers.....	271
Angels from the Realms.....	55	God of the Nations.....	272
Are You Building on the Rock.....	112	God the All Merciful.....	273
Are you Sowing the Seed.....	174	God Will Take Care of You.....	145
Arise for Lo! The Night.....	196	God's Trumpet Wakes.....	247
Arm for the Battle.....	195	Go Forth in Thy Might.....	202
Away in Yonder Forest.....	47	Go Forth Thou Church.....	227
Awake O Earth.....	81	Go Labor On.....	178
Beautiful Flag of Liberty.....	277	Hail the Day.....	80-82
Be Not Dismayed.....	145	Hail to the Brightness.....	230
Be True to the Best You Know.....	186	Hark, Hark My Soul.....	280
By Love Serve One Another.....	237	Hark the Herald Angels Sing.....	50
Beautiful Garden of Prayer.....	166	Hark the Nightly Church Bell.....	16
Behold the Lilies of the Field.....	69	Hasten Lord the Glorious.....	229
Blest be the Tie.....	259	Have Thine Own Way, Lord.....	169
Blessed Assurance.....	129	Have We Climbed the Mount.....	236
Blessed are They Who Keep.....	296	He Careth for the Lilies.....	69
Blessed Master I Have Promised	152	He Leadeth Me.....	149
Break Thou the Bread of Life.....	99	Hear the Trumpet Call.....	203
Bright Bloom the Daisies	70	Hear the Words of Consolation.....	288
Bright Hosts in Worlds Above.....	32	Heaven is Here	248
Bring Me Not Gifts that are.....	185	Heralds of Christ.....	221
Bring, O Morn, Thy Music.....	11	Heralds of Truth.....	261
Brothers Are We.....	244	Holy, Holy is the Lord	27
Can Sweeter Flowers.....	68	Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.....	1
Chime on Sweet Bells.....	134	Holy Spirit Truth Divine.....	95
Christ for the World.....	231	How Sweet, How Heavenly.....	258
Christ's Everlasting Gospel.....	123	I Am Dreaming Now of Heaven	290
Come Thou Almighty King.....	36	I Am His and He is Mine.....	128
Come to Me.....	109	I Am Resolved.....	120
Comrades in Service.....	200	I Heard the Bells on Christmas.....	51
Count Your Blessings.....	153	I Know That My Redeemer.....	94
Day is Dying in the West.....	15	I Love Thine Every Hill and.....	274
Dear is the Hope That.....	127	I Love to Tell the Story.....	105
Dear Lord and Father.....	165	I Walk by Faith.....	154
Easter Flowers are Blooming.....	117	I Want to Tell the Story.....	108
Faith of Our Fathers.....	144-263	I Would be True.....	189
Fairer Than Lilies.....	70	If Every One Were Wise.....	241
Father in Need I Come To.....	163	If I Could But Tell.....	183
Father Lead Me Day by Day.....	158	If the Name of the Saviour.....	107
Father, Pleads Thy Son.....	264	In Christ There is no East.....	240
Fling Out the Banner.....	219	In Love for Me.....	78
Flowers of the Field.....	49	In Paths of Pleasantness.....	150
For All Thy Care We Bless.....	39	In the Battle's Din	194
Forward Christ's Battalions.....	193	In the Light of God's Truth.....	260
From Greenland's Icy Mountains	220	In the Lonely Midnight.....	52
Give as the Lord Has Prospered	232	In the Harvest Field.....	175
Give We Praise to God.....	60	In the Name of Christ, Fling.....	214
Gird Your Armor On.....	204	In the Valley of Silence.....	170
		Is There Aught so Lovely.....	135

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	No.		No.
It Came Upon the Midnight.....	57	O Christ the Way, the Truth.....	67
Jerusalem, the Golden.....	279	O City Old in Land Afar.....	284
Jesus Calls Us O'er the Tumult....	117	O Come All Ye Faithful.....	53
Jesus, I Am Coming Now.....	115	O Come Ye to His Temple.....	13
Jesus Keep Me Near the Cross....	75	O Father, hear my Morning.....	7
Jesus Keeps Me O How Precious	128	O God Beneath Thy Guilding.....	269
Jesus Meek and Gentle.....	161	O God I Thank Thee.....	12
Jesus, My Saviour, is all.....	151	O God of Love.....	255
Joy to the World.....	54	O Hail the Day.....	82
Just As I Am.....	114	O Happy World.....	268
King of the Ages.....	59	O Holy Day.....	5
Lead On, O King Eternal.....	223	O Jesus Dear Saviour.....	235
Let the Glory-Crowned Banner....	76	O Jesus, Dear Saviour, Beloved...	235
Let Us Cheer and Help.....	251	O Life in Whom is Life.....	110
Let Us Gather Up the Sunbeams	171	O Light Whose Beams.....	285
Life's Bright Sunshine.....	135	O Little Town of Bethlehem.....	58
Lift Up Your Heads.....	89	O Lord of Hosts.....	31
Lift Up Your Voices.....	92	O Lord We Pray the Blessing.....	262
Light of the World We Hail.....	9	O Love That Will Not Let.....	40
List to the Call.....	113	O Master Let Me Walk With.....	164
Lo! the Army of Our King.....	226	O Mind of God.....	167
Lo! the Rosy Gleam of Morn.....	206	O Praise Him for the Morning...	14
Lord for Tomorrow and.....	168	O Roses Sweet	46
Lord God of Hosts.....	256	O the Joy to Feel and Know.....	177
Lord I Hear of Showers.....	159	O the Precious Love of Jesus.....	147
Lord Thou Lovest the Giver.....	233	O Say Can You See.....	275
Loud and Sharp, O Christian.....	207	O Thou Whose Very Word.....	146
Loud Hosanna We Sing.....	139	O Welcome Sunday Morning.....	8
Love Divine All Love Excelling...	182	O What a Happy World.....	241
Love for Me.....	78	O Wonderful Word of.....	125
Loyal Christian Soldiers.....	190	O Worship the King.....	29
March Boldly On.....	216	O Zion Haste Thy Mission.....	295
March On, O Soul.....	245	Of All Lofty Praises.....	192
March On With Songs.....	87	On This Day of Days.....	234
Marching to Victory.....	195	On What Are You Building.....	119
May the Grace of Christ.....	22	Once to Every Land and.....	211
Mine Eyes Have Seen.....	278	One Sweetly Solemn Thought.....	293
My Country 'Tis of Thee.....	270	Onward, Christian Soldiers.....	208
My Faith Looks Up to Thee.....	148	Open My Eyes That I.....	97
My God Is Any Hour So.....	155	Our Glory-Crowned Banner.....	76
My Master Was a Worker.....	250	Our New Day.....	196
Nature's Praise of God.....	47	Our Saviour Jesus and Our.....	228
Nearer My God to Thee.....	156	Our Shepherd Guides.....	140
No Shadows Yonder.....	289	Our Shepherd King	139
None Is Like God.....	28	Our Victory-Crowned Banner.....	74
Now In the Pride of Youth.....	204	Paths of Pleasantness.....	150
Now Let Us All Arise and.....	249	Peace, Perfect Peace.....	254
Now the Day is Over.....	21	Peace Thru the Cross.....	253
Of All Lofty Praises.....	192	Praise Him, Praise Him.....	93
O Bible, Holy Bible.....	102	Praise the Ever-living Lord.....	85
O Beautiful for Spacious.....	265	Praise the Lord, Ye Heavens.....	26
O Blessed Son of God.....	238	Praise Ye the Lord.....	33
O Bright are the Wavelets.....	66	Prince of Peace Control.....	252
O Brother Man.....	239	Proclaim the Tidings Far.....	84
O Chain of Love.....	77	Purer in Heart.....	162
O Child of Lowly Manger Birth	61	Rejoice Ye Pure in Heart.....	37

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	No.		No.
Rescue the Perishing.....	181	The Star-Spangled Banner.....	275
Ride on in Majesty.....	71	The Sweetest Song.....	137
Ring the Joy Bells.....	130	The Victory May Depend.....	217
Rise, Glorious Leader.....	90	There's a Land That is Fairer.....	287
Rise Up, O Youth of God.....	215	There is a Home We Have.....	286
Safe in the Arms of Jesus.....	283	There is Gladness in My Heart.....	184
Saviour Again to Thy Dear.....	18	There is Gladness, There is.....	132
Saviour Come and Bring.....	124	There's a Battle on.....	212
Saviour I Would Live for.....	65	There's a Garden Where Jesus.....	166
Saviour Like a Shepherd.....	142	There's Joy in the Service.....	131
Saviour Teach Me Day by Day.....	191	These things Shall Be.....	265
Say I Will to Jesus.....	111	They That Believe in the Lord.....	282
Scatter Seeds of Kindness.....	171	They Who Seek Thy Throne.....	143
Shout Aloud Your Hallelujans.....	83	This Day of Days.....	10
Silent Night.....	56	This is the Day the Lord.....	6
Sing Every Clime and Tongue.....	268	This is my Father's World.....	45
Sing Them Over Again.....	100	Tho Lowly Here Our Lot.....	187
Some Sweet Day By and By.....	281	Tho Stars Should Fall.....	43
Somebody Did a Golden Deed.....	246	Thou Didst Teach the.....	63
Sometime I Can Not Tell.....	292	Thou Must Be True.....	188
Somewhere, Sometime.....	292	Thru All the Temple Ringing.....	72
Sound the Battle Cry.....	201	Thru the Land a Call is.....	217
Sound the Truth Abroad.....	224	Tis the Saviour Pleading.....	116
Spirit So Gentle.....	96	To Thee My Heart Eternal.....	35
Spread the Tidings Abroad.....	79	To the Work.....	173
Stand Up for Jesus.....	210	Victory Their's Shall Be.....	209
Star Divine That Led.....	122	Walking by Faith.....	154
Stealing From the World Away.....	20	We Are Comrades of the Cross.....	200
Sweet Are the Promises.....	103	We Are Living, We Are.....	197
Sweet Gifts of Love.....	185	We Are Loyal Christian Soldiers.....	190
Sweet Hour of Prayer.....	157	We Are Not Here to Play.....	180
Sweet is the Work.....	2	We Are Pledged to.....	172
Swing Wide the Gates.....	88	We March With the Lord.....	218
Sun of My Soul.....	17	We Praise the Conquering Might.....	74
Take Me, O My Father.....	118	We Praise Thee, O God.....	34
Take My Life and Let It.....	121	We Shall Reach the Summer.....	281
Take Time to be Holy.....	160	We're Soldiers in a Holy War.....	205
Tell Abroad the Love of God.....	42	We've a Story to Tell.....	222
Tell It Out.....	44	What Does the Master Expect.....	176
Tell Me the Old, Old Story.....	104	What Grace, O Lord and Beauty.....	62
Tell Out the Love of God.....	44	What is it Makes My Pathway.....	126
Tell the Gospel Story.....	106	When Jesus Was There.....	66
Tell the Story Sweet.....	106	When Morning Guilds.....	3
The Beautiful Garden of Prayer.....	166	When on Quiet Seas.....	41
The Conquering Christ.....	91	When the Evening Shadows.....	19
The Flowers of the Field.....	49	When Thy Heart With Joy.....	242
The Gates of Gold Are Open.....	291	When the Lord of Love Was.....	64
The Heavens Declare.....	98	When Upon Life's Billows.....	153
The Heart With Love Aglow.....	138	When Your Burden is Too.....	109
The Lord Bless Thee.....	23	Where Cross the Crowded.....	243
The Lord is in His Holy.....	25	With Happy Voices Singing.....	30
The Lord Is My Shepherd.....	141	With Souls Aflame.....	199
The Mighty God.....	88	Wonderful Words of Salvation.....	127
The Morning Light is.....	225	Work for the Night.....	179
The Ranks of Joyous Youth.....	198	Would You Have the Joybells.....	133
The Sky is Bright.....	101	Would You Know Earth's.....	136

INDEX OF TUNES

No.		No.		No.	
A Song of the Morning.....	206	Hesperus	255	Saviour King Divine.....	132
Adeste Fideles.....	53	Holy City.....	289	Saxby	12-164-269
Ambrose	293	Homeland	30-39-102	Serving by Love.....	237
America	270	Hosanna to the Son of David	73	Seymour	143-191
Angel Wings.....	19	House of Many Mansions.....	288	Scatter Seeds of Kindness.....	171
Antioch	54	Hursley	17	Shepherd	142
Arthur's Seat.....	245	I am His and He is Mine.....	128	Sing Glory Hallelujah.....	84
Ascension	80	Italian Hymn.....	36-90-231-276	Somebody	246
Be Strong O Men.....	180	Jesus My All.....	151	Some Sweet Day.....	281
Beecher	26-182-248	Jerusalem	284	Somewhere Sometime.....	292
Bethany	156	Jesus Lives.....	79-83	St. Agnes	28
Bread of Life.....	99	Joy in the Service of Jesus.....	131	St. Bernard.....	247
Blessed Sunshine of His Love	184	Just for Today.....	168	St. Catherine.....	144-263
Brown	258	Labor On.....	175	St. Drostane.....	73
Bullinger	242	Lancashire	223	St. Edmund.....	34
Can He Count on You.....	194	Laudes Domini.....	3	St. Helen's.....	153
Canonberry	2-61	Life Beyond.....	291	St. Margaret.....	40
Carol	57	Life's Bright Sunshine.....	135	St. Thomas.....	238
Carter	118	Lift up the Fallen.....	172	Stockwell	23
Christ is Precious.....	147	Lischer	4	Strength and Stay.....	256
Come Ye to His Temple.....	13	Lonely Midnight.....	52	Sweet By and By.....	287
Come to Me.....	109-116	Love for Me.....	78	Sweet Gifts of Love.....	183
Coming Now.....	115	Loyal Christian Soldiers.....	190	Swing Wide the Gates.....	88
Comrades in Service.....	200	Manoah	62	Tannenbaum	27
Coronation	86	Marion	37	Telling and Living.....	183
Count Your Blessings.....	153	Marching to Victory.....	195	Tell it Today.....	107
Courage	202	Maryton	178-261	Tell out the Love of God	4
Cutler	205	Materna	266	Tell the Gospel Story.....	106
Dennis	259	Mercy	236	The Beautiful Garden of Prayer	160
Dort	224	Message	222	The Book of God.....	101
Downs	6	Missionary Hymn.....	220	The Bugle Call.....	207
Dowston Castle.....	161	National Hymn.....	221	The Cheerful Giver.....	233
Ellacombe	48	Nature's Praise of God.....	47	The Heart's Song.....	193
Ellers	18	Near the Cross.....	75	The Home Unseen.....	286
Emmelaar	21	Nicaea	1-11	The Mount of Vision.....	236
Evening Hymn.....	16	O Happy World.....	268	The Star-Spangled Banner	273
Evening Praise.....	15	O What a Happy World.....	241	The Temple Hosanna.....	72
Eversley	7	O Zion Haste.....	295	The Victory May Depend on You.....	217
Even Me	139	Olivet	148	The World for Christ.....	227
Ewing	279	Our Glory-crowned Ban- ner	76	Thy Will be Done.....	163
Fairer than Lilies.....	70	Our New Day.....	196	Truro	236-273
Flower	20-95	Our Shepherd King.....	139	Truth	183
Fly Your Banners.....	214	Our Victory-crowned Ban- ner	74	Victory Their's Shall Be.....	209
Germany	35-243	Paths of Pleasantness.....	150	Vox Angelica.....	280
Gird Your Armor On.....	204	Peace Through the Cross.....	253	Walford	157
Give to the Lord.....	232	Peek	180	Walking by Faith.....	154
Giving	235	Playel's Hymn.....	229	Waltham	51-82-92-98-219
Giving to Others.....	234	Portuguese Hymn.....	141	Webb	225
Glory By and By.....	294	Purer in Heart.....	162	Welcome Sunday Morning.....	8
God Will Take Care of You	145	Raphael	187	Wesley	230
Going into Action.....	193	Regent Square.....	55	What is Thy Will.....	176
Hail the Day.....	82	Russian Hymn.....	257-273	When Jesus was There.....	66
Hatfield	252	Sabaoth	27	Wonderful Words.....	127
He Careth for the Lilies.....	69	Salve Domine.....	9	Woodworth	114
He Leadeth Me.....	149-228			Work Song.....	179
Herald Angels.....	50				

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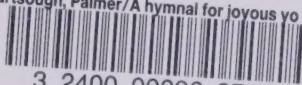
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